

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

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Crums of Comfort

A fool is the wise man's ladder.
He who flatters you is your enemy.
If you believe in evil, you have done evil.
The hand of the poor is the purse of God.
The tears of penitents are the wine of angels.
Man is the glory and the shame of the world.
It is better to be poor and well, than rich and ill.
The dawn does not come twice to make a man.
Necessity reforms the poor, and satiety the rich.
Practice is to theory what the feet are to the head.
Shame may restrain what law does not prohibit.
Many are esteemed only because they are not known.
Two smiles that approach each other end in a kiss.
Men are women's playthings; women are the devil's.
The heart has reasons that reason does not understand.
He who has no house has no voice in the community.
God speaks to our hearts through the voice of remorse.
We can not always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.
No one deserves the name of good who has not spirit enough to be bad.
Our own heart and not other men's opinions of us forms our true character.
The surest way to please is to forget one's self and to think only of others.
What a pity we cannot accomplish our salvation as easily as our damnation.
Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done as fear of consequences.
As we must account for every idle speech, so must we account for every idle silence.
The prudence of the best heads is often defeated by the tenderness of the best hearts.
What would we not give to still have in store the first blissful moment we ever enjoyed.
The wealth of a soul is measured by how much it can feel; its poverty by how little.

THE COOKED GOOSE

By Wallace Arthur

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SHAFNER looked at his partner sourly. "Well, what's come over you?" he demanded. Osborn stopped his nervous pacing of the room. "I'm glad you dropped in just now, for I wanted to see you," he answered quietly, not resenting the tone of the other. "You remember three years ago when we were putting through that mining deal, I made a big haul up in a north state. I got about ten thousand dollars out of an old man and his girl there—all they had. Well, it has bothered me a lot, though I've been in this skin-deal game long enough with you to get pretty tough. I got a letter this morning, and it hit me hard. It's from the girl; they're up against it. What does it say? The same thing—you know what. They haven't got enough to live on; and the devil of it is, while the old man, long ago, figured out that I was a shyster, and wrote me so, the girl has always believed I was a gentleman—a

goose, and don't you forget it," Shafner said savagely.

"Well, what's come over you?" he demanded. But as it is, I don't."

Shafner's mood changed. "Now, look here, Osborn, you're not going to go off on this. You may be in love with the girl; I'll bet you are; but you aren't going to trot up there, and hand over that bunch of money. It would clean us out."

"I'm not!"

"No, by—, you're not!"

Slow fire burned in the eyes of each man.

"You know who you're talking to?" Osborn said, his jaws whitening.

"I know, all right, don't you worry; and I know what I am going to do, if you do," Shafner snarled.

"You have forgotten that I have control of the money, haven't you? And you won't bring it up legally, for they might ask you—where you got it!" was the answer.

Shafner glared in impotent rage. "You've

An Uncrowned King

A tribute to "Uncle Charlie"

(AN ACROSTIC)

Written for COMFORT by George Edgar Frye.

Uncrown'd by tawdry tinsel toys that Kings play with,
No pageantry nor pomp; no mystery nor myth:
Content to teach the mind, and wield the scepter pen,
Love's daily lesson finds in golden deeds to men.
Each month with messages of hope and helpful cheer,
COMFORT'S bright pages shine, dispelling darkness drear.
Holding by golden links of purity and love,
A million hearts and hands it usefulness to prove.
Regal in all its thoughts express'd for good of youth,
Loyal in heart and soul to all who work for Truth.
Injustice flay'd, and wrong exposed; with mission true,
Exalted champion of our rights, this homage due!

gentleman. I handed them the hot air for a long time, but I've run out—I wouldn't keep it up, anyway. Shafner reached for his hat and rose. "Yes, Jack Osborn—I'll try!" As the door slammed behind the irate man, Osborn stood motionless in the center of the room for a moment, then turned to his desk and picked up the letter. It was written in a girl's small, careful hand, and it brought memories, pleasant and unpleasant. In order to inveigle them into his net, he had made love to her, and through her everything had come his way; the old man had given his money, gladly; but the time since had proved that instead of forgetting her, he had learned during those days to love her. The knowledge of the fact had made the life he was leading one of continuous question, and had filled him with disgust. This last letter with its story of privation and trouble that they were meeting had got it—but if you try this stunt, I'll cook your Try it!" Shafner reached for his hat and rose. "Yes, Jack Osborn—I'll try!" As the door slammed behind the irate man, Osborn stood motionless in the center of the room for a moment, then turned to his desk and picked up the letter. It was written in a girl's small, careful hand, and it brought memories, pleasant and unpleasant. In order to inveigle them into his net, he had made love to her, and through her everything had come his way; the old man had given his money, gladly; but the time since had proved that instead of forgetting her, he had learned during those days to love her. The knowledge of the fact had made the life he was leading one of continuous question, and had filled him with disgust. This last letter with its story of privation and trouble that they were meeting had

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May, 1912.

brought the whole matter to a head. Through the letter ran still the expression of her whole heart's faith in him.

He thought of her as he had last seen her—a slight, pretty girl, a wildwood rose among the hills. The thought and the picture in his mind decided him. He would go to her, taking the money, offer her his love, shut out and bury deep from sight the life he had been living, go back to his earlier honorable business, and prove himself a man.

The telephone rang sharply. Over the receiver came the voice of his partner; in it was the snarl of hate. "You know who this is. You thought you could put one over on me. I'm wise to your scheme; I'll even things up. I'm here at the Central Station; I'm going to take the Northern express to the village; I'm going to tell them just what you are—her—and if I won't cook your goose—watch!"

The voice ceased. Osborn let the receiver fall from his hands. Shafner was going to her. With three words he would smash her faith in him, kill her love, shatter his own hope. Osborn felt the chill of despair go over him, but he kept a grip on himself.

He reached down and rehung the receiver. What could be done? Shafner was on the fast express; it had left by then. Suddenly, it flamed into his mind that he might take a train from the station of the other line into the city. He would find out, he would run Shafner down, and shut his lips even if he had—to kill him.

The packet containing the money was in his coat. He rushed out, at the corner hailed the taxicab, and was spun away.

At the station, he hurried to the information booth, offered a man a dollar for his place in the line, and threw his question at the man in charge. His anxiety was evidently impressive, for the man hastily studied a chart in front of him, and turned. "You can take a train here for the Junction; if it is not late, you will follow the express into Shaddon, but you can't beat it."

That would do, and he hurried out to the train that was already filling up.

The long agonizing ride commenced, agonizing because of turmoil of mind and alternating hope and fear. He wondered if he would be on time at the Junction; anyway, Shafner would be there before him, ready to do his work. One ray of hope shot the gloom of Osborn's thought; Shafner would be forced to hunt the family up; and Shaddon was a scattered place. Perhaps there might be time yet.

As they neared the Junction, the conductor told him that they would catch the train going north—the one that followed the express. A desire to cheer shot through Osborn; he was getting near.

He walked into the smoker; it seemed that he was nearer the express that was speeding miles away in front of him, bearing a man whose vengeful soul had plotted the scheme of undoing. With exasperation he saw the train stop at stations he knew the big express was slamming by. But the miles were eaten up.

Finally came the Shaddon station, and he was off before the train stopped. Hurrying to a coupe driver, he offered the man a sum that made him gasp if he would get his carriage before the door of the Gradsons in five minutes.

The rickety carriage and the astonished horse swept through the streets, turned the long avenues, down the quiet street where he had walked with her those wonderful June evenings, another corner, another street, and at the far end—the house. There going in was Shafner! Osborn gave an inarticulate cry that made the man in front of him jump and stare back, then whipped his horse.

With a bill thrown at the man, Osborn left the carriage, and went up the long walk fast. He opened the door without knocking, and plunged in, turned into the side room, and faced them!

The three had risen in astonishment. The girl gave a little cry, and came toward him with her hands outstretched. Osborn took them, but his eyes were on the dark-faced Shafner whose expression was mingled astonishment and hate.

Osborn breathed a sigh of relief. Shafner had not told his story.

The room was tense with excitement. The glances between the two men were hot with fire and hate. But the girl took command, soon had them seated, and started to introduce the two men.

"I know him all right," Shafner said, grimly. "I've come here to tell you a few things about him you—"

Osborn sprang up. "Shafner, you open those lips of yours—!" Then he saw her face; on it was a look of wonder, of fear, of surprise at his tone of voice. He turned back to his chair with a word of apology.

Her father was watching him with gray quiet eyes. "I think there is something between you gentlemen; but Mr. Shafner called first, I think he should have a right to speak," he said, slowly, but meaningly.

"Yes, but he—!" Osborn began, desperately. She came over to him; in her eyes was the light of love, but also of understanding. "Please, Jackson," she said. The name touched him as it always did when she used it. He sat down dumbly again, and bowed his head.

With a snarl Shafner began; into every detail of their business he went, dwelling on the dark side, never lightening it with the times when Osborn had taken pity on those they had defrauded, and out of his personal share had more than repaid them.

Osborn, as the sharp voice went on, felt all hope pass. She and her father gave no sign by spoken word or exclamation, and he could not see her or her father's face. But it seemed to Osborn, that the bottom of life was dropping out, and he was falling into darkness, deep and endless. More keenly than ever he realized what the love of the girl so near him had really meant—and he was to lose it.

Shafner finished his story, and a silence lay in the room. Osborn knew that Shafner was looking at him through small eyes, bright with the gleaming of triumph; they—he did not let himself think.

The old man's voice broke the silence. "Mr. Shafner, you did not say why you came to tell us this?"

Osborn quivered; that was something that Shafner had not said, and, moreover, would not want to.

Shafner began on a lying tale, but her swift mind seemed to detect the insincerity. "Tell us, please—just how it was!" she asked, quickly.

Shafner wavered and told, sparing no details, and dwelling on Osborn's love for her, but he twisted it all into dark meanings.

Osborn, mastering his first hot desire, looked up. "Shafner, you've turned the trick; you've done what you wanted; give me a word." Osborn turned to them for the first time; her face was white, her eyes bright; her father looked at him, steadily. "What he says is true—I have done and have been in the business; I will not attempt to excuse myself, simply to say that all the time I have been in it, I have suffered as only a man can suffer whose conscience never rests. The one influence that ever helped me, I got in your home, and with you, Bess. I made up my mind to turn squarely around; I told this—that man that I was going to return to you the money—you placed in my hands; then it was my hope of changing my life until I could claim some right to be a man. He threatened, and swore to get even; you see he has."

"You say you were going to return the money I advanced?" Gradson questioned.

"That, and every cent I have ever taken wrong-

ly."

"Have you the money?"

"I have," Osborn laid the packet on the table. "Cash with interest."

Gradson smiled as he lifted it. He fingered the bills. He turned to Shafner. "This hardly bears out some parts of your yarn, Mr.," he said, grimly. "Perhaps, you have nothing more to say?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. pique; r. p. roll pique; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parentheses indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Baby Hood

WITH the coming of warm weather thin caps will be needed for the babies. Many mothers, we feel sure, will enjoy copying this lacy one of hairpin braid and crocheted wheels.

The hairpin braid or Maltese lace as it is also called, is made on a large wire hairpin or a staple of wire shaped like a hairpin.

Tie a loop in the thread and slip on one prong, holding the pin in the left hand, and so there will be a right and left prong.

Turn towards you from right to left, thus winding the thread around the opposite prong. Insert the hook under the loop, draw up a loop and make 1 s. c. Make 2 more s. c., turn and make 3 s. c. and so on.

Keep the stitches in the center, repeat until the pin is full, slip all the work excepting one loop, off, then roll up and tie.

Proceed in this way until you have a piece the desired length.

Crocheted Wheels

Wind No. 70 thread ten times around a small lead pencil or crochet hook. Make 24 s. c. in this ring.

2nd row.—1 s. c. on stitch.
3rd row.—Ch. 3, skip 1, 1 s. c., s. c. in next, repeat all around.

How to Make the Hood

Begin with a small wheel in the center back, then a row of hairpin lace around it, catching about eight or ten loops of the braid together (enough and not too many to keep the work flat). Crochet braid and wheel together like this: Fasten ten loops together with the thread, ch. 1, s. c. in ch. 3 of the wheel, ch. 3, fasten ten loops together again with a s. c. Repeat till around.

4th row.—Fasten 3 loops together, ch 3, * fasten with a s. c. in loop of ch. 3, ch. 3, s. c. in next loop of ch. 3, ch. 3, s. c. in next 3 loops, ch. 3, skip 1 loop of ch. 3 (the 2 loops before that having been fastened on other wheel; these wheels are all crocheted together while making the last row), continue from * till around.

5th row.—Same as 4th row, only catch 7 loops together and crochet ch. 4 between instead of 2.
6th row.—Fasten 3 loops together with thread, ch. 3, * fasten in next 3 loops, ch. 3, and repeat from * till around. Make two more rows like this, fastening the last on the braid, always catching 3 loops together. This braid should not go all around this row. Leave about 14 loops of ch. 5 for the bottom.

9th row.—Like 6th row only catching 4 loops together.

10th row.—Like 9th row.

11th row.—Same as last two. Finish with a row of rings at the bottom, joining them so as to keep the work in good shape—not drawn in too tight around the neck.

ANNIE WAND.

Knitted Shell Lace

Cast on 28 stitches and knit across plain.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, o. n., k. 6, turn. Cast on 8 on right-hand needle, turn again.

K. 8, o. n., k. 2, o. n., o. twice, n. k. 1.
2nd row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 4, o. n., p. 20, k. 2, o. n., k. 1.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. n., k. 4, n. k. 8, sl. 1, k. 1, pass slipped st. over, k. 6, o. n., k. 2, o. n., k. 1, o. twice, n. k. 1.

4th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 4, o. n., p. 3, p. 2, tog., p. 8, p. 2 tog., p. 3, k. 2, o. n., k. 1.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. n., k. 2, n. k. 8, sl. 1, k. 1, pass slipped st. o., k. 4, o. n., k. 2, o. n., k. 2, o. twice, n. k. 1.

6th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 4, o. n., p. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 8, p. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, o. n., k. 1.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. n., p. 12, k. 2, o. n., k. 2, o. n., k. 6.

8th row.—Bind off 3, k. 3, p. 1, k. 4, o. n., k. 14, o. n., k. 1.

Repeat from beginning.

MISS FRANCES LEWIS.

Crocheted Turnover Collar

This handsome and serviceable collar is a combination of several crochet stitches. It may be made up of either silk or cotton.

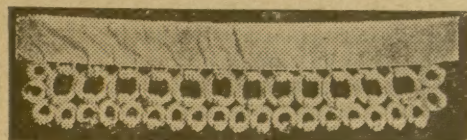
About two spools of silk finished cotton or crochet silk will be needed. When laundering press on a thick soft flannel then the work will stand out well.

The collar is a continuation of round rings covered with plain and relief crochet, without

cutting the thread. The large rings are wound first and covered half in working forward and finished in going back, then the small rings are wound and covered half and joined to the large ones and finished on outside last.

Start by winding the thread 15 times over two fingers of the left hand, slip off and fill a quarter full of double crochets, now 3 roll stitches o. 15. (Make these a little different from the ordinary ones, after throwing the threads 15 times over the needle, bring up a loop through the ring and take it right through the coil; this is not very easy at first. This makes the roll lay around the ring.) Work a quarter full again then wind a ring again, close up to last stitch and treat the same way with the exception that you fasten twice at second stitches. When you have 12 half rings finish with same number of stitches.

For the small rings wind 15 times over fore-



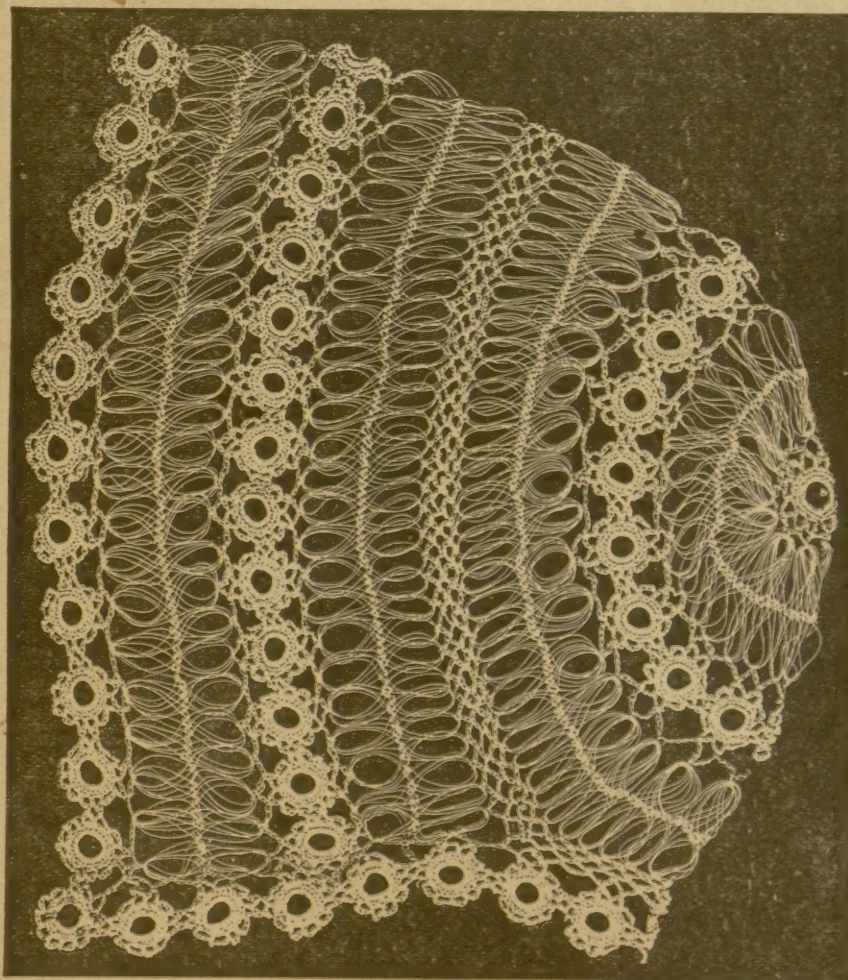
CROCHETED TURNOVER COLLAR.

finger and fill a quarter with double crochet, join to a larger ring, and continue by working second quarter. Continue placing rings so they will flare the least bit, this makes the collar fit nicely. Finish the lower half of each ring, working three rolls in the center of each. Make a row of trebles and chains across the top, forming heading to sew collar band to.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Shamrock Wheel

Chain 13 stitches, join
1st round—24 tr. c. join.



BABY'S HOOD OF MALTESE AND CROCHETED LACE. By Annie Wand.

2nd round—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in every third st., or 8 chains 5 in all, join.

3rd round—Ch. 4, * 2 tr. c., ch. 5, 2 tr. c. under next ch. 5, repeat from * all around.

4th round—12 tr. c. under each ch. 5, turn the work and slip st. back to the center of the last 12 tr. c. then work ch. 12, 1 s. c. in next group 12 tr. c., ch. 12 continue all around, join.

5th round—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in every third st.

6th round—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under center each ch. 5.



SHAMROCK WHEEL.

Next four rows the same.

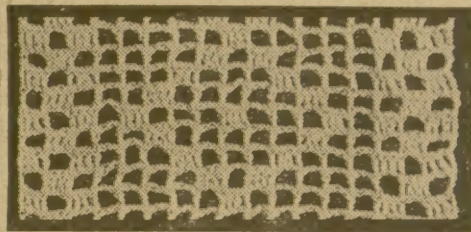
Last round—12 tr. c. under ch. 5, 1 s. c. under next ch. 5, repeat, making 16 scallops of 12 tr. c.

I have been making a bureau scarf edged with these wheels and it is so pretty, wanted someone else to have it.

MARIA N. HOLMES.

Diamond Insertion

Make a chain of 60 stitches turn.
1st row.—17 sps. (each made by making ch. 3 and 1 d. c. in every 4th stitch), ch. 5 and turn.
2nd row.—1 sp. 1 blk. (a block is made by



DIAMOND INSERTION.

working 1 d. c. in each stitch), 13 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp. ch. 5 and turn.

3rd row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5 and turn.

4th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

5th row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

6th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

7th row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

8th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

9th row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5 and turn.

10th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

11th row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5 and turn.

Repeat from 3rd row.

Torchon Lace

Cast on 15 stitches.
1st row.—K. 3, o. n., k. 3, o. k. 1, o. k. 6.

8th round.—1 tr. c. in every other st. of last row, with ch. 2 between each tr.

9th round.—Work this over a padding cord and also the chain. Make 1 tr. c. on each tr. c. and 4 tr. c. under each ch. 2 and the padding cord. Join by 1 s. c., 3 s. c., over the cord alone.

10th round.—Ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in every other st., ch. 3, 1 tr. c., repeat around ending with ch. 3.

11th round.—6 tr. c. under padding cord and each ch. 3. Cut the cord just before finishing this row.

12th round.—Turn the work and make 48 tr. c., 1 in each st. of previous row, then finish this round with quarter-inch knot sts., 1 in every sixth tr. c. join to first of the group of 48 tr. c., then turn the work and make second row of knot sts. Join to first knot st., turn work and make third row of knot sts.

Repeat from the beginning for the opposite side, place the two together and crochet 2 rows of ch. 5, 1 tr. c. around to form the top. Break thread. Slip-stitch down the side about 2 inches,



HANDKERCHIEF BAG.

then in the next knot st. make shell of 5 d. c. with ch. 5 between each, ch. 5, 1 shell continue making 15 shells in all. These are worked through the knot stitches of both sides of the bag and serve to hold it together. Slip-stitch 2 inches up this side of the bag, join securely and break thread.

To finish the top crochet 1 row of chains 5, 1 s. c. next 1 row of scallops of 5 d. c. under each ch. 5, finish with ch. 7, 1 s. c. in top of each scallop. Next 2 rows ch. 2, 1 d. c., 3 rows of ch. 5 with s. c. in each ch. 5.

Finish with the pointed Irish edging made as follows, ch. 6, 1 s. c.

2nd row.—5 s. c. picot of ch. 3, 5 s. c., all under ch. 6, 5 s. c. under next ch. 6, ch. 6, 1 sl. st. in 4 s. c., 5 s. c., 1 p., 5 s. c. under ch. 6, 5 s. c. under second ch. 6, this completes one point.

The center of the bottom and the sides of the bag are finished with roses and balls.

To Make Rose

Ch. 6, join in ring.

2nd round.—Ch. 5, 1 d. c. in ring repeat 4 times.

3rd round.—Turn, 1 s. c., 6 d. c., 1 s. c. under each ch. 5.

4th round.—Ch. 6, 1 s. c. in each d. c., or five chs. of 6 sts. in all.

5th round.—1 s. c., 9 d. c., 1 s. c. under each ch. 6.

To Make the Balls

Ch. 4, join.

8 s. c. in ring.

Do not join as the balls are worked by going round and round, both threads of each st. being taken up.

2nd round.—Put 2 s. c. in each st. of previous round.

3rd round.—2 s. c. in first st., 1 s. c. in next 3 sts., repeat making 20 sts. in all.

Make 6 rounds 20 sts., then 2 rounds skipping every third st. Fill with cotton and work round skipping every other st. until only one remains, ch. 10 or 12 sts. and fasten off.

Place a rose and three balls together and sew into place. Line the bag with white wash silk and finish with running ribbons.

Crocheted Belt

The newest belt is crocheted in flax-thread of an Arabic tint, and in an openwork design to admit of the running through of a handsome black satin ribbon. These belts may also be crocheted in heavy silks, say black, and have a white, a black, or a colored satin belt ribbon run through them.

Lace for Edging Ruffles

Cast on seventeen stitches. Knit across plain.

1st row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, o. n., n., o. 3 times, n., k. 1, o. n., k. 1.

2nd row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

3rd row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, o. n., o., n., k. 4, n., o. k. 2.

4th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 13, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

5th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o. n., o. n., k. 3, n., o., k. 2.

6th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 13, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

7th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 5, o., n., o., n., k. 2, n., o., k. 2.

8th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 13, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

9th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 6, o. n., o. n., k. 1, n., o., k. 2.

10th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 13, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

11th row.—K. 2 o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 7, o. n., o., n., n., k. 2.

12th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 13, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

13th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 8, o., n., o., n., k. 3.

14th row.—Bind off 3, k. 12, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

Repeat from 1st row.

EDGE FOR RUFFLES.

A Few Words by the Editor

JUST a word of warning to you all these hot summer days. Hundreds of people die yearly, die in frightful agonies, die the most horrible and awful deaths, from hydrophobia. You all of course have heard of hydrophobia, or rabies, which is another name science has given to the disease which causes dogs to go mad. Probably, however, you have not the slightest conception of the frightful sacrifice of human life that is yearly caused in these United States from the bites of rabid dogs.

By wise legislation, by permitting no dog to land, or be brought into the United Kingdom, until it has been for some months under observation, and by insisting that every dog that runs at large be muzzled, England has practically stamped out hydrophobia. Nothing has been done in America along these lines. Most people love dogs, and dogs have many splendid qualities, but sensible people are beginning to realize that a dog, being an animal, should be kept strictly in its place. The barn and not the house is the proper place for a dog, and the city is no place for a dog at all. No dog should be allowed in a city; it is cruelty to a dog to confine it in an apartment house, flat or other cramped quarters. No wonder the poor animals constantly go mad, leaving a terrible trail of suffering and death behind them.

Now, what the writer wishes to impress upon you all is this: You don't have to be bitten by a mad dog or any dog to die of hydrophobia. Most of you are in the habit of letting a dog lick your hands or face, particularly your hands. When you do this you are running a terrible risk. A man in New York City allowed his dog to lick his hands. Some four months later the animal acted queerly; it was destroyed and found to have rabies. The dog's owner at once took the Pasteur treatment, but it was of no avail, he died a terrible death. Rabies in a dog does not always develop in a day. The disease may be months in developing. It is infinitely better to be bitten by a mad dog, than to be licked by a dog which to all appearances is not suffering from any disorder. If you are bitten by a mad dog, and immediately take the Pasteur treatment, there is a chance that your life may be saved. If you are licked by an apparently healthy dog that has the disease germs in him, and you have the slightest abrasion on your skin, though madness in the dog may not develop for months, yet, if that dog does eventually go mad, nothing can save you.

It is a pity that all those who own dogs, and are in the habit of fondling them, allowing them to lie in their laps, and lick their hands and faces, could not witness the death agonies of some poor soul who has been afflicted with rabies. If they only could do this, the dog would be relegated to the place where the dog belongs, the kennel, barn, outhouse or stable.

It is a great pity that dogs are afflicted with this terrible disease, but they are, and it is no use trying to side step the fact. Remember when you have a dog in the house, you are running a terrible danger from a horrible death, for there is no telling at what moment your dog may go mad, for thousands of dogs yearly do go mad, and hundreds of people's lives are sacrificed in consequence.

Don't let your dog lick your hands or face, and above all, see that it does not lick the hands or face of your children,

and don't permit it to run out and bark at every stranger that passes by as many dogs do. Bull dogs, mastiffs and other vicious canines, which are in the habit of attacking human beings and terribly mangling them, refusing to let go their hold, until they are either strangled, shot, or their jaws pried apart, should be exterminated. These dogs are not domestic animals, but wild and dangerous beasts. The bull dog may be a pet for a few people that it knows, but it is a menace and terror to the rest of the neighborhood. Far better keep a grizzly bear chained up in your back yard, a tiger or a lion, than have a bull dog running loose. You are comparatively safe with caged animals, but no one can feel entirely safe from the unchained bull dog. The hot days of summer will soon be here. Your lives may depend on the way you take this warning to heart, so heed it and pay attention to it.

No dog should ever be made a house pet or handled by the family. Rabies or hydrophobia is not the only dangerous dog disease to which human beings are subject and which is frequently caught from dogs; there are many others. Dogs are peculiarly susceptible to mange, ringworm and other highly contagious skin diseases with which they infect humanity. Serious inflammation of the eyes is also caught from dogs. Dogs, because of their filthy habits and the unspeakably filthy things that they hunt up and eat, are much infested with tapeworms and other intestinal worms and parasites, and many a human victim of these disorders has caught them from the dog. The dog is about the filthiest of all animals. He delights to devour and to roll in carrion and other loathsome and disease-breeding filth; his hair is always the resting place of millions of disease germs, some more dangerous and others less so. Then the dog comes into the house and scratches and shakes himself throwing the disease germs, with which his coat is loaded, into the air to be breathed and to get into the food and onto the dishes. He rubs them into the carpets, rugs and furniture and onto the clothing of the family; and worst of all men, women and children handle the dirty dog and then handle food and dishes and even put their hands to their own mouths without washing.

There are far too many useless dogs kept. Under some circumstances it may be desirable to keep a dog to tend the sheep or cattle or possibly for a watch dog, but most families are better off without a dog. If you must have one of these naturally and inevitably dirty, dirt-seeking, disease-carrying animals about, do keep him in his proper place and never let him into the house.

It will interest our readers to know that on Dec. 29, 1911, no less than 175,000 postal cards, bearing Christmas greetings, were destroyed at the Dead Letter Office in Washington, D. C. It will still further astonish our readers to know that this enormous amount of mail was not the accumulation of a year, but the accumulation of a single day. It appears that the Dead Letter Division of the Post Office at Washington is swamped with unmailable postal cards daily. It is also swamped, though in a lesser degree, with other matter, which the postal authorities all over the country have been unable to deliver owing to the fact that people will not attempt to address envelopes

clearly and distinctly. Most of the cards that found their way to the Dead Letter Office contained mica or tinsel as a part of the decorative scheme. These cards can only be mailed in sealed envelopes. A postal clerk contracted blood poisoning while handling this variety of card and Uncle Sam, to protect his employees, ruled that hereafter, such articles could pass through the mail only in sealed envelopes.

We cannot too strongly impress upon our readers the necessity for using extreme care when despatching matter through the mail. If people would address all matter mailed, carefully, giving the street number when letters are going to cities of any size, the county and rural route when letters are addressed to small villages, and would see that the proper postage goes on every letter and package, few pieces of mail would go astray, and a general acceleration in the handling of mails, and the saving of much mental anguish on the part of postal officials would result.

Remember, a two-cent stamp will only carry an ounce letter. If your letter is a fraction over an ounce, if it tips the scales at an ounce, another two-cent stamp must be placed upon it, and not a one-cent stamp as some people fondly imagine.

In mailing newspapers, magazines and periodicals, you can only mail four ounces for one cent, though tens of thousands of people daily attempt to mail four and five times as much as the postal laws allow.

Always bear in mind those 175,000 postal cards, carrying greetings of love to dear ones scattered broadcast all over our great land, cards that cost good money to buy, good money to mail and considerable trouble in many instances to despatch, finding their way, not into the homes of distant friends, but into a government furnace. That surely ought to give you some food for thought.

Another illustration of how necessary it is when living in a small town or country village to name the county when giving your address is this: In many states there are numbers of towns and villages having the same name. For instance in the State of New York there are five towns and villages having the name of Summit. One of our wheel chairs was held for many days because the party to whom the chair was to be sent did not mention which Summit in the State of New York she lived in. It was necessary to write to every Summit in the State before we could locate the young lady for whom the chair was intended.

Take care, too, when sending coin in the mail. To put coin loose in a flimsy envelope as many do is not only carelessness, but puts temptation in the way of others. Such coins of their own weight frequently work through the corner of an envelope, and if they do not work through of their own accord, the least encouragement by human hands will cause them to do so. Use the same care in the despatching of mail, and even more care than you exercise in your other daily duties, and the public business will not only be expedited but those you correspond with will be spared many a heart pang, and you and those you do business with, will be saved both worry, trouble and loss.

Comfort's Editor.

Kidnapped in the Park

A Thrilling Tale of Mystery
By August Vetterlein

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CHAPTER I.

THE course of study which I was pursuing took me to M. last summer to enjoy the benefit of its excellent public library.

Although only twenty-eight years of age I had become somewhat of a recluse in my habits even to the extent that my friends, as I knew, spoke of me as odd. I had no acquaintances in M. and I sought to make none. I was deeply absorbed in my work and all days were alike to me, devoting the working hours to study and taking an early morning and an evening walk in the beautiful city park for exercise and recreation. It was my special delight on bright mornings to get to the park in time to see the sun rise and there, under the inspiring influence of the morning air and the sweet music of the wild birds, think out my problems undisturbed by human intruders.

But on one fine morning my solitude was broken by a very strange and exciting incident. Arriving earlier than usual I had walked to the farther end of the park and was seated on a bench near the main drive but partly hidden from it by intervening shrubs and trees. As the road made a sharp turn at this point I could see much of it in both directions between the trees from where I was seated. Directly opposite me it was another side of the drive and in full view of it was another bench.

I had been there but a short time and the June sun was less than an hour high when I was startled from my reverie by a child's voice, and looking in the direction of the sound I caught a glimpse through the shrubbery of an elegantly dressed gentleman accompanied by a pretty little girl about three years old, walking along the drive toward me. As they approached I got a better view of them. I was impressed with a feeling of strong dislike for the man who, in spite of his exquisite attire, polished manners and finely modulated voice, bore a sinister expression that aroused suspicion of an evil character; with a long black beard, hollow cheeks, and bushy eyebrows meeting over deep set, small black eyes, his face would have made an ideal mask for a stage villain. Perhaps he was worthy of the trusting love of the golden-haired, angelic little being that held his hand and beaming with smiles poured forth her childish prattle, but I felt an instinctive pity for her and I would have given much to have been able to claim her for my own.

While I was thus musing they seated themselves on the bench across the drive; but soon the little one slid down, walked some twenty yards over the grass and then knelt down to examine something that I could not distinguish at the distance; there she remained at play while the man interested himself in a newspaper.

The sound of an approaching automobile at that early hour gave me a second surprise, but the man on the bench was so absorbed in his reading that he gave no heed and did not look up from his paper even when it came in full view around the near bend in the road. It was one of the finest cars I ever saw and beside the chauffeur sat an elegantly dressed and beautiful young woman; the light colored cloak which gracefully draped her slender figure contrasted with the red leather cushions, and the white veil which waved from her hat ornamented a well-poised head and harmonized with the rare beauty of a face that expressed intelligence and refinement.

As I followed this apparition of loveliness with

my eyes expecting it to roll out of sight at the same speed at which it had come upon the scene I was not a little surprised to see the car suddenly stop just after passing me.

Instantly the lady sprang to the ground with agility that would have done credit to a circus rider, and ran nimbly to the child which she took in her arms and started to carry to the car. Evidently they were not strangers for the little fairy made no outcry but clasped her arms about the lady's neck. Her utmost endeavor at haste hindered to bring her and her precious burden unharmed to the car, for the halting of the auto attracted the notice of the dark visaged man who dropped his paper and with a loud exclamation and brandishing his heavy cane rushed after the fleeing woman. As he almost reached her she turned upon him, and holding the child in her left arm she thrust her right arm toward him, the glistening thing in her hand almost touching his breast. A flash; a puff of smoke; a pistol shot broke the stillness of the morning air. The man threw up his arms and with a groan sank lifeless to the ground. The woman resumed her flight and in a moment was seated with the child in the rear seat of the car which started instantly and making a quick turn sped away in the direction whence it had come.

All this happened in such an incredibly short time, so suddenly and altogether unexpectedly, that I had no opportunity to interfere or attempt to prevent the tragedy. And when it was over I was so shocked that I completely lost my presence of mind, which was never my strong point, and I made a thorough-going fool of myself.

Instead of going to the man, who had been shot down, and offering him assistance if still alive, I seemed to feel it my duty to catch the perpetrator of the double crime of murder and kidnapping and to hand her over to the police, and so, yelling loudly, I ran like a crazy man after the retreating automobile.

The excitement gave me unwonted strength and speed, and for a few minutes I kept close behind the car and I hoped that I might be able to keep within sight of it until I could attract the attention of an officer or obtain other assistance to capture the fleeing criminal.

I had scarcely begun my mad chase when she turned in her seat and looking back discovered that she was followed. I got a full and near view of her face, a face that impressed me as the most bewitchingly beautiful that I had ever seen in spite of my horror of her as a murderess. With her hand she waved me back while uttering some words which I could not distinctly hear for the noise of the motor, but I understood the imploring look of her large lustrous eyes which carried an appeal stronger than any words and almost shook my resolution; nevertheless my sense of duty prevailed and I continued my pursuit. The car speeded up soon, leaving me far behind, and completely exhausted by my violent exertion I was about to abandon the hopeless race when I made a misstep and fell with a sprained ankle. The pain was so severe that at first I thought I had broken a bone, but an examination showed me that it was only a bad sprain. I crawled into the bushes beside the drive to bandage my injured limb, which, thanks to my medical studies, I knew how to do very well.

As I attended to my lame foot my mind reverted to the man who had been shot down, and I cursed myself for a fool for having left him without timely help, perhaps to die for lack of assistance that I might have given him. I had to thank only my own idiotic conduct for my accident and painful injury which would have been avoided if I had gone to the man's relief

at once. In considering how futile had been my efforts I was further chagrined to think that in my utter confusion of mind I had neglected to note and remember the number of the automobile.

After I had fixed my ankle up the best I could a long distance and it was some time before I came in sight of the bench on which I had sat a witness to the tragedy; a few steps more would bring me in view of the spot where the man had fallen and I now expected to find him a corpse. I shuddered at the terrible sight that awaited me and I shut my eyes while I mustered up courage to look upon it; but when I opened them and gazed at the scene of the recent crime I saw no corpse, no man, nothing but the natural objects of the landscape. Had the victim been found by others? or had it been possible for him to get away by himself? Sure enough he was no longer there or anywhere in sight. I searched the bushes thereabout thinking he might have hid himself, but found no trace of him. I called aloud, but received no reply. I hunted for blood stains on the gravel road but found none. All traces of the crime had so completely vanished that, if it had not been for the painful evidence of my sprained ankle, I might have thought I had fallen asleep on the bench and dreamed it all.

I started for the nearest street car, intending to go to Police Headquarters and report what I had seen, but as I limped across the park all kinds of doubts and scruples as to my duty in this regard came over me. The face of the beautiful unknown came clear to my memory and her imploring look had a much different effect on me now than at first. How could I know which was in the wrong? Maybe the black bearded man had received what was justly due him; maybe it was the desperate act of an unhappy mother who had risked all to recover her stolen baby. I remembered the sinister expression of the man's face which had made me pity the little girl for being in his company. Comparing the face of the young woman with that of the black bearded I could have no doubt on which side was the real wickedness that lay at the root of the tragedy. Why should I meddle? Why should I help to bring more trouble to this woman? If the man was dead nothing could bring him to life again, and if the pistol ball had only wounded him he surely would do the prosecuting himself. I confessed that this logic did not seem free from objection, and I struggled with myself; but over and above all there was a voice in my heart which loudly persuaded me not to mix up in this affair, at least not at the present, but rather to wait and see what the newspapers had to say about it. It would be time enough then for me to decide whether conscience and the interests of public justice required that I should come forward and offer myself as a witness. My sympathies were so strongly with her that I now began to hope she would succeed in avoiding detection and escape arrest.

By the time I reached the street my mind was made up. I called a cab and drove directly to my boarding place. I summoned a doctor at once, and he told me that I must remain quiet in the house and not step on my foot for the next three weeks. I said nothing about what I had seen in the park, but all day I was at a high pitch of excitement over it and I was impatient for the evening papers which I had no doubt would give a long account of the crime with appropriate scare head lines. I trembled all over as the papers at last were handed me and my eyes raced over their columns for the expected news item, but not one of them mentioned the

affair. Surely the morning papers will give it, I said to myself, and I spent a sleepless night in which the beautiful face of the murderess haunted my waking dreams and conjured up all manner of fantastic imaginations in my overwrought brain. But the morning papers were equally disappointing; not a word about the tragedy. I was amazed, dumfounded, and almost insane because my crippled foot prevented me from getting out and doing some quiet detective work on my own account.

Here was mystery on mystery. There seemed to be but one plausible explanation: the pistol ball could not have killed the man and he must have recovered from the shock of his wound sufficiently to get away without attracting the attention of the police and had taken pains to keep the matter a secret; or if the police knew of it, he had his reasons for wishing to avoid publicity, was unwilling to have the criminal arrested and prosecuted, and evidently commanded sufficient influence with the authorities of the law to prevent a prosecution and to hush the matter up. But why dared he not prosecute? Why did he shun publicity? In spite of influence and money an inkling of such an affair almost always leaks out after a while and gets into the papers, so I kept an anxious eye on them, but without the least satisfaction of my curiosity.

This so preyed on my mind during my three weeks' housing that when I was able to get out and about again I was a nervous wreck, unfit for study or for any other occupation, and I resolutely refused on a change of scene and air as the only hope of ridding myself of the horrible nightmare of crime I had witnessed and to try to forget the beautiful face of the would-be murderess that still held my heart in such a spell of enchantment.

I decided that before I left I would make a duty call which should have been attended to before, but I had put it off because of my general avoidance of new acquaintances and my expectation that this particular one would prove uninteresting if not a positive bore. When I first came to M. my brother had written me giving the address of Major D., a crippled veteran of the war of 1861, who had been a regimental comrade and life-long friend of our deceased father, and he had urged me to pay my respects to the old gentleman.

I found the Major's residence in a not very aristocratic quarter of the city and the house indicated that he was not blessed with a superabundance of worldly goods. The servant girl who answered my ring showed me into a cozy parlor so homelike and tastefully furnished as to make one forget the strict economy of expense which was apparent on close scrutiny of the furniture. Evidences of thoughtful care and neatness showed that the mistress of the household was also a good housekeeper.

The Major entered, walking with the aid of a crutch and a cane, and gave me a most hearty greeting which helped to overcome my embarrassment at making a new acquaintance. He manifested so much pleasure at meeting the son of his old friend and comrade and he showed such a kindly interest in his many questions about our family that he quite won my heart and I was truly glad that I had taken the trouble to hunt him up. His face was red and his skin was remarkably fresh and fair for a man of his age; a heavy snow-white mustache separated a nose and mouth that indicated energy and determination, while the look in his sharp blue eyes that had not lost the fire of youth showed that he was accustomed to command in spite of his joviality.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of, receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and reclose on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

We hear a great deal said these days about speaking the "word in season." How many of us change it to "the good word in season?" Try it and see if the good word spoken will not help to make some heart lighter, some burden easier to bear. I read a little story not long since which will bear repeating: A new minister and his wife came into a new field, and the wife soon became cognizant of the fact that there was lacking, that harmonious attitude which should be the sign manual of all who love and serve Him. She also divined the cause. The lack of the "word" was spoken.

Calling on Mrs. A. one afternoon, she observed during the conversation: "I know you and Mrs. B. are good friends because Mrs. B. told me she so admired your lovely clean floors." What Mrs. B. had really said was this: "Oh, yes, I think her floors are beautifully clean, but she is so cranky she will hardly allow her husband to walk on them." Yet the little minister's wife bore away with her only words of real praise for Mrs. B.'s beautiful embroidery, which only a few days before Mrs. A. had stigmatized as "lazy people's work." And so by her tactfulness the little woman slowly but surely melted the doors of envy and backbiting out of the hearts of her husband's flock, and when a few years later she was leaving them, she had the satisfaction of their own acknowledgments of how much she had helped them by her determination to tell only the good of everything she heard. It is a plan that should be put into operation everywhere.

How many mothers read Mrs. Brown's article in the March issue, "The Lifting of the veil?" I will give you my opinion on this subject. In the first place knowledge is power and ignorance is bondage. In these days when knowledge is so essential to our physical, mental and moral well-being, I might also add that ignorance is criminal. Now sisters look back to your own childhood, and see if "curiosity" was not your greatest characteristic? I remember it was so with me, yet I never asked questions, as my mother never answered such questions as usually vex the mind of an observant child, regarding the mysteries of nature.

No, I say mothers, do not neglect or refuse to tell your little daughter all she asks you. Encourage her to come to you alone with all she hears, and then in pure, simple language that she can understand state to her the truth. In the years to come you will be glad you did so. She cannot avoid pitfalls unless she knows the pit is there.

What will be the use to try to have her avoid the company of the opposite sex who are unfit for her to associate with, unless she is fortified with knowledge which will plainly show her the reason? No girl can appreciate the difference between ignorance and knowledge of herself. Her mother must teach it to her from childhood.

When womanhood begins it is often too late for our teachings to take the right moral effect; or mental or physical effect either. I know some of you will think this "strong meat," but milk is for babes, and we are not babes, and I tell you our babes are not in swaddling clothes long these days. If we do not inform our children aright about these delicate subjects, perhaps we will spend years undoing the harm which has resulted from stolen interviews with Mary Ann of the back street, wherein the language is not choice, but expressive.

Lift the veil carefully mothers, if you like, but beware that it is not rudely torn away by vandal hands before any ideas of your own are implanted in the tender mind of the little maid, for whom you would willingly lay down your life if it would keep sorrow and sin far from her.

And so with the boys. Do not think they are of less importance than girls. Teach them just as carefully and shield them just as tenderly, and the day will come when your reward will be given you, in knowing your boys cannot go wrong through ignorance. Nature gave inquiring minds to these children of ours, and we owe unto us if we do not direct the inquiries into the right channel, and teach them the value of purity and knowledge. If knowledge must be gained by experience, as so often is the case, it may come too late to be of practical use, and the price paid may be all too dear.

Now mothers, one of old taught by parables and illustrations, I shall illustrate my talk a little. Suppose there was a fountain from which flowed only pure, sweet, cold water; and every day you came to that fountain for your daily supply of water. If you came and found it dry and with only the promise "Some day there will be water; just be patient," now would you wait for the fountain to flow again, or would you haste away to some other fountain, even if not so pure and health giving—there to procure the necessary drink for yourself and family? The answer is only too obvious.

So it is with our children, if we would keep them close to us we must bind them with the ties of perfect confidence and love. If you turn their childish questions away with a "sometime" promise, they will seek knowledge from some other fountain, and it will not be as you will wish it to be.

So mothers remember that knowledge is power, and let us seek knowledge ourselves that we may be able to instruct our boys and girls aright. On us to a great extent depends the moulding of our little ones' lives, whether they shall be strong or weak. The remedy is in our reach if not in our hands already. In these days of enlightenment no mother need be ignorant of the laws of nature, and an intimate knowledge of these things will help to keep our children in the right way.

I do not speak without authority on this subject, I have two boys of nine and five years and I am training them to feel that there are no mysteries in nature, and certainly no secrets mother will not tell them if they ask her. They are veritable "curiosity shops" as all children are who live daily among birds, animals, flowers, etc. They come always to me with their questions and I do not send them away empty handed. Also I try to teach a lesson of purity and goodness with each explanation I give. Time

alone can tell if I am right, but time has already taught me that ignorance is not always bliss. With many good wishes for the COMFORT band. MRS. MAUDE JAMES, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mrs. James. In a thoroughly comprehensible manner you have thrown new light on a subject so vital that every mother must heed. You have shown us very clearly that "ignorance is bondage." Very few there are who have attained the years of understanding, and in looking backward cannot remember some pitfall which opened up through lack of knowledge.

Opportunity calls very loudly to the mother when her child reaches the inquisitive age. Satisfy this hungry young mind, for "the human heart at whatever age, opens only to the heart that opens in return." Sisters, let us help one another with more letters on this great subject.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

As we are all trying to help one another in this corner, I will tell you of a plan I successfully carried out.

My guide was, "Do good to them that hate you." You know St. Valentine's day often causes trouble

What a band of willing workers there are in Comfort Sisters' Corner!

I am daily convinced anew of this fact by the splendid response given to any requests for letters which tend to encourage and instruct; to make life happier and fuller.

What a grand tribute Mrs. M. F. Jacquet pays "Dear Old COMFORT."

Were I a minister I would often take for my text "Bring ye the glad May sunshine into the home."

"How many, many homes there are from which gayety has been banished not by sorrow, but by grievances and complaints."

Those who stop to count their blessings are less prone to mar their happiness by trivial misunderstandings, foolish dissatisfactions and an over-critical attitude toward the weaker ones.

Let an excuse enter your heart and a word of complaint rolls over you; then commune with self and find how you have risen in your own estimation, and maybe discovered that after all, IT WAS NOTHING.

Today cannot be lived over again, but we can so employ its hours that when we seek our rest the message of "well done" will be borne to us.—Ed.

one way and another so on the day before I asked my children to tell me to whom they would send a ugly valentine through the school box, and they told me. For several years I have drawn them valentines for this purpose the size of a postal card, so I made my very best ones for the children named to receive ugly ones, with instructions to my own children that they were sent to such. The result was splendid! The recipients were delighted, and my own children learned a lesson of peace-making and were pleased. Following this many school troubles vanished. Try it, sisters! Mrs. L. E. NORTON, Mount Angel, Box 50, Oregon.

Mrs. Norton. Your plan was fine; I certainly endorse it.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please crowd over and make room for an Idaho suffragette in your happy circle. COMFORT has been a welcome visitor in our home for a good many years, and I think it the best paper of its kind in the world and just the right kind.

Dear Uncle Charlie how I would like to see him and his chicken coop. Worden fail to express my appreciation of his and Mr. Gannett's noble work for the shut-ins and the public in general.

As I have never read a letter in COMFORT from this part of our golden state, I will describe something of our beautiful valley to COMFORT readers. We live in the central part of Western Idaho, in what is known as Long Valley, which is sixty miles long and averages about six miles in width, walled on the east and west by high mountains covered from the base to nearly the summits with forests of fine timber, pine, fir and tamarack, while the summits are capped with snow nearly the year round, making a most beautiful picture from the valley below.

Our cold winters are overbalanced by our most delightful spring and summers. No bad wind storms, thunder, lightning or hail to speak of. No poisonous snakes of any kind.

Come Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Gannett, and Uncle Charlie and all you sisters, board your aeroplane and come to Long Valley next summer and go camping with us in the mountains! We'll have a jolly time gathering the lovely mountain flowers, picking huckleberries, fishing for mountain trout, and best of all, breathing the pure mountain air and drinking from the cool sparkling springs so plentiful here in the mountains.

This is a very healthy climate and the soil is unsurpassed by any in the West for productiveness. Such wheat, oats and grasses I never saw before; the Timothy grass overreaching the fence tops.

We have no railroad through our valley as yet, but are promised one in the near future. When we have transportation we will have a wonderful time. Our nearest railroad station is New Meadows, twenty-seven miles from Roseberry, from which we have daily mail by stage, and with telephone communications we don't feel so very much out of the big world.

Our town of Roseberry boasts of the only four mill and high school in the valley. Two churches, Christian and Methodist, no saloon or ever can be, as to run a saloon on any of the lots would make the deed to the lot void. Now smile sisters; wouldn't you like to live in a town like this?

Sisters, let us hear your opinion on the public dance hall. While the W. C. T. U. women of America wage war on the saloon, we not only resist the dance craze that is ruining many of our boys and girls.

I will now describe myself to the sisters. My height is five feet four inches, weigh between two and three hundred, brown eyes, dark hair, and am forty-six years of age and am a grandmother. My family consists of a good kind John only his name is Roderick, a Scotch laddie; two daughters and an adopted son.

With best wishes, I am your sister.

MRS. RODERICK McDONALD, Roseberry, Idaho.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I enter your column today? Ever since reading the December number I have felt that I must write to you all. I would take COMFORT if it were only to read the sisters' column.

I am nearly twenty-three years old, am married and have two little ones, a boy aged three and a half and a girl six months old. How I pity those who have no children. What sunshine they bring to our lives. Have you ever thought you who have little ones, how dreary your home would be if they were taken away? How often we are troubled by the little playthings about when we would have everything in perfect order? But oh, how our hearts would ache if the little hands that strew the toys about were still, and then as we look at our children do we realize that each one is an immortal soul that must live forever, and how great the responsibility is when we stop and think that we have so much to do in directing that soul.

I shall be interested in what the sisters write about patience. I think if anyone has patience tried it is a mother. I have to be so careful not to get impatient. We are so apt to forget that we were children once and that the hundreds of questions our little ones ask were asked by us not long ago.

I remember one of the sweetest women I ever knew telling me a few years ago that her unceasing prayer was: "Jesus, keep me sweet," and that those were the words that always came to her lips when anything tried her. For myself, the only way I know of becoming patient is by living so close to Christ that His spirit will be shed in my heart so greatly that there will be no room for anything but love and kindness.

I was interested in what Mrs. Mothershead said about giving one tenth of her income to God. Let me tell you Christian sisters that for four years we have given one tenth of our income to the different departments of God's work, inside the church and out and we can stand as witnesses of the blessings of tithing. For while we are not rich in what the world calls riches, our road temporarily, physically and spiritually has been upward since we began giving to Him that way. We would feel as robbers if we ever went back now to the old way of giving. At times it was pretty hard and lots of times the thought would come, "oh, how handy that little sum would be if we could use it for other purposes," but I always felt that just then God was testing us to see if we'd be true and that verse in Malachi comes to me, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in your houses, and provide me herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts; if I will not open unto you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." I want to think of money as flowing to God and give

Him a share of it directly and use what is left as would please Him.

I am a great lover of outdoors and I can't help but believe that we live more indoors, shut up, than God ever intended us to do, and we miss a great deal because we are not out under the open skies, and where the breezes of Heaven can get at us and sweep the mental and physical worries away. If I feel tired or weary nothing rests me so in body, soul and mind as getting outdoors and sitting down if possible, then closing my eyes and letting nature do its refreshing, healing work. And oh, how well it does it. And do you know sisters there is no place in all this world where we can commune so freely with God and be so little hindered in our communion as in the great outdoors. So you sisters who are discouraged or weary or lonely, just get out of doors and let the trees, the birds, the ocean, the flowers, the sun, stars and moon, and everything in nature whisper to you of a loving kind God, and let nature and nature's God minister to your needs.

Do any of you sisters practice physical culture? I do and it has done wonders for me.

Uncle Charlie's piece in the paper this month was splendid. I wish everyone could read it, then perhaps people would be roused to do something to stop this high cost of living and grinding of the poor. Something is wrong somewhere.

With best wishes to all, and the very best success to the editors, I will say good by.

MRS. ELSORA EDWARDS, Rutledge, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I enjoy COMFORT so much and wait patiently each month for its arrival. I have received much benefit from the sisters' letters, and also Uncle Charlie's page very interesting. In fact it is an ideal paper all through.

I live in the northern part of Virginia in the beautiful Shenandoah valley. Hundreds of acres of this land are being planted in apple trees. There are several large orchards close to us. I am a farmer's wife, twenty-eight years old, and married nine years last Christmas. Have a dear, kind "hubby," and one little boy of our own eight years old, and a little girl six years, our little niece who came to live with us after her mother died. They are much help to me for they both like to work for mamma.

How many of you mothers praise the little folks for their work? Praise them sometimes, and you will be surprised at the results. I believe, sisters, in teaching the little boys to do housework, as well as the girls. My little boy can get a meal and clean up the kitchen as "tidy" as some girls I know who are twice his age.

I want to say a few words in regard to teaching children to be truthful. I think that truthfulness is the foundation of a child's character. Never tell a little one a falsehood no matter what it costs. I don't believe in making children think there is a "Santa Claus," for soon will they know better, and I believe it leaves the impression on their minds that one of the first things mamma and papa told them was a falsehood. Let them help arrange the tree at Christmas, see what fun it is for them and they will appreciate it all the more because they know papa and mamma are the real Santa. We cannot be too careful what we say, and do, in the presence of our little ones. Some parents certainly do not realize the responsibility that rests on them in rearing their children. Therefore I believe we should always tell them the truth and then we may expect the same in return.

I would enjoy having some other sister's opinion on this subject.

With kindest thoughts and best wishes for all, especially the afflicted ones, I remain a COMFORT sister.

MRS. NEHEMIAH KELLEY, Mt. Jackson, R. R. 1, Va.

Mrs. Kelly. Dryden says, "Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies," and again from the pen of Bulwer, "One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth."

The child who prevaricates should have its mother's best attention. As a rule this child does not intend or want to lie, but it lacks the moral courage to come out with the truth when under accusation. This course to the childish mind is perfectly fair because it has avoided angry words if not punishment.

Dear sisters, take such a child in your arms and teach him or her how much better the truth would have worked out for both of you. Never punish such an offence, but center your energies in strengthening this child's character. Evasion in a child is fear.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

My daughter takes your splendid paper I am a faithful reader.

I would like to tell the sisters about the good luck I have with cucumbers and tomatoes. There is a big sale and ready money for them. For cucumbers I dig a hole about as big as a tub, partly fill it with droppings from the chicken-house, then dirt and sow my seed and water well. The vines grow quick and bear well. Tomatoes I start in a hot bed. When I transplant them I drive a four foot stake down by them and tie the plant to the stake. The fruit never touches the ground and so does not spoil before ripening.

Success to the many readers of dear old COMFORT.

MRS. J. E. COOK, Plains, Mont.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

This is the second day of March and the roads are drifted with snow so it is almost impossible to get anywhere, and still snowing.

This has been the coldest winter in Missouri for a great number of years; thirty-six below zero. The farmers have had a pretty tough year, as crops, especially hay, were almost a failure last year on account of the dry season. Did I hear some sister say Missouri is of little account? Well, we don't always fall on crops, and most of the people who leave here to seek homes in other states, usually return to old Missouri.

How could we get along this cold weather without dear old COMFORT to read and help us on our way? There are so many helpful letters and other good reading, and when we read of some poor cripple, who are blessed with good health find out we have many blessings to be thankful for. Where can we find anything of more value than good health?

Come again Mabel Smith for I'm sure the sisters, all join me in saying your letter was fine, for mother is a friend that never forsakes us and is ever willing to help us out of trouble. My parents only live eight miles from me so I can drive to see them quite often. I am one of a very large family; fourteen in all, six sisters and three brothers living and one sister and three brothers who have entered that sweet rest beyond.

My twentieth birthday was in January. I have been married two years. We are the happy parents of a sweet baby boy who came to bless our lives November 20th. He weighs nineteen pounds, so you see he is quite healthy. He brings sunshine on a cloudy day and no home is complete without children, although the parents have a big responsibility of doing their duty and trying to lead them in the right way. I'm sure lots of young girls and boys would make better women and men if their parents had set a better example before them when they were young.

With best wishes to all, and the very best success to the editors, I will say good by.

MRS. ELSORA EDWARDS, Rutledge, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

When I read in COMFORT that the department conducted by you is with the object to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers

with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy, I thought of addressing these few lines to you, asking the dear sisters' advice and offering my humble services.

What would you say to a mother who wishes to take her children to your country to be educated there? Would the sisters who live in any large city, give some information to this purpose? I have some friends among the American ladies who live in this country. I receive magazines and newspapers from the United States; but would wish to know more about the daily life, social customs, climate, means of education and everything that helps to make a right choice of location and surroundings for the education of the children.

Any advice and information you may send will be gratefully received by your new sister.

D. DE LA PORTILLA, Leon, State of Gto., Mexico.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND FRIENDS:

It was not my intention to intrude upon you again but I wanted to thank you for my birthday shower. It did indeed give me much pleasure.

Sisters I am going to ask a favor of you. Won't you try to get a few subscriptions to COMFORT and send them in to be credited to Mrs. Sarah Howell, Gainsboro, R. R. 4, Box 5, Penn. toward getting her a wheel chair as she is a helpless shut-in and unable to get around any other way. She will also appreciate cheery letters and will reply if stamp is inclosed.

Wishing success to COMFORT and all its readers, I am, very sincerely,

MRS. HANNAH DAVIS, La Fayette, R. R. 1, Box 17, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you please be so kind as to print this letter as soon as possible in the Sisters' Corner of COMFORT? You published a letter of mine in the February number and although I made no bid for correspondents, I have been deluged with letters of inquiry concerning this state. If I had the time to reply to each one I would be happy to do so, but my time is not my own. I am employed from seven in the morning until six at night in an office and must do my housework at night, so you can see how little time I have for letter writing. All the letters sent me are for information regarding soil, climate, wages, etc. Now this answer must do for all who have written or who will write.

First we have in this section as near a perfect climate as can be. Always sunshine and no cold weather, other than some cold winds in mid-winter. I have lived in this section four years and have never seen but two freeze-ups; then the thermometer stood just a little below freezing point, never near zero.

This is exclusively a mining section and all gold or silver; no coal. Wages are three and a half to four and one half dollars per day. Living is about like everywhere else, pretty high. There is no farming right near here, and wherever there is farming one must irrigate. There are no openings here except for miners or mill men and at present they are not employing a big force. The only chance for women, is to cook, housework or washing. One can make good money taking in washing; still I would not want anyone to come here through my say so.

This West, anywhere, is full of opportunities for anyone who wants to work. But I would not advise anyone to sell a home to come out here. If they want to try Arizona or California, rent their place, but never sell it until they have tried it a year. One can have any climate in this state they desire, from extreme cold to the tropic; also in some sections are beautiful farming country. The heat is such a dry heat and the evaporation so quick that one never really suffers from it like the countries where there is humidity in the atmosphere. It is a very healthy climate during all seasons and fine for everybody.

Anyone with hustle, pluck and a determination to succeed can do well out here as wages are much in advance of anywhere East. But let no one move anywhere without having a few dollars in their pocket to last them until they find work, no matter where they go.

I would like to write more fully, but it would take up too much space. Now please every sister don't write me personal letters; I cannot find the time to answer. I wish I could be more helpful but my little corner here keeps me bustling to fill it acceptably. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and have gleaned many helps from the recipes. Hope to some time send in something of value to all. Uncle Charlie is a saint and Mr. Gannett a hero; both are God's good men. Long may they live to bless their fellow men—and so many do bless them.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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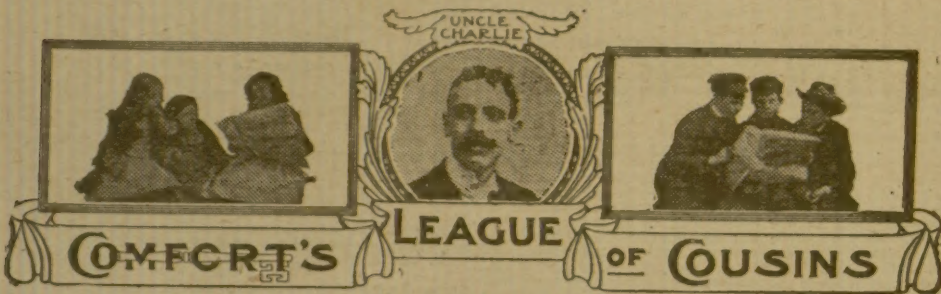
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To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

MAY, beautiful May! All Nature is grinning from ear to ear; in fact Nature is grinning all down the back of her neck, for Nature is happy and wants you to be happy. The birds are singing and chattering with delight, the streams are dancing a prohibition jig time of their own, the cattle are not worrying about three meals a day for Nature is clothing field and meadow with its spring vintage of Hibernian whiskers, otherwise known as grass, inviting the earth's live stock to eat its fill. Nature has set the stage for a festival of rejoicing and bids the earth be happy, and all Creation is happy except its lord and master—man, gloomy man. Why can the birds sing and the lower animals rejoice, while humanity groans and travails? Well, you see the bird hasn't the worry about the landlord coming round to collect his rent. The birds forage at will from Nature's storehouse for their food. You don't find one bird putting a fence around the forest and living in the lap of luxury while thirty thousand other birds sit on the fence, starved and hungry with no available place from which to secure a meal, but you do see hog man doing that very thing all over the earth. The lower animals show a truer knowledge of democracy, a greater ability to take advantage of Nature's generosity, the ability to stick together for mutual protection, than does man. In the bird and animal kingdoms there are no landlords dunning for rent; no trust hogs cornering the food; no employer working his wage slaves twenty-five hours a day; no grafting politicians, exacting tribute and working in the interests of a favored class; no merchants handing out short weight; no manufacturers dispensing poisoned food; no loafer class with servile fancies to wait on it; no legal code with judges and lawyers growing fat on other people's troubles and producing lots of law but very little justice; no smug-faced preachers dishing out rose water sermons for the benefit of the rich slave driver who sits in the front pew; no brothels, no jails, no tramps or police; no worries and no cares; no drunkenness and dissipation and consequently no sickness. Now there is no reason on earth why man—Godlike with all his intelligence and genius—could not be happy, healthy and care free if he wished to be. As about ninety per cent. of those who will read this will be weighed down with more worries and cares than they can carry, I can hear them in a mighty chorus say: "How comes it we are not happy, when we have all the materials for happiness about us?" Well my dear friends there are a thousand reasons why the animal world is getting a lot of fun out of life, while you are getting nothing but misery, but the main reason for man's unhappiness I'll endeavor to explain. In your head is a wonderful organism, called the brain, and that brain has marvelous possibilities for those who use it, for it is the seat of intelligence, power, wisdom and genius. Brain power is the greatest asset a human being has, but like everything else, nature in her infinite wisdom insists that you develop that brain, cultivate it and fertilize it by study and observation before you can get results that will benefit yourself and others. A child if left to grow up amongst animals remains little more than an animal, in fact is an animal, using instinct as its guide and not reason. The baby born amongst human beings uses its brain, and grows up a human being, and if the persons it has grown up with happen to be intelligent, the child shows intelligence too. If the parents are dull, ignorant and stupid, the child more than likely unless influenced by others, will grow up dull and stupid too. The whole trouble with humanity today is just this; about five per cent. of the people in the world are using their brains for all they are worth, another twenty per cent. are using them occasionally, another twenty-five per cent. use them once in a while, and the remaining fifty per cent. never use them at all. The result is the five per cent. who are using their brains for all they are worth are the squirrels of creation while the other ninety-five per cent. are the nuts. Now, it's up to all of you to ask yourselves this question: "Am I a squirrel or am I a nut?" Am I using my brains, or am I letting them lie dormant and useless? Now I don't want you to use your brains to become a squirrel, and do what the other human squirrels are doing today, robbing and preying upon the human nuts, but I want you to use your brains in thinking, studying, observing, so that you may cease to become a nut for others to prey upon. When the human squirrels find there are no more nuts for them to prey upon, they will cease to be squirrels and become human, and then for the first time on this continent a real genuine worth while civilization will dawn. The way to develop your brain is to read whenever you can, and to think more than you read. Reading won't help unless you think. The newspaper is a mighty force for education, a mighty force for good, and a terrible force for harm. It is the newspaper or I should have said the partisan newspaper that is today enslaving the American people. Big interests control many of the papers and magazines and the trusts are reaching out to get more of them under their influence. Wall Street pulls the strings, and the wealthy squirrels say to the squirrel editors: "I want you to keep all your readers tightly hitched to their old political band wagons, so they will remain in the nut class, accepting our machine-made ideas and never doing any thinking of their own. The Democratic and the Republican squirrels give the same instructions to their squirrel editors and the result you well know. Mr. Repub and Mr. Demo both remain nuts to the huge delight of the squirrels who prey upon them. The way to develop your brain is to read independent newspapers whenever you can get them, papers that are trying to help you and not fool you; papers that want to enlighten and educate you and better the conditions under which you live. Study issues, measures and social problems, not from a Democratic or Republican standpoint, but from the standpoint of humanity and common sense, something which partisan politics entirely lacks. The trouble with the people in the United States today is this, they have but the vaguest idea of what is happening outside of the little narrow sphere in which they live. Of the great questions of the day, of great national and economic problems and of social, business, and political conditions generally, they know next to nothing, and for good and sufficient reasons. The squirrels have entered into a conspiracy to keep them from knowing what they ought to know. A number of magazines and some newspapers and periodicals are trying to get the truth to the people and one of the results is the squirrels are forming magazine trusts and are silencing those who

have been telling the truth. Now, remember, there is only one curse, ignorance, only one good, knowledge. Socrates said that two thousand years ago. You see some men were thinking even then. Life is a growth, and we grow only by learning, and we are useful only to ourselves and others by applying what we learn to noble and unselfish ends. If you have little chance to read you can learn much by observation. Most of you think that because certain conditions obtain in this country, poverty, crime, misery, injustice, corruption and soul crushing toil, that these conditions always must exist and always will. It is that kind of thinking or lack of thinking that brings joy to the human squirrels, and keeps ninety-five per cent. of humanity in the nut class. Such thoughts result from mental slothfulness, and utter lack of imagination. People who think that way are in a rut so deep that the bottom of that rut (the rut of darkness and despair), could not be plumbed by a line a million miles long. Get out of your ruts! Get your brains at work, and above all get them working along right lines. It may take a thousand years (and that is but a day in the evolution of a race) before humanity is enjoying the sunny days of May as the birds which are warbling and singing about you, happy, care free and full of the joy of living, but no matter how long it takes there is a good time for humanity ahead, and as soon as you begin thinking right and living right, all the frightful ills which mar our sham civilization today, poverty, crime, disease, will forever disappear. Nature, on these beautiful May days, is calling to you in

Uncle Charlie I think your poems and songs are fine. My wife plays the songs on the piano, and I play them on my violin, and we both sing them. Come down and we will play and sing them for you. Uncle, I saw a cripple in one of COMFORT's wheel chairs the other day. She was at church and would not have been able to get there had it not been for her chair.
Yours, JESSE M. RILEY.

Jesse, I am tickled all to bits to hear from you. I owe a debt of gratitude to all you rural mail carriers. I give you a lot of hard work during the year, and you never make any charge for it, except the usual little two cent stamp which is necessary to keep the machinery of the postal business going. I have carried the mails myself on several occasions but my friends have all sobered up and can now get to bed without my assistance. That's awfully sweet of you to take such care in the delivery of COMFORT. Not all are so careful and prompt as you, I fear. Sometimes a few copies of COMFORT go astray or are delayed in delivery, and in such cases we are sure to hear from the anxious subscribers expressing their disappointment in no uncertain terms, so I can imagine how your patrons would make life miserable for you if COMFORT should fail to reach them on time. There is something in COMFORT to interest everybody, and I have wondered if even the rural delivery horses might not be so interested in our veterinary department as to swipe a copy now and then. Of course, Jesse, if all were as careful as you are, there never would be a single copy go astray. You are rightly proud of your profession and you are a credit to the service, and your letter is so exquisitely written, that it is evident at a glance that you are a man of refinement and education. You rural mail carriers are the most important, most necessary and valuable servants the government has. The government does not realize this, but then our government is only half awake anyhow, and we have to prod it with a stick, and hit it with a club, and shriek at it for thirty years, before we can make it wake up and to anything that the public wants. Soon we shall have a parcel's post, then that motor cycle of yours will evolve into a motor truck, and you'll be delivering dry goods and groceries, and every other conceivable article for those on your route, and you'll be collecting butter, eggs, cheese, milk, cream, etc. and delivering it in town, or forwarding it from your post-office to a neighboring city. No more rotten cold storage filth for the city people when the parcel's post gets in operation. Mr. Jones in the city will drop a postal card to Mr. Farmer, Pumpkin Corners, R. R. 3, and instruct him to send turkey, eggs, butter, chicken, cheese, etc. by return parcel's post, and he will get it all alive and fresh, and after the family have eaten it, they won't have to go to the hospital with ptomaine poison, as most city people have to do, for from the cradle to the grave they eat nothing but tainted food. I am paying sixty cents a dozen now for eggs, and forty-eight cents a pound for butter, and half the eggs are only fit to throw

thoughts are wafted in on the wings of evening. From North and South, East and West they come, each one glowing and warm with human kindness and love. Little wonder is it, then, that this is the source of so much inspiration and helpfulness. One cannot help being uplifted and encouraged after reading the cousins' pleasant letters and the jolly comments by Uncle Charlie. Three cheers for the three "C's," Uncle Charlie, the COMFORT, and the cousins! Long may they live and prosper be.

The letter "C" also stands for Casstown, a little country village in the central-western part of Ohio, four miles from the famous great Miami river. When everyone is home there are two hundred and sixty-five inhabitants. An elevator and a traction line help dispel the lethargy that is oftentimes found in towns of similar size. We have nicely shaded streets and modern sidewalks. During the winter months we support a high class lecture course which is well attended. Besides four churches, we have a second grade high school and a "University of Hard Knocks," tuition to the latter being free.

As "C" also stands for consistency, I will be consistent and close with a description of myself as is the custom in this great family of cousins. I stand on two feet and am five feet ten inches in the clear, figure it up; my hair is brown, my eyes are blue, and my age, oh, mercy! I stand with reluctant feet where twenty-five and twenty-six meet. (Apologies to Longfellow. Would he please to hear from a few thousands of the cousins and will try to answer all, even if I have to hire a stenographer at seventy-five dollars per hour.)

With a heart full of sympathy for all shut-ins, and best wishes for Uncle Charlie and the cousins, I am your nephew,

ERNEST F. MAIN. (No. 33,562.)

Thank you, Ernest, for the flowery and poetic words of appreciation with which you have bolstered the four-quarters of your letter. So you live at Casstown, Ohio. I live at Casstown, N. Y. I call it Casstown because it is impossible to live in it without using cuss words. A city that is governed by Tammany Hall is bound to be a cuss town. You are quite right; there is a good deal of uplift in this department of ours. We have got all the aeroplanes and bird men skinned a mile. A man told me the other day that he and a number of his friends found so much uplift and inspiration in COMFORT, that when they went to work in a New York sky scraper, all they had to do was to take COMFORT along and they hit the twenty-fourth story without even taking the elevator. Another thing about the uplift we dispense is this: the average bird man in an aeroplane goes up a few yards then comes down on his bean. When we go up we stay up, and every month we go higher and higher. The bird man may take a tumble to himself, but he never do. We are soaring in space on the pinnacle of our high ideals. We have our faces turned heavenward with our eyes on the stars, and the whole world has to look up to us. We are going onward and upward all the time. Casstown seems to me to be a terribly over populated place. Casstown as regards population seems to be crowding New York off the map. Fancy a city with the enormous population of two hundred and sixty-five souls. Why will the people crowd into these great cities? Living in a city as densely populated as yours must be rough on the dogs. The place must be so crowded, they must have to wag their tails up and down, no room to wag them sideways. You say your city contains a University of Hard Knocks. That must be a school for pugilism I should imagine. Four churches to two hundred and sixty-five people! If you had many more churches every inhabitant could have a minister apiece and a whole church to himself. Ernest you say you stand on two feet. I am horrified at this confession of cruelty, this scandalous disregard for the comfort of others. What right have you to stand on anybody else's feet? You must have some good-natured people in Casstown, or you wouldn't be allowed to stand on one, let alone two feet. Take my advice and stand on the ground. Now I've got to this feet question, let me hope you will never try to do what I saw a man in a railroad wreck doing, he had both his feet on his face, trying to stand on his nose. Now, Ernest give my regards to the people of Casstown, tell half of them to move out to the country and give the other half a chance to breathe.

BAIDET, R. R. 3, Box 48, Miss.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you please admit two Mississippi girls in your happy circle? We are farmer's children, but we don't like farm life much. I Willie, am about five feet tall, have dark hair, brown eyes and dark complexion, and am fifteen years old.
I Carmaline, am four feet and a half tall, and have light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, am twelve years old and weigh sixty-two pounds. I Carmaline, help milk and make up the bed. I Willie, milk and feed the hogs.

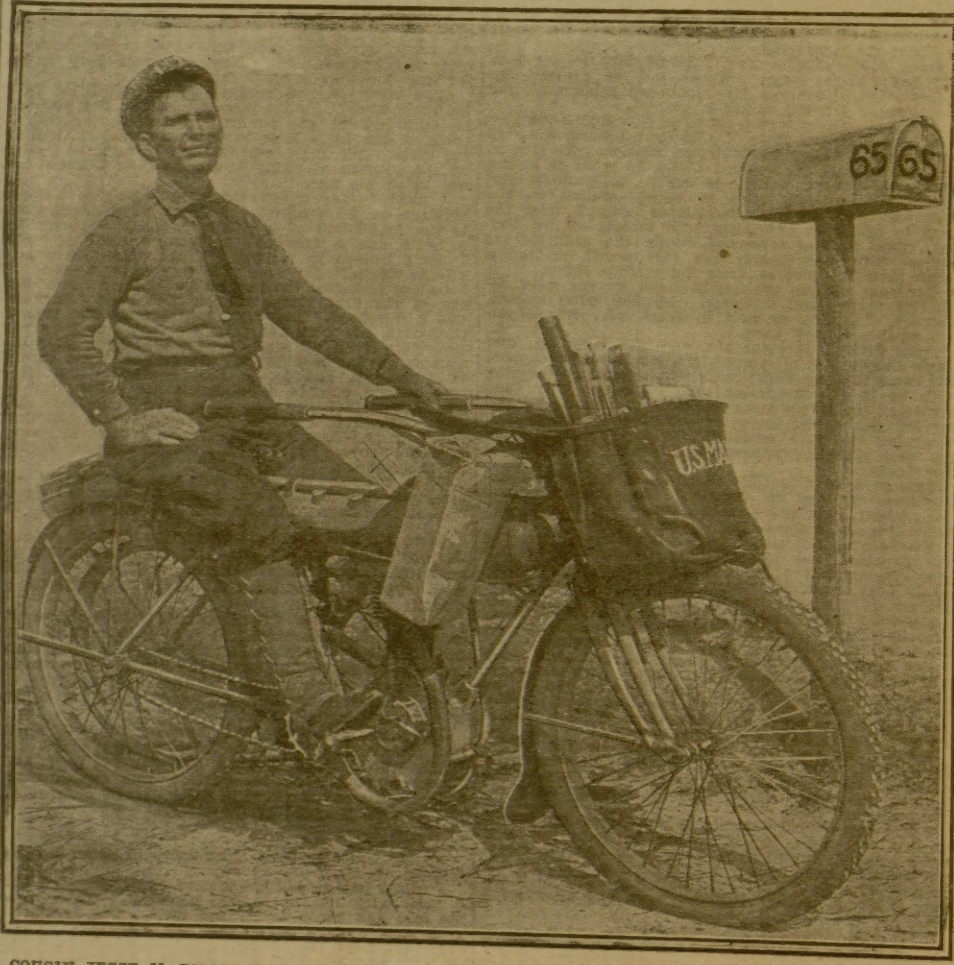
Well, as this is our first visit we will not say much. We would like to receive post-cards from all the cousins.
Your cousins,
WILLIE and CARMALINE JONES.

Willie and Carmaline, that is quite a happy idea, two sisters writing a joint letter. I am going to say brother and sister, for I thought that Willie ought to be a boy. There are so many beautiful names for girls, that I cannot imagine why parents use boys' names at the christening of their daughters. People must be woefully lacking in imagination when they give a girl a boy's name. Parents who name their girls Willie, should, if they have boys, to even matters up, call them Jane and Maria. Billy the Goat says that maybe you were christened Wilhelmina, and they call you Willie for short. Let us hope so. I knew a man who was christened Aleck, and they called him Alexander for short. Carmaline, I am quite astonished to hear you say you milk and make the beds? I know that a bed gives us rest and sleep, but I never knew of a bed that would produce milk. You don't mean to tell me that you have got a cow or a goat hid away in those beds of yours have you? Most beds consist of pig's wool, horse hair, excelsior and other animal and agricultural by products. If you can extract milk from a horse hair or pig's wool mattress, you will have all the cows dying with envy, and all the goats throwing up their hands in despair. Mattress milk ought to be a fine product, and I should think it would uphold one's insides and stick to one's ribs in A. 1. shape. If you will kindly send us a sample of your mattress milk and lactical bed food, I will try it on Billy the Goat. Willie, I note that you inform us that you milk and feed the hogs. I am almost more astonished at your statement that I am at Carmaline's. I can scarcely credit what you say. To feed the hogs is all right, but to milk the hogs is a new one on me. I have often hogged the milk, but I have never milked the hogs. There are thousands of trust hogs that are milking the public all the time, but there is no one that would ever get an opportunity to milk them. You and your sister are certainly wonders in the milk line, and deserve all the medals that are being distributed for perfection in that art. Billy the Goat is inclined to believe that Carmaline helps milk the cows and make up the beds, and that you milk the cows and feed the hogs. We all sincerely trust Billy is right, for though doubtless excellent in their way, don't seem to me to be likely to appeal to the public taste like the old-fashioned cow's milk, so milk Bossy and leave the hogs and beds to their own devices, with the accent on the vices.

MARINETTE, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I just couldn't help laughing when you lectured that young girl of fifteen who had so much trouble with her beaus and her cranky aunt. I am soon sixteen, and haven't bothered my head about a fellow. I consider myself a mere school girl. My brothers and sister, also my books are my best companions.
There was a dance at our little village but I did not go. I thought my nose, ears and feet too good to freeze off. Don't you think I was wise and sensible? I live in the country twelve miles from Marinette, which is the trading center. In the summer my brother and I go fishing. We live one mile from the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



COUSIN JESSE M. RILEY, ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S ENTERPRISING RURAL CARRIERS THAT DISTRIBUTE COMFORT BY MOTORCYCLE.

inspiring tones to be up and doing, to be alert and vigilant, to throw off mental sloth of centuries, to wake up to the glorious opportunity God has given you for happiness on this earth, this earth that is to be a paradise, free from human squirrels and human nuts, graced only by Godlike men and women, as soon as you are ready for it and worthy of it. Wake up, wake up. Don't be a squirrel and don't be a nut.

May days will be made brighter if you have a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems, the greatest book of funny verse ever published, 160 pages of sheer delight, beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth. Free for a club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each.

The best songs to sing in the springtime and all the year round will be found in Uncle Charlie's Song Book. There are twenty-eight of the loveliest songs ever written in this beautiful folio. Five dollars' worth of music absolutely free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. This is COMFORT's greatest premium offer. Work for them today. "M. S." letter and contents safely received. Many thanks.

Now for the letters.

HARTFORD, AIA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Did you ever print a letter from a rural letter carrier? I have never seen one, although there are over forty-one thousand of us traveling every day for Uncle Sam. It may rain, snow, sleet or storm, yet we must go with the mail. Over twenty millions of country people are served by us, and annually we handle approximately two and a half billion pieces of mail matter. I really expect three fourths of the circulation of the COMFORT is delivered by the rural carriers. I had as soon lose a registered letter for one of my patrons as a copy of COMFORT.

I have been riding a motorcycle on my route for over four years. I would not think of using a team, for with a motorcycle I can cover my twenty-five miles in two and a half hours. Five carriers out know we have a fine climate here to allow the use of these two-wheelers all the year round. I could hold all the snow in my old hat that has fallen on my route in five years. The finest kind of oranges grow on my route, and vegetables the entire year.

at actors, while the other half have a dark brown taste, and you have to eat them holding your nose. Parcel's post will alter all that, and the rascally express trust, will be deprived of a goodly part of its plunder, and millions of that now reach express and middle men, will go into the pockets of the agriculturists. After a while too, you will be collecting deposits for the postal office saving's banks, collecting telegrams too, on the post-office over the postal telegraph wires in Europe for the last empty steen years. There is a great future before you boys, an enormous profit for the government and the people in developing to its fullest capacity this branch of the public service. I could tell you a whole lot more things that the government will do in the next twenty-five years. It will own and operate the railroads for public use instead of private profit, and a good many other things are good, and employment sure, and as long as life, and when you get forty years of age, you prevent a younger man from being put into your job. Nearly everyone is looking for a government job, because it is safe and secure and because uncertainty eternally prevails, and a life of Jesse, my poems and songs afford you so much enjoyment. Wish I could hear you render them. I am tickled all to bits to hear about the cripple you saw in one of COMFORT's wheel chairs. I hope our readers will bear this little incident home forcibly to all of you what a world of good you are doing.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
There is something about the cousins' corner that is irresistible. Immediately upon receiving COMFORT I turn to this bright page and bask in "The harbor of sunshine and love," for such it really is. Here are letters from the pine clad hills of Maine, messages from the dells of old Virginia and the Southland, bits of cheer from the prairies of the middle West, while from the land of sunset, golden

CASSTOWN, OHIO.

Buy biscuit baked by
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Always look for that name. Each biscuit of the hundreds of varieties is the result of thirteen years of progress in a persistent purpose to produce perfect biscuit.

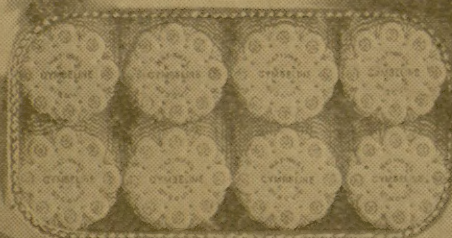
Each variety of biscuit—sweetened or unsweetened—whether known as crackers or cookies, wafers or snaps, cakes or jumbles—is the best of its kind. They differ in size, in shape, in flavor, in name, but not in quality.

National Biscuit Company products are distributed in several ways: some in packages with the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark—some in the well-known glass-front cans—some in small tins.

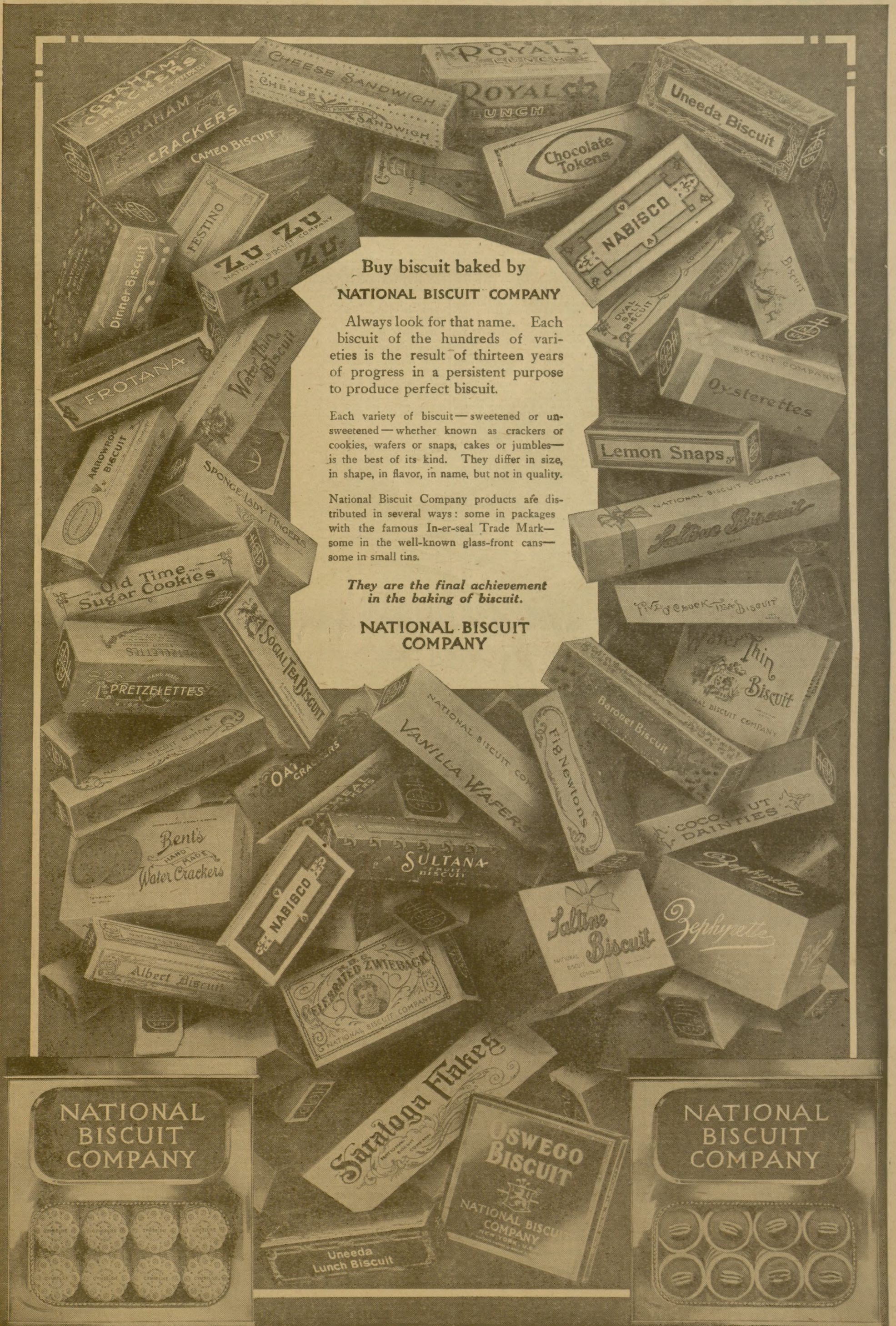
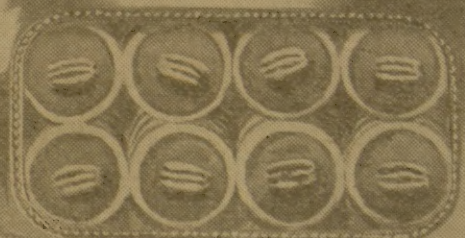
*They are the final achievement
in the baking of biscuit.*

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
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COMPANY**



In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and slips into his pockets fragments that he picks up with a trowel. He hastily conceals himself as Nora Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the stable, where she cares for her pony, Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter. The Ryall land is mortgaged. Nora manages the estate, and her father complains of his narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora's eye rests on an envelope addressed in a lady's handwriting. Sir Joseph Ferrand's land joins the Ryall estate and his cousin, Elliot Graham, is the caretaker. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills with Bob, the sheep collie. She meets Elliot Graham who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. She is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she tries for one on the opposite bank. The cast is short and she stands on the bank of the river. Pretending she is slipping in he puts his arm around her waist. Nora utters a cry and before she can turn, the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Elliot Graham witnesses the scene and wishes he bore the relationship of brother.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entrapped by an adventuress, and passes a sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and they eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes about her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides across the valley.

After the river incident Elliot rides to the cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle drawn by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. Expressing a desire to see the horses Elliot leads her to the stables. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Elliot commands him to go about his business. Elliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Ferrand does not know who he is and attempts to strike Elliot. Sir Joseph appears and reminds his son he's been making a fool of himself. Selwyn Ferrand meets a man shuffling along, who admits he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk. Stripleby meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will answer the one bearing the stamp of Gilly and Roberts. At the mention of the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unnaturally white face.

Matters grow worse. Mrs. Ryall is exacting in her demands for money and is anxious to know the Ferrands. Nora, going for a walk, meets Sir Joseph. In his confusion he hastily puts something into his pocket. Elliot Graham appears and she confides in him, and because he loves her would help her. She cannot understand—he has known her so little time and powerless to resist she allows him to kiss her. Nora buries home. Her stepmother accuses her of meeting a man in secret—and he a groom. Nora denies he is a groom and Mrs. Ryall, in her anger, slaps Nora across the face. Feeling the bitterness of the blow Nora leaves home. She overhears Sir Joseph and his lawyer talking, not dreaming they have reference to her. Meeting a boy with a bundle, she exchanges a brooch for a new suit of boy's clothes and goes to Porlash.

Mr. Ryall, returning from a fruitless search for Nora, finds Mrs. Ryall entertaining Sir Joseph, who invites them to dinner next day. It was one, such as Mrs. Ryall had never set down to before, and after a glass or two of wine her tongue becomes loosened. Sir Joseph is attentive and Mrs. Ryall is satisfied.

Entering Porlash Nora buys a pair of scissors and cuts her hair short. She assumes the gait of a boy and inquires for work. Not getting any she walks into the country. An old lady drives along—the pony stumbles and Nora springs to her rescue. The old lady invites Nora to ride. Getting home an old man comes out and she tells Jacob she has found a boy for him. Nora attends to the horse then brings order into a disorderly kitchen. Taking hot water to Miss Deborah she stops to admire some pictures, one of which bears a striking resemblance to Elliot Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryall return the Ferrands' hospitality by giving a picnic. Champagne flows freely and the uproar reaches Elliot Graham as he walks down the valley. Florence Bartley expresses her pleasure to Mrs. Ryall and hopes Miss Ryall will be there next time. Elliot overhears her answer and the inference of an attraction for Nora in the city. Nearly a month after Nora takes her place in Miss Deborah's household. Mr. Trunton, the Nelworthy lawyer calls; that evening she tells Jacob he must go to Lonaway. Describing the place to Nora she requests to go and the next morning sails over with Captain Marks. Reaching a small farmhouse she passes to Mr. Hodges a notice to quit. She visits the other tenant Shudley who receives the notice with the same amount of interest. Standing on a precipice she spies Captain Marks in his boat. She attempts to call to him, when she sees a second figure. She sinks to the ground, then rising flees to the farthest part of the island.

Elliot goes to London with three of Sir Joseph's horses. Meeting Mr. Stripleby he offers Elliot hospitality and in his talk praises Sir Joseph. Elliot, hearing the word Australia looks up. Stripleby catches the steady look and inquires if he were connected with a place called Wally Hollow. It was his father's place. Getting into difficulties Sir Joseph takes it with the debts and liabilities, his father signing an agreement that Sir Joseph shall hold Wally Hollow estate until liabilities are paid. Stripleby realizes that Sir Joseph has the Wally Hollow estate in his grip, that it is worth £100,000 and belongs to Elliot Graham. Elliot returns to the city, and meeting Mrs. Ryall inquires for Miss Ryall. She admits she has been staying in the same house with Nora, who leaves the day before with her friends, and her special friend—it's all settled and a very happy match. Mrs. Ryall remarks he does not mention meeting her, especially to Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph, seeing Mr. Ryall drive away calls on business. He wants a deed to a piece of land adjoining his estate. He is willing to give a thousand pounds and Nora's signature is necessary. He proposes to Mrs. Ryall that they manage the affair and gives her one hundred pounds to go to London for Miss Ryall's signature, she signing as a witness. Elliot deciding to go back to Australia is sent to Lonaway Island by Mr. Trunton, who wants someone to survey it. He meets Cyril who puzzles him. Mrs. Ryall returns to find her husband ill. Sir Joseph calls, offering assistance. Mrs. Ryall signs the deed. Giving it to Sir Joseph claims that Nora signed it and has gone abroad to be married. Elliot risks his life to secure rare eggs and Nora discovers how much she loves him.

CHAPTER XX.

ALMOST before the tide had receded Nora rose to make her way round the cliff to the quay. She went so quietly that Elliot did not know she had gone. She was anxious to avoid him.

She hurried back to her own room, and threw herself on the bed. Presently she heard Elliot come in and inquire for her, tell the story of their adventure, then say not to disturb her.

For the next few days she kept out of his sight; then one night when she went in Hodges was sitting up waiting for her.

"Us won't be able to keep 'em any longer," he said, "The 'Happy Lucy' is coming across tomorrow and we've managed to scrape the rent together. We shall miss 'em sorely—I don't know what Margery there will do!"

"I'm afraid I've often been rude and short with you, Margery," said Nora. "But I didn't mean it half the time—you must forgive me."

Margery's face flushed, and she nodded gratefully. So next morning, before Elliot was astir, Nora left the island. As she passed the hut where he lay sleeping, her heart was racked with a longing to see him; but she knew that she dared not face the ordeal. Captain Marks hailed her with exuberant kindness.

Very soon after they started, the wind fell away, and a dense fog crept up. Captain Marks kept a sharp lookout for passing vessels. Now and then, through the blanket of mist, came the shrill, hoarse sound of an approaching siren, and, as each vessel passed, the captain heaved a sigh of relief.

After a bit Nora got used to it, and colled herself up and tried to sleep. But suddenly she was rudely awakened by the noise of a siren which seemed only a few yards away. Captain Marks was standing at the bows waving a ship's lantern. Nora sprang to his side.

"Is it coming on to us?" she asked.

"I'm a most afraid it is," he replied, grimly. "It's right in our course; I can just see their lights. They may see ours; but it's just a chance. Listen, lad, if—anything should happen; put that life buoy on you."

He nodded to one which he had already prepared. Nora saw that there was only one, and said:

"Is there one for you?"

Captain Marks tossed his head impatiently. "That don't matter—I shan't leave the 'Happy Lucy.' We've sailed together too long for me to go and desert her when she's in trouble. Better put the thing on at once."

Nora said nothing. She knew that it would only distress Captain Marks if she told him that she, too, was resolved to stand by the "Happy Lucy." The siren was shrieking with horrible distinctness.

Nora began to realize the peril in which they stood, and her heart beat quickly. She knew that she ought to feel afraid, but she was unnaturally calm. She took out the little canvas bag containing the money Hodges had paid her, and slipping it into the breast pocket of Captain Marks' pea-jacket, said:

"Please take care of that for me."

It is doubtful whether he was aware of her action or heard her, for he took no notice. Presently he said:

"Another minute will settle it one way or 'other, for she's close upon us. She may sight us. Pray heaven she may. The belt, boy, the belt!" he shouted suddenly.

Nora saw a monstrous shape, rearing like a phantom above their head. She heard Captain Marks shout, heard answering cries from the huge thing bearing down upon them; streaks of light shone thickly through the murk. It was

part of the deck and a spar of the Happy Lucy. Her heart rose, for she thought that the captain might also have found a remnant of the ill-fated boat. With great difficulty she dragged herself on top of it, and lay there panting, but full of gratitude to the Providence which had thus far favored her.

Fortunately the sea was calm, for the present; but she knew how quickly the wind and waves rise in the Bristol Channel, and that at any moment she would be in danger of being washed off the shallow deck.

She forced herself to keep awake; then a fearful thirst took hold of her, her limbs felt cold and dead, while her head burnt as if with fever.

Hope had nearly left her breast, and she was resigning herself to death, when she heard the sound of a man's voice. At first she thought it a delusion, but, looking round, she saw a bark coming straight towards her.

She sprang to her feet, waved her arms, and shouted. She saw that the bow was crowded with men, that the captain on the bridge was directing the lowering of a boat, and that the men who were engaged in it were working with frantic speed, and yet it seemed hours before the boat struck the water, and the men aboard her dashed at the oars and rowed towards her.

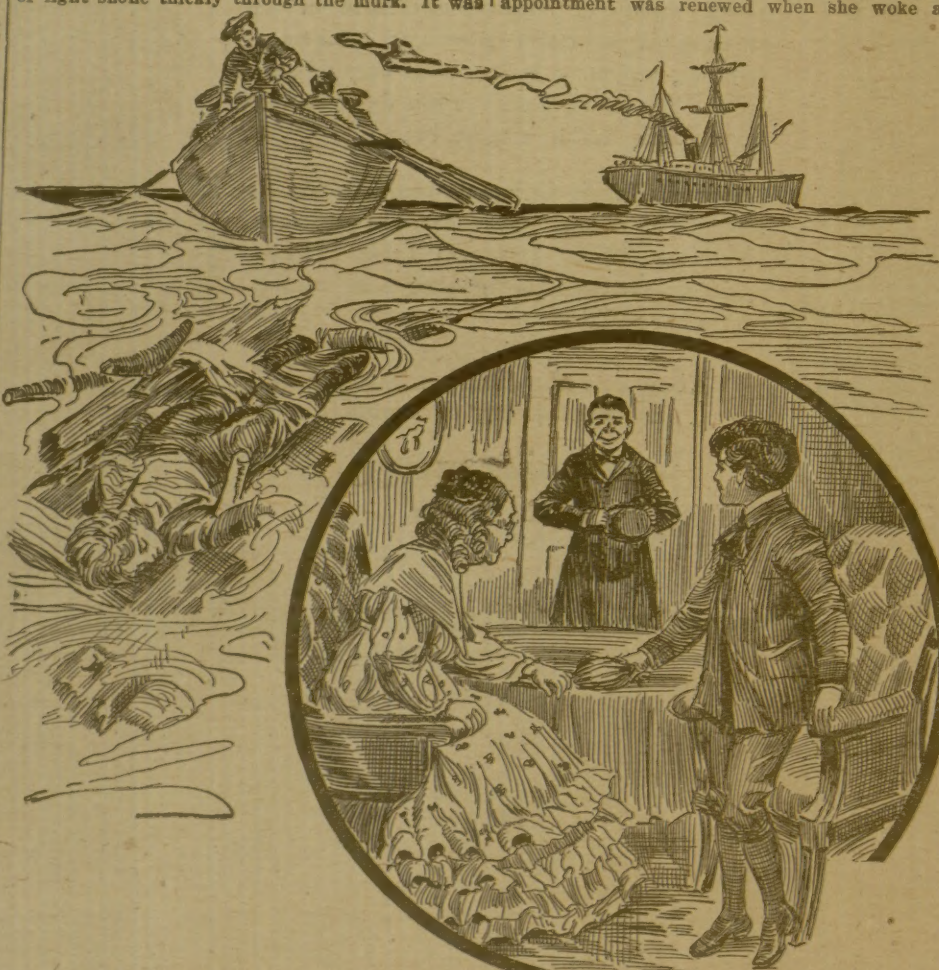
Almost swooning, Nora was lifted into the boat, and conveyed to the bark.

"Why, it's a boy," said the captain. "What was it—a wreck, my lad? But there—we won't bother you with questions now; turn in between the blankets, and get a good sleep!"

But Nora would not rest without pressing them to look for Captain Marks. "Oh, go in search of him at once!" she said. "Try and find him!—Let me go in a boat!"

The captain soothed her as well as he could—told her to go and lie down and let others look for him. He would cruise round a bit and see if they could come across him. And with this Nora had at last to be content.

After being ministered to with all kindness, she fell asleep and slept for ten hours. Her disappointment was renewed when she woke and



THE MEN DASHED AT THE OARS AND ROWED TOWARD HER.....HIS EYES DARTED FROM MISS DEBORAH TO NORA.

like some horrible, undefined, demon-shape, towering over them and threatening to crush them. She sprang to Captain Marks and laid her hand upon his arm.

"It's here! It's here!" she cried.

The captain caught her hand and wrung it, and before his fingers had relinquished hers she heard a crash, and the sound of ripping timbers, mingled with yells and curses from the destroy-vessel above them. The "Happy Lucy" last hour had come; she filled and turned over almost instantly. Nora felt the cold water dashing over her as it swirled through the riven boat. She uttered no cry; no cry came from Captain Marks. The whole thing was done in a moment, and, opening her eyes, she saw the huge vessel glide past and disappear.

Instinctively she gripped the belt which she had refused. For a moment she was threatened by unconsciousness, but she felt that to faint was to die. Her hold on the belt tightened, she closed her eyes, and so floated alone through the fog which threatened to be her pall.

CHAPTER XXI.

The cold of the water helped Nora in her battle with unconsciousness.

Drowning may be an easy death, but the time preceding it, when the victim is fighting for life, is anything but pleasant. A few minutes before Nora had felt convinced that death had no terrors for her; but now, as she floated through the fog, the desire for life returned, and instinctively she began to reckon up her chances. But her first thought was of Captain Marks.

She raised herself on the belt as high as she could, and called to him, but no response came. She longed now to hear the sound of a siren, and would have cheerfully accepted the risk of being run down; for anything was better than floating in that horrible solitude, shrouded by a mist which was almost as impenetrable as a wall.

Minutes dragged themselves into hours—her hands grew cramped; and she wondered how long it would be before she would overcome the cold and compelled to lose her hold of the frail thing which supported her. The incidents of her life floated before her like a grotesque panorama.

She thought of Elliot, and wished that she had summoned up courage to wish him good by. Would he be grieved at the loss of her? Would he think regretfully of the boy Cyril, or would he forget him in his absorbing love of Nora Ryall?

Suddenly she was roused from this state of coma by striking with her foot some object which had floated towards her—she saw that it was a

found that nothing had been seen of her friend, and they tried to console her by saying that he had, in all probability, been picked up as she herself had been. They were behind time already, the captain said, so could spare no more time to search; he must go right on to London, where he had to take in a cargo for Singapore.

"London!" echoed Nora, aghast. "I thought you might be going to Plymouth. Could you not put me ashore there?"

But the captain assured her that was out of the question, so to London Nora had to go. The days of rest did her a world of good, and, when she reached there she looked a very different lad to the one who had been found floating on the wreckage of the "Happy Lucy."

As they neared London Nora pondered over her future. She resolved, sadly enough, that she would not return to Miss Deborah's. She lay as she longed to see him again, she told herself it would be better if she could think of him no more—in a word, she was afraid to see him again.

The captain was very kind to her when they landed, and offered to take her with him to his hotel, if she had no friends in the city; but Nora remembered about a distant relation—her father's, and she told the captain she would go to friends.

Before she left the ship she wrote two letters, one to Miss Deborah, and one to Elliot.

The captain also wrote a letter before he turned in that night, besides the one he sent to the owners of the "Araminta" reporting his finding the lad, Cyril Merton, and this second one he addressed to "Mr. Merton, Lonaway Island, North Devon."

He prided himself on his astuteness in this, "for," he said, "if the youngsters doesn't write, his people will know that he's safe and sound."

CHAPTER XXII.

As soon as Nora parted from the captain she set out to find the gentleman to whom she had often written in her father's name. After some trouble she found his office, only to be told that he was gone—nobody knew where.

This sudden balking of her plans reduced her to utter helplessness. She had intended to ask this Mr. Benson to help her find a situation—without risk of discovery.

She went slowly down the stairs and into the street, and walked up Cheapside towards the West End. The first sight of London is an astounding one to most persons; it produced on Nora's mind a sense of bewilderment and awe

which seemed to crush her. She realized all in a moment that terrible solitude which a man experiences when he is in the midst of a crowd, of whom he knows not a single soul.

In one of the quieter streets to the north of Holborn she saw a small hotel, and, after examining the exterior critically, she went in and asked for a room.

"Oh, yes, we've got a room," said the woman at the little office in the hall. "Is your luggage here?"

"I haven't any luggage," said Nora, coloring. "Oh," said the woman coldly and suspiciously. "Well you'll have to pay in advance; bed and breakfast, five shillings and sixpence."

Nora paid the money, inspected her room, had a wash, and went out into the streets again. She wandered about for some time, feeling thoroughly miserable, then she returned and went to bed.

The whole of the next day she searched for some employment, but with no success. The details of the failure that met her at every place where she applied, need not be set down. Sometimes she was met with a polite refusal; but more often with curt and derisive scorn. Her money was nearly at an end, and she dared not think of the future.

On the following day, faint and dispirited, she was walking up Regent street, absently and listlessly glancing at the brilliant shops and the crowd that streamed by her, when she nearly ran against a lady who was gazing at the display in a linen draper's window.

Nora, murmuring an apology, looked up, then started, and uttered an exclamation.

The lady was Miss Deborah.

She was dressed in her old-fashioned clothes, her hat almost on the back of her head, and her mantle slipping off her shoulders. She was gazing at the window with exactly the same expression which she had worn when Nora first saw her on the road from Porlash. She clutched at the old lady's arm.

Miss Deborah turned with a start, and gazed at her vacantly, and it was quite a long time before she exclaimed, but with no very great surprise:

"Why, it's Cyril. Dear me, boy, why did you follow me here?"

Nora drew the old lady into a narrow lane, where they could talk.

"Is Moorcroft burned down?" continued Miss Deborah. "Has Jacob allowed some tramp to throw matches about? Well, I can't go back at once. I've most important business. Dear me! How pale and thin you look—you've been smoking; it always makes boys ill."

If Nora had not been so anxious, and so hungry, she could have laughed at the grotesqueness of the situation.

"You've not had my letter, ma'am?" she asked.

"Letter, what letter? I've had no letter. Did you write?"

"Yes. I left Lonaway with Captain Marks. Oh, was he saved?"

"Oh, you mean the man who was picked up off Porlash—whatever's the matter with the boy?" for Nora turned aside and covered her face with her hands to hide the tears of relief and thanksgiving. "Oh, I remember; you were with him. We were very anxious about you. You must tell me all about it while we are having lunch."

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and Nora, instinctively falling into her old groove of guide and protector, led Miss Deborah to one of the tea places where if she had not been so absorbed in her book, she would have been surprised at Nora's appetite. By this time she had got to regard Nora's presence in London as a matter of course, and asked no further questions.

Afterwards they proceeded to Miss Deborah's hotel.

"I have come to London on business connected with a very old and dear friend of mine," she explained to Nora. "I came up to see Sir Joseph Ferrand, but he is not in London. Fortunately there is a gentleman in his office who is acquainted with the business. He has promised to come and see me at half-past five."

"It is that time now," said Nora. "Did you get the money for the rents from Lonaway?"

Miss Deborah wrinkled her brows and thought for a moment. "Oh, yes, Captain Marks gave it to me. Why you didn't bring it yourself, I can't understand."

As she was speaking, there came a knock at the door and Mr. Stripleby was announced. He entered in his usual humble manner. His eye darted from Miss Deborah's placid countenance to Nora, who was staring at him in natural surprise. He seemed slightly disconcerted.

"My boy, Cyril," said Miss Deborah.

Mr. Stripleby ducked at Nora, who rose and left the strange pair together.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Elliot was more than grieved when he found that Cyril had gone without wishing him good by, but he did not deem the boy heartless; he knew how much Cyril bated a scene, and that he had shirked the pain and the fuss of a farewell.

Elliot missed him terribly, and wandered about for the first day or two like a sheep that has lost its lamb. As soon as he had finished his work, he left the island. It was a different boat and a different captain. On his asking the reason, he was told the sad news of the running down of the "Happy Lucy."

Elliot stared at the man, his face growing pale. "Run down?" he said. "When? Not—the day she last sailed from Lonaway?"

"The same, sir," said the man gravely.

Elliot put out his hand behind him, to steady himself. "The lad—Cyril. He—he was picked up also?"

The captain shook his head, and Elliot sank on to the rock and covered his face with his hands. "Leastways," the man hastened to add. "I don't say that he wasn't, but nothing's been heard of the young gentleman. I'm sorry to bring such bad news, sir."

Elliot got up and crept away out of the man's sight.

On reaching Porlash, he went on to Mr. Trunton's, where he produced his plans, and explained them. Mr. Trunton was more than interested.

"I believe you have hit upon a good thing," he said. "You seem to have grasped the thing pretty thoroughly; of course, we shall ask you to look after the business for us."

"Thanks," said Elliot. "I couldn't go back to Lonaway."

"Not yet, not yet," he said, a little impatiently. "Where are you going, what do you intend to do?"

"I am going to Moorcroft first, to see Miss Deborah Ralton."

"Miss Ralton is in London, but my man will drive you over, if you care to see the place—and old Jacob. I should like you to go to London and see Miss Ralton, but I don't know her address, nor does that old fool of a man of hers. However, I'll give you a letter to the man I spoke of. Here's some money—better stay at the Cecil."

Elliot went to Moorcroft, and found Jacob seated in the porch, with a pipe in his mouth. He asked Elliot into the house and proffered hospitality.

Elliot went in, and looked round, sadly, thinking of the bright boy who had lived there. He went slowly up-stairs. Suddenly he started, as Cyril had done, and stopped before the portrait on the landing. He was amazed, and could scarcely believe his eyes, for the portrait was that of his father. How came it there, in that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Thanking you all for kind letters and Mrs. Wilkinson for her kindness to us all, I am one of the sisters,
E. B. AYERS, Goldroad, Arizona.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of dear old COMFORT for a great many years, and like all the sisters, I would not like to be without it. Next to my Bible it is my greatest comfort. What a lovely letter Mrs. M. T. V. Dolan wrote in the February number? She expresses my Christian sentiments so truly.

I live on a farm one mile from any neighbors and do not even see a house. It is sometimes lonely, especially on Sunday, when I hear the church bells ringing and cannot go. But I bow my head and say, "Thy will be done," for where Jesus leads me I shall go.

I will be fifty-four in April, and wish the sisters would send me pieces of gingham four inches square for my COMFORT quilt. An old reader,
Mrs. F. GARDNER, Indian Lake, Hamilton Co., N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I was so happy to see my letter in the October COMFORT after one friend who had sent my address found me after being lost to her for over a year. Words from new friends have pleased me more than I can express and I thank each one for writing to me.

I am always anxious for a party on May 13, my birthday. It is something to look forward to, suffering as I do, and have for twenty years. COMFORT has been a welcome visitor to me for years; and I have watched it grow and improve year after year, and now it is most precious to me and I know it would please every reader, and especially our dear editor, if they could take a peep into my room and see me here in bed looking for the Sisters' Corner.

I am still interested in my knitting and crocheting which is a help toward my medicines.
I hope all our dear sisters have had a pleasant winter in spite of the intense cold and lots of snow and ice.

Thanking those who were so kind to write, and asking God's richest blessing upon our dear Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters; also all who are making dear COMFORT such a grand success,
I am sincerely yours,
Miss ANNA W. REIF, 1340 Alisquith St., Baltimore, Md.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I like to read COMFORT and always read every sister's letter. I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school when the weather is good, and am in the fourth grade. I have two little sisters, one six years old who is always sick, and a baby sister seventeen months old. I can milk, churn, wash, iron, make beds, sweep, wash dishes and can cook a little.

I guess my mamma is a shut-in for she is always sick. She has catarrh of the head, throat and ears, also neuralgia in the head. It nearly kills me to see her suffer so. If any of the sisters know of anything that will cure my mamma, will they please write. Her name is Ella Woods. We lived in Dublin, Texas several months in 1910, and liked fine. My mamma got lots better while we were there.

I live in the country, one and a half miles from school. My papa likes to read COMFORT and guess he will be surprised to see this letter in the paper if the editor prints it.

Will some of the sisters please remember my mamma on her birthday, June 2nd?

When things go wrong with me I go out and pray, then they get right again. May the Lord bless COMFORT and all its readers,
MATTIE BLAKE WOODS, Huntingdon, E. R. 5, Box 20, Tenn.

DEAR SISTERS:

I enjoy COMFORT and am always interested in our corner.

In the letter department of a Kansas city paper a few months ago, the subject was raised on "How should the hired man be treated in the home?" Some seemed to think they should be treated something "little better" than the animals, while some showed that they had more sympathy and respect for the ones who were laboring for them. What do the COMFORT sisters think about it? I know a great many of you readers have hired help both in field and house so let's hear what you and the editor thinks about it.

If any of the sisters live in Hempstead Co., Ark., and could write and tell me all about the climate, crops, churches, and all the other good things as well as the bad, I would be very much pleased.
Love to the editor and sisters.
Mrs. GRACE COURTNEY, Aldrich, E. R. 1, Mo.

Mrs. Courtney. Your question, "How should the hired man be treated in the home," is a broad one, and must be viewed from an individual aspect; that is, each case must be a law unto itself.

In answering this question, whether to ourselves or for print, let us not base it wholly on experience or custom.

My observation has led me to think that generally a moral, self-respecting man will be civilly treated.

Laying aside all question of rank and station, it becomes a practical question. If the man employed is well and favorably known, and perhaps a neighbor, he should receive the comforts of the home and may even be treated as a member of the family, while if a stranger, it is a dangerous proposition to give him such a place in the home as to allow him the companionship of the family and subject the sons and daughters to his uncertain influence.

Let us have some letters on this subject.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for some time and think it is a grand paper. My husband says he doesn't think it's much comfort to me because just as soon as I read one number I begin wishing for the next.

We live on a farm about seven miles from town. Were both reared on the farm and wouldn't live anywhere else. We have six children, the oldest ten years old and the youngest six months; four boys and two girls, so you see I have plenty to do. My older children are lots of help as they carry in all the coal and kindling, gather eggs, churn, take care of baby and on wash days they make their bed and sweep. In summer they help to tend the garden and feed and water the little chickens and turkeys.

Mrs. Houdyshell. I saw your request for a cabbage worm exterminator and am sending formula for one with which I have had perfect success.

To each gallon of water add one heaping teaspoonful of powdered lye, and after it is thoroughly dissolved add one large teaspoonful of coal oil to every five gallons of water and stir well. It is best to let set a while before using. I mix it in a galvanized tub early in the day and sprinkle plants late of an evening. Use a sprayer or tin can with holes in the bottom and keep mixture stirred; otherwise most of the oil will rise to the top. I have used this on cabbage plants after the worms had eaten all but the veins of the leaves, and raised fine late cabbages. I always use soft water, don't know how hard water would do.

Will close with good wishes to all,
Mrs. I. M. VANCE, Murphysboro, E. R. 6, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

A word to our corner while I am renewing my subscription to dear old COMFORT.

We are farmers and have seven children living and one bright-eyed darling sleeping just over the hill and awaiting at the beautiful gates of the city of God for me, and dear Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, I hope I will meet her there.

I am now seeing a hard and very busy time, as my oldest child is only twelve years, but they are all bright and industrious children and save mamma many steps. I am never so busy but I can stop and read COMFORT when it comes, though often when I pick it up for a moment it is quite likely to be on hour.

I also find time to visit our school. I think patrons and parents should do this for it encourages the teacher and pleases the children. We have just organized a county league, or district school league of which they elected me first vice president and my husband treasurer. We have just got started. We people in the hills of old Virginia have hard struggles for an education. Some of our children have upwards of two miles to go and over rough hills, but I am proud to say now that people are becoming more and more interested in education and taking an active interest in the advancement of what advantages we have.

Will write again and tell you of the success of our league.

With best wishes to the editor and Mrs. Wilkinson and love to Uncle Charlie, will sign myself,
Your COMFORT sister,
MAGGIE V. OWENS, Vico, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent but interested reader of COMFORT for a few years, and find the sisters the most interesting.

I am a farmer's wife, twenty-four years old, five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and ninety-five pounds; have light hair and blue eyes. I have a twenty months' old boy, who is all the world to us; also have a good "John," always ready to help whenever he can, and never fails to run the washing machine and turn the wringer during winter months when work on the farm is not pressing.

We were married four years last February and have been getting along fine. Home can be made and kept pleasant and happy by always being bright and cheerful yourself, and always have a kind and pleasant word for all those around you. I hope all the "sisters" have good husbands and happy homes.

How many make their own soap out of ash wood lye. It is a great economy to the farmer's wife, and I think to use soft soap in the washing machine does quicker and better work than any other soap.

Try mixing your stove polish with vinegar and adding a few drops of molasses or syrup.

A good remedy to settle the stomach when having a severe attack of vomiting, such as is sometimes caused by catarrh of the stomach, is peppermint tea. Gather green peppermint, dry and steep a tea out of it as you would your table tea when needed, and let patient drink while hot, and if that fails to check the vomiting, try drinking it cold. I am sure it will prove very beneficial.

I think COMFORT the best and dearest paper printed. I certainly sympathize with all the shut-ins and if it were possible I would surely help them all. Fearing I will stay too long for the first time, I will say good by, wishing one and all a happy and prosperous life.

Mrs. FRANCES SOTTONG, Brookville, Box 343, Ind.

Mrs. Sottong. I am sure that a good many sisters would be glad to have your ash wood lye soft soap recipe, and if you could send it to me for our corner I would greatly appreciate it.

May the spirit of love and helpfulness ever reign in your home.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I have read COMFORT for many years and it is my favorite paper. Each department seems perfect.

Cousin Marion's replies to young girls, I am sure do much good.

I have a baby girl myself, and I hope when she is grown that COMFORT will be as good as now. My girl's name is Leone Violet; my boy, Emmett Leonard, is six years old and a dear little man always ready to "help mamma," and thinks "sister" is a perfect treasure, which she is. Both are healthy and fat, but the boy was never very well till we came to Wyoming.

I am a Missourian and proud of it, yet I like this country and climate fine, though the people are not the best-hearted kind I always used to. They care only for money. Of course some are different but they are generally from the East.

If a stranger arrives to stay all night at a ranch and everything indicates he has money, he is treated like a king. On the other hand, if he looks poor, no matter how tired and hungry he may be, he is generally given such a cold welcome he doesn't care to stay long.

I have lived here two years and have learned to love the mountains, the pure air and water. There is lots of homestead land here, but of course the best has been picked out. We don't care to stay here five years or would have taken a claim.

Well, as the other sisters sometimes speak of voting I will "say my say." I have never voted, but I am in favor of it. At the last election I was allowed a vote, but sickness kept me at home. We are strong believers in Socialism. I once heard a man say, "Socialism is all right I guess but I would not vote that way for it can't win, and I always vote for the side I think will win."

Now was not that a foolish idea? For my part I'd rather vote for what I wanted and not get it than to vote for something I didn't want and get it.

Well, enough for this time, will give a few of my handy hints and remedies.

When frying eggs or doughnuts, take them up with a milk skimmer. It removes them unbroken and leaves all grease behind.

When cooking oat meal try setting it in the oven. I cook many things this way, and think they cook more evenly and thoroughly, especially dried fruits.

When baby's mouth is sore wash with tea made of dandelion sage.

For any bad case of bowel trouble, put on a band of dandelion wet with alcohol.

In case a small baby has whooping cough, keep feathers from chickens' wings handy, and when baby chokes badly, take a clean feather and run down the throat till far enough, give it a turn and that phlegm will all come out with it, and it can't hurt baby. I know a lady whose baby was very sick and once they gave it up for gone, when a neighbor grabbed a feather duster, drew out a feather and with it saved her baby's life. It's simple, safe and effective besides being in reach of poor as well as rich.

Now for what I appreciate more than any remedy I know of. To mothers who have caked and painful breasts when baby is real small, take strong vinegar and heat till near boiling, add a little table salt, and bathe breast very gently every hour till all pain is gone. I tried this when I was suffering untold agony. Had not been asleep for two days and nights and after the third application I was so relieved I went right to sleep. For sore nipples use extract of witch hazel.

Well, I've said enough and expect Mrs. Wilkinson will think I'm staying too long. So good day to all, and long live COMFORT.
Mrs. LILYTH E. MITCHELL, Rock River, Wyo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Please admit a mother of twelve into your neat and cozy room. I am also a blindfold Uncle Charlie to this letter since he can't see how, just how, so many can be cared for. Well Uncle, God is able for all things, and I for one believe that He never makes our burden greater than we can bear. I find the one thing most important to cultivate among a crowd of children is patience.

I so much appreciate the letters from the sisters on rearing children.

To both the sisters and dear old COMFORT I owe a greater part of my success in and around our home. Since the old maxim goes, "That an idle brain is the devil's workshop," I find that a sure plan to guard against it is an interest in children, and the greater the number the broader our mind grows. Hence with hubby, children and home our time is employed.

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT eight years and would not be without it. The baby even says "COMFORT." The older ones look forward to its arrival with as much eagerness as mamma and papa. Will some of the sisters please tell how they wash and press wool goods to keep from losing their shape? Wishing COMFORT and its staff success, I am,
Mrs. E. J. BULLOCK, Homer, Box 427, La.

Mrs. Bullock. Soap tree bark, sold by druggists is an excellent cleansing medium for woolen fabrics. The bark is soaked in the water, taking the place of soap. Wash and rinse in tepid water. Select a fair day for the work, and when material is nearly dry with considerable care smooth each piece into shape on the ironing board. Don't twist or stretch, but smooth straight by both warp and filling, and keep the same idea in mind while pressing dry. Let others tell how they wash and press woolen goods.—Ed.

COMFORT SISTERS:

I was reading in the March COMFORT in regard to a little baby girl to be given away with blue eyes, light hair, six months old, and has seven teeth.

I want to get a little girl and would give it a good home; no one but husband and I. Give me full particulars. Please let me hear from you.

Mrs. A. BRADFORD, 2710 N. Wacker St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

When COMFORT comes I scarcely know where to begin, but generally with the Sisters' Corner, then Uncle Charlie's letters.

March 3rd was the first anniversary of my husband's death. Many of the COMFORT sisters who have passed through the great sorrow have written to me, and I know they will never forget their first anniversary. Some of you have little ones to care for; what a comfort they must be and perhaps a trial too; but they keep the home from being so quiet and lonely.

This has been a severe winter for "Sunny Colorado." I am in town for the winter, but I do not like city

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life. I like to raise poultry and flowers and make a garden, so when the snow is gone and the robins sing again I will go back to my mountain home.

How many of you ever heard a lion scream? I heard one not long ago. I thought my heart would burst with fear, for I was alone and am not very brave. Since then lion tracks have been seen near my door. I am glad I was not at home for my windows are broad and low.

I would like to have Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie spend their vacation with me next summer, and if I could, all the poor shut-ins too. If they could only breathe the pure air, drink the cold water and look on the handwork of God

"Where the hand of man has never been,
Where the foot of man hath never trod."

with the bright sunlight and deep blue sky over all, their lives would not seem so dreary. There is room in my heart for sympathy to all in sickness and sorrow; also a gladness for all in happiness and prosperity.

I will send a recipe that won for me a fine carving set.

May the year 1912 be the best of all for dear old COMFORT and all its readers.

ELNOBA H. STEED, 402 Collier St., Longmont, Colo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

To those wishing to adopt children I will give a little information gained from experience. I have adopted two, a girl and a boy. Took the boy at nine months and the girl at three months. I would advise all those who are childless to do the same to me.

I took both of my children from the Bethesda Foundling Home, Vista Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. That is the best place to go if you want a child under three years of age. They have from seventy-five to one hundred babies all the time and you can have your pick. Be sure and take a letter of recommendation from your minister and clothes to the child. There are no changes. Boys are more plentiful than girls. If you want a girl you are likely to have to take a real young one or else write before and find out when they have older ones. You will have to go after it yourself or send your letter by a friend.

If you want older children write to either of the following addresses for an application blank: Mrs. T. R. AYARS, 5881 Plymouth Ave., St. Louis, Mo., or Children's Home Society, Rev. C. C. Stahmann, St. Louis, Mo. They will send a child to you if it is old enough to travel alone, after they have satisfied themselves that you are worthy. Do not get discouraged if you do not hear from them for several weeks. You will have to pay the child's car fare.

Live in Missouri and will write to C. C. Stahmann, St. Louis. I think he will send you the address of the Children's Home Society in your state. Inclose stamp.

Thanks for printing my other letter. I know of one child getting a home thereby, and there may be more.

Hoping this will help to fill many childless homes, I am yours.

Mrs. GKO. BURTON, Poplar Bluff, E. R. 1, Box 30, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I have been an interested reader of our good paper for years, and have many times thought I would write to you, then was afraid I had nothing worth while to say. I am one who does not like always to receive and never give in return.

I am now feeling so grieved that I have not a single article in the house that a dearly beloved aunt ever gave me, for she died a few days ago, and I would so love to take up something, if only a ten cent dish, and say: "my dear aunt gave me this." She was a grand woman, but never got into the habit of making little gifts; her good traits being in other directions. When I depart this life, I want remembrances of me in a hundred homes.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Porterfield station. I am very glad we live near a depot so I can go to town any time I wish. There are five chances a day to go down and back. I enjoy going to a young girl's house where there is a gathering of young folks, then we do have so much fun. This fall my mother was very ill. The work all depended on me. I had to do all the washing, scrubbing, baking and cooking. I can set a decent meal before the family. My mother taught me to work ever since I was old enough. Well Uncle I can assure you I was not brought up with chewing gum sitting in a fine easy chair with a morning gown and reading books. Now for a description of myself. I am five feet seven inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Have brown eyes and hair. Well, Uncle I am getting very sleepy, it is getting late also.

Your niece,
MABEL L. SMITH.

Mabel, I am glad you get so much entertainment out of Comfort, and I feel sure you will only be too happy to have an opportunity to contribute to that entertainment yourself. I think you are quite wise to stay home from a dance, if you could not attend the same without losing your nose, ears and feet. People in Augusta, Maine can put one over Wisconsin on the dance proposition. When people in Maine go to a dance in the winter-time they leave their nose, ears, feet and other anatomical bric-a-brac at home. You might try the experiment, Mabel. It is as you say quite interesting to live near a depot. It's nice to watch the engineer picking live stock off the cow catcher. You are lucky to live near a depot where you have five chances a day to get to town and five to get back. I live near a depot where we have five chances to get to town, but there are only about five chances to one of our ever getting back. Generally the police nab us when we get to town; or the train rolls off the track, and leaves us to fertilize the landscape; or the engineer goes to sleep when we are half way home, and hits us over the head with a monkey wrench if we try to wake him up; or maybe the engine runs out of coal, and the engineer has to walk back to town, to get a shovelful; sometimes the engine runs out of water, and we have to wait till it rains. You see it's a dry place where I live and water's scarce. Maybe too a tramp gets on the track and refuses to let the engine go past; or a cyclone deposits the train in the next state; or somebody lets their goat loose and it eats the track. From all of which you will gather that railroad has its disadvantages in this section. I am glad that you can set a decent meal before your family. It is not always easy to set a decent meal no matter how good a cook you may be. When tomatoes come to the table undressed on one plate, and pig's feet appear on another plate and start playing foot ball with the peas, and the salt gets too fresh, and the cheese starts on a pedestrian tour all round the table, while the sausage begins to wag its tail and bark, and the pitcher gives you its lip, and the pesky fly commits suicide in the milk, and the napkin is all wrapped up in itself, and the knife starts to cut up, and the bread is ill bred, well I can just tell you it's mighty hard to serve a decent meal under such circumstances. I congratulate you, Mabel, on being able to do it. I am glad to know, Mabel, that you were properly brought up. In your letter you say: "I was not brought up with chewing gum sitting in a fine easy chair with a morning gown and reading books." I am very glad to know that, for I feel confident that the chewing gum that sits in an easy chair in a morning gown and reads books, would demoralize the best girl that ever lived. By the way I never saw any chewing gum that did stunts like that. That must be educated chewing gum all right, and I'd just give my life if I could see that chewing gum of yours garbed in a morning gown, reclining in an easy chair absorbed in the latest work of fiction. Now there's some class to chewing gum of that character, and if I knew where it could be bought I'd certainly get a ton of it. Of course associating with chewing gum, even of the educated and refined class is not elevating, for chewing gum is an invention of the devil. If girls knew how hideous they look when masticating this article, they would *eschew* the habit. We trust that Marinette is in good health; we all send our love to her and to you.

SPRING BROOK, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have never noticed anyone coming to you just my trouble. I don't know what to do. My better half sits and smokes all the time and the smudge smarts my eyes, nose and lungs and makes my head ache, so that I almost long for death or divorce. But there is no divorce for a woman who discovers she has married a chimney instead of a man.

We are poor and we have to do without some of the necessities of life, and still he has money to burn. It is killing the baby to breathe his smoke. It is no use to plead with him, as he is so callous to any one's suffering, but his own, and if he is out of tobacco he is perfectly crazy. It's no use for me to go to Comfort's Law Department or Cousin Marlon, for advice and certainly the Etiquette or Veterinary Department can give me no help, so we look to Uncle Charlie for council and sympathy. God bless you for all the good you have done, and the many burdens you have lightened for others and help you to find relief for our class.

ONLY ONE OF MANY.

Every batch of mail I get has one or more letters from broken-hearted, unhappy women, who have had the misfortune to marry selfish, churlish, miserly, cantankerous, soulless clods. The letter I have printed is the mildest I could find, most of these letters being of such heart-breaking character that I could not possibly publish them. Why any man calling himself human should want to murder another's happiness is beyond me. I can understand a married man falling in love with another woman, and a married woman falling in love with another man, and I can understand how, under the influence of an all-devouring passion, men and women will leave their homes, and all those dear to them, and while the madness lasts, be indifferent to honor, decency and right. I can't however, understand how a man who lives year after year with a good woman he has sworn to love and protect, the woman who has worked her fingers to the bone in his service, and who has given him her youth, good looks, strength, health and every atom of love and devotion that her big soul and sympathetic heart can put forth, could deliberately and maliciously go to work and break down that woman's spirit, destroy her health and her happiness by every petty, fiendish, satanic device that his churlish, diabolical mind can invent. Incredible as it may seem, there are thousands of men in this country today who are doing just this very thing, and the poor heart-broken wives do not know which way to turn for relief. In most cases these poor souls in spite of abuse, ill usage and neglect still love the churls who delight in making their lives unbearable, for a woman's love is not for a day but for all time. It is not as in man's case, a thing apart, but her whole existence. She is not only denied the love she craves, the love for which her heart yearns and hungers, and without which life is not worth the living, but every petty and contemptible device is resorted to to make her life miserable and unbearable. You have seen a boy catch a fly and pull out its legs one by one, then tear out its wings and watch with glee and delight, the way the legless, wingless trunk wiggles. Well that is just what thousands of men are doing today. They don't tear a woman's arms and limbs apart, they are too cowardly to run the risk of coming in contact with the law. Instead, however like Apache Indians, they rend and tear a woman's heart and soul to pieces. Bit by bit they jab the iron into her soul and smile with delight as they watch her agonies. Having no finer feelings, no sympathy, no pity, no love for anything or anyone but self, they do not think they are doing anything out of the way, for breaking a woman's heart is only pastime to them, a pastime out of which they get the keenest pleasure and delight. Not all men have tin feelings, not all men are brutes. Thank God

there are noble men as there are noble women, but take them as a class the majority of men never really understand or take the trouble to understand a woman's nature. A woman is a wonderful and complex organism, far more so than man. In the soul of a woman there are depths of love, pity, sympathy and devotion which can never be fathomed. They are as deep and limitless as space. Man as a rule is grossly material. The warp and woof of his being is of coarse fiber, while that of woman is of exquisite texture, for where man is material, she is spiritual. The majority of women learn to understand men and understand them thoroughly, but few men know anything about a woman, and the pity of it is, few of them care to know anything, and that is where they miss all that is beautiful and glorious in life. A real woman is like a Stradivarius violin. Few even know how to handle this wondrous instrument. The average man who touches it cannot even produce the faintest strain of melody, but ah, when the master hand comes and lovingly places the violin to his shoulder, runs his hands caressingly over the strings, and draws the magic bow across them, then the violin sends forth glorious music, melodies and harmonies that rise and fall caressingly and soothingly in a cadence that is divine. It is the same with the heart of a woman. Man is woman's superior only in brute strength. Spiritually she gazes down upon him from divine heights. Materialistic man marries that he may have a cook and a housekeeper, and carrying his heart in his stomach (and that's where most male hearts are) and mistaking passion, which is soon satiated for love, never understands, or tries to understand the complex organism of the wonderful nature that is linked with his. Like the violin I spoke of just now, to all but the master hand, to all but the hand that is inspired by a pure, selfish and kingly love, the heart and soul of a woman, hungry and yearning for an opportunity to send forth those divine harmonies that are capable of making even a desert a paradise, and that have ever been the inspiration of all the noblest and greatest deeds that have been done by mankind upon earth, remain silent and finding no outlet for the divine emotions within her, the great heart breaks upon the bitter road of disappointment and neglect. The songs that might have been sung, the ardent words of love that might have been spoken, the wondrous light that longed to flash in eager eyes the transports of a soul thrilled with delight, wither, vanish and die, and the world is immeasurably poorer and the race suffers in consequence, and the churlish clod reckons not of what he has lost, and God in His Heaven grieves, that the life He created so full of beauty should have gone down to the dust without carrying out the mission of joy and gladness He had ordained for it. Ah, you men who saturate yourself with tobacco smoke, defile your body with liquor and make your breath reek with tobacco juice and stale beer; you who nurse a dog and call a devoted wife (I have many instances of this kind reported to me) that you prefer a dog's society to a woman's; you who treat a woman worse than a horse, you who even strike the mother of your children, indifferent to the fact that the blow will probably cause cancer and the cancer will cause death, you misers and niggardly churls who use your wife as a wageless slave and deprive her of every comfort and happiness that her heart craves, how much better are you than the animals with which you daily associate? Poor fools that you are, you cast aside the precious treasures that might be yours and which you are too ignorant and brutish to appreciate and grasp. You ought never to have been allowed the precious privilege of a woman's society, love and devotion. No woman should have been allowed to have sacrificed herself upon the altar of your selfishness, ignorance and cruelty. What right have you to murder the happiness of others, to break hearts and ruin lives? If you wanted a dog for a wife, why didn't you marry a dog? If you wanted tobacco for a wife, why didn't you marry a pipe? If you wanted a cook why didn't you marry a Chinaman, or hire out in a restaurant as a waiter? If you wanted a slave why didn't you go to the jungles of Africa? None of you churlish joy killers had any right to marry a woman, and I tell you and I tell you right to your teeth that you men who maliciously and in cold blood break the hearts of your wives by your cruelty and petty, insidious, fiendish tyrannies, are nothing but red-handed murderers, and ought to go with other murderers to the electric chair, or to solitary confinement in a dungeon cell for life. There ought to be a society for the prevention of cruelty to wives as well as to animals. There is a court of domestic relations in the City of New York and it does great work. There ought to be a number of such courts in every state, but above all we want a school for would-be husbands and wives. Men should be taught something about women, and women should be taught a great deal about men. This would prevent a woman from thinking she was marrying a hero when she was only marrying a slave driver and a muttonhead, and this also would prevent a man from thinking he was marrying a mule and a horse, when he was in reality marrying God's most perfect creation—a tender, loving, noble, self-sacrificing woman. Every good husband, every real man will bless me for what I have written; every tyrannical churl, every bad husband will curse me. I shall take the curses as compliments.

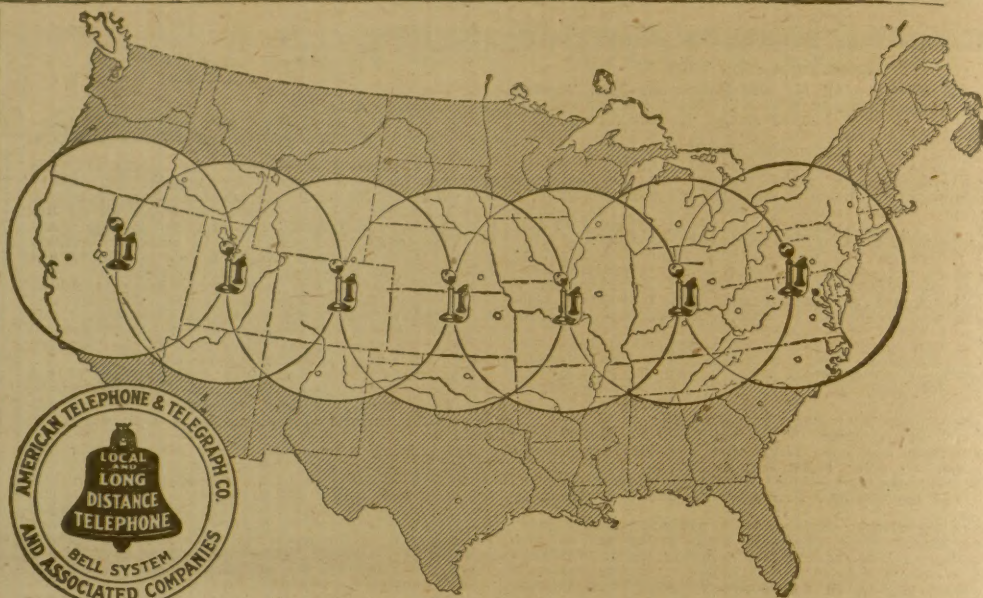
DODGE, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been striving and hunting for something for you for a Christmas present but can't find anything that I think would be of service to you. Anything that you could use in bed. I am so sorry for wanted to send you something to show you that I was thinking of you. You will have to take the will for the deed. Wishing you a Happy New Year,
Your Comfort niece,

EFFIE BURROSS.

Dodge, Texas, what an absurd name, just as if there was anybody on earth who would want to Dodge Texas, and just as if anybody could dodge it, if the screws ever gave way and it got flying around loose. The man or woman who would want to Dodge Texas simply don't know a good thing when they see it, and ought to be in a padded cell in the nutty house. Willie Goatlets says that it would be wise to Dodge a certain portion of Texas just now where they have an epidemic of spinal meningitis. Effie, I believe William means spinal meningitis. Effie, it was awfully sweet of you to have worried your dear little head over me at Christmas time. It is too bad all your studying and hunting should have been so fruitless. I know you were heart-broken when you found there was nothing that you thought suitable for a gift for me, but oh, child, why didn't you keep it to yourself, for now you have told me, I am heart-broken too. That reminds me that once I owed a friend of mine five dollars. One night I just couldn't sleep thinking of that miserable five dollars, which I knew I could not repay. Finding sleep was out of the question, I put on my duds, and walked round to the house of the friend, to whom I owed the money. I rang the bell half-a-dozen times and finally my friend Mike's face appeared at the window. Mike of course wanted to know what I meant by ringing him up at that unearthly hour. "Mike," I said, "I just had to come and ring you up. I couldn't sleep for thinking of that money I owed you, and I just had to come around and tell you that I'll never be able to pay it." Then Mike said: "Why didn't you stay in bed you darned chump, now I won't be able to sleep either." So you see, Effie, if you had only kept quiet, my life would have had one less burden. It's strange, however, that you could not have thought of some things that would have been useful to me to have used in bed. I'm afraid my dear, that you lack imagination and possibly have an idea that because a man's in bed he can't use anything. Now I could have



The Chain of Communication

EACH Bell Telephone is the center of the system. This system may be any size or any shape, with lines radiating from any subscriber's telephone, like the spokes of a wheel, to the limits of the subscriber's requirements, whether ten miles or a thousand.

Somewhere on the edge of this subscriber's radius is another who requires a radius of lines stretching still further away. On the edge of this second subscriber's radius is still a third, whose requirements mean a further extension of the lines, and so on.

This endless chain of systems may be illustrated by a series of overlapping circles. Each additional subscriber becomes a new center with an extended

radius of communication, reaching other subscribers.

However small the radius, the step-by-step extension from neighbor to neighbor must continue across the continent without a stopping place, until the requirements of every individual have been met.

There can be no limit to the extension of telephone lines until the whole country is covered. There can be no limit to the system of which each Bell telephone is the center, up to the greatest distance that talk can be carried.

Because these are the fundamental needs of a nation of telephone users, the Bell System must provide universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

used very nicely a ten thousand dollar bill. Why didn't you send me a bunch of them? A man in bed has more expenses than when he is on his feet, remember that. You might have bought me a brand new set of false teeth, the ones I have borrowed from a lady next door. She loans them to me after she gets through her meals. The only trouble is, sometimes we both want to eat at the same time, and then we shake dice to see who shall have them first, or else we divide, and she lets me have one half while she has the other. You might have presented me with a foot ball, a base ball outfit, a pair of skates and a motor tricycle—they are all fine things to use in bed. I could also have used a night cap, hair restorer, a lawn mower to shave with, and you could have sent me a Texas steer so that I could have had plenty of milk. Billy's having a fit in the corner, and says it's very evident I was never brought up in the country. You might have sent me a bushel of lullabies that Billy could have sung to me when I was making a desperate effort to break into dreamland. Best of all you might have sent me a carload of love and kisses, and if you had I would gladly have paid the freight. There is no better gift for a man in bed than that, providing of course, he can get credit for meat and groceries. I hope when next Christmas comes, Effie, that Dodge, Texas, won't dodge me, and you will see that Santa Claus has his back loaded with presents all addressed to my chicken coop.

858 Collins Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My name is John Cooke and I wish to send you a short letter. I had a very Merry Christmas and I wish you one too. I want to make friends with you by this letter. My aunt is one of the great singers known as Mrs. Rheldoffer. My best presents for Christmas was a watch a fountain pen which I am writing with a pencil box with a lot of five cent pencils, a pen, an eraser, a pencil sharpener and a lot of pen points. Don't be alarmed at my writing cause I am writing rather fast. I was in one piece at our school entertainment. I read your Comfort and like it very well and am glad to have the pleasure of writing you a letter. Please answer this letter. With kindness, yours truly,
JOHN COOKE.

I am glad your name is Cooke, Johnny. Cook always suggests eating to me. Good cooks are scarce. I hope, John, you are a good Cook. That's very sweet of you to wish me a Merry Christmas about five months after it is over. Well, better late than never. You say your aunt is one of the great singers, known as Mrs. Rheldoffer. Which one of the Rheldoffer singers is she? If you don't tell us which one, how are

we to know? From your statement John, I can only infer that there are a large number of great singers known as Mrs. Rheldoffer. How is it that all these singers are taking the name of Rheldoffer. It seems to me they would have selected an easier name to pronounce. I can't pronounce it anyway, I have to whistle it. Billy the Goat has just butted in, and says that I am a great big boob and what you meant to say isn't what you said. Now that's a kind of a cute remark for a goat isn't it? Billy says what you intended to say was that your aunt's name is Mrs. Rheldoffer and that she was some in the singing line. Always make your sentences clear, John, even if you have to sentence a man to ten years' imprisonment; make your sentence clear so he won't think it's ten day instead of ten years. You certainly had some dandy Christmas presents. I wish I had been as well remembered as you were I'd want Christmas day to come every night. I can't understand though about one of your presents, "A fountain pen which I am writing with a pencil box." However do you manage to use a fountain pen with a pencil box? That must be an awful mix up. Now just a little comma after with, and the omission of the period after box, and you wouldn't have to do your correspondence with a pencil box. I won't be alarmed at your writing fast, and I might as well tell you I am never alarmed at anything. I've only been alarmed twice in my life, oh, yes, three times. The first time was when I swallowed an alarm clock, and the alarm went off inside me. The next time was when the man I was working for raised my salary from ten dollars to nine seventy-five a week. The third, however, was the climax. I was waiting for a train one day in the Grand Central Depot, New York. A lady asked me to mind her baby and six duds while she went out and did a little shopping. The lady never came back, and the kids all insisted on calling me "Pop." Bet your life I was some alarmed then. I am glad to know you were in one piece at your school entertainment. I don't think any boy ought to be in more than one piece. I know a boy who smoked a cigarette while sitting on a stick of dynamite, and he was in several pieces before he got through, and I've always thought since then that it's much healthier and pleasanter for a boy to be in one piece than several. From the fact that you inform us that you were in one piece at your school entertainment leads us to infer that there are times when you are in more than one piece. You might let us know, John, when you are in the habit of dividing up. I am always glad to be on hand

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN

and district to ride and ex- where are making money fast. Write at once for full particulars and special offer. NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S., without a cent deposit in advance. Prepay freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. K-3, CHICAGO, ILL.

Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Dollars in Dairying

IN Wisconsin where much attention has been paid to the improvement of dairy cows and methods of feeding and management the average yearly butter production is not more than 175 pounds per cow. It should be at least 350 pounds. It might be added that thousands of farm cows throughout the country do not produce even 175 pounds of butter in a year, although they eat as much feed as profitable cows and demand a similar amount of time in care and management.

For profitable butter production two requisites are absolutely indispensable. The first is high grade or pure bred cows that by nature and breeding give a large quantity of milk containing a high percentage of butter fat. The second is good feed and care. And one is as essential as the other. For although there is a vast difference in cows, some naturally producing many times as much butter as others on the same feed, provided the feed is of the proper kind and quantity, still the best cow cannot be expected to give a large yield on poor or insufficient food; neither will the scrub cow. Neither of them will pay without proper care and feed. But the all-important point is that it is not in the scrub cow to give a profitable yield of butter however well you feed and care for her.

The Possibilities in Butter Production

To show the actual possibilities of butter production by the most highly developed cows, properly fed and managed, we give the following statistics of a single year's production by a few cows that at present lead the world. The figures which we have given above concerning ordinary cows refer to marketable butter-product while those given in these world records below refer to the actual butter fat produced, and for the purpose of comparison the latter should be increased about one sixth, because marketable butter contains a considerable portion of water and other substances from the cream besides butter fat. In other words a pound of pure butter fat is equivalent to about one pound and one sixth of butter, and in the ordinary process of butter making produces that amount of marketable butter. The world's records today are:

Holstein: Pontiac Clothilde's DeKoe 2nd., No. 69991 in one year produced 25,318.0 pounds of milk, testing 4.02 per cent. butter fat and producing a total of 1017.28 pounds of butter fat; Bred by Eastern Michigan Asylum, Pontiac, Mich., owner, Stevens Bros., Liverpool, N. Y.

Holstein: Colantha 4th's Johanna, bred and owned by W. J. Gillett, Rosendale, Wis. Year's record: Milk, 27,432.5 pounds; butter fat, 998.176 pounds.

Jersey: Jacoba Irene, owned by A. O. Auten, Jerseyville, Ill. Year's record: Milk, 17,253.2 pounds; butter fat, 5.53 per cent., total butter fat, 954.1 pounds.

Guernsey: Dolly Dimple, owned by L. Lathrop Ames, N. Easton, Mass. Milk, 18,461.0; 4.91 per cent. butter fat; 907.04 pounds total butter fat.

Guernsey: Yeksa Sunbeam, owned by Helen-dale Farm, Athens, Wis.; milk, 14,920.8 pounds; 5.716 total butter fat.

Ayrshire: Netherhall Brownie 9th, No. 23,985. Owner, J. W. Clise, Seattle, Wash. Bred by Thomas Scott, Netherhall, Scotland. Milk, 18,110.0 pounds; 4.53 per cent. butter fat; 820.91 pounds total butter fat.

The above records are official, having been conducted under the supervision of the Agricultural Experiment stations of the states in which the cows are owned.

While it is not to be expected that these high records can be equalled on the ordinary dairy farm we have no hesitation in affirming that every dairy cow should produce at least 300 pounds of butter fat, equivalent to 350 pounds of marketable butter, and every dairy farmer by breeding, selection, proper feeding, management and testing cows, can bring his cows up to that average in a comparatively few years and at small expense.

Many cows do not produce butter enough to pay their board. No farmer can afford to keep such a cow.

Do you know how much butter each of your cows produces? If this is not known you are apt to be feeding at a loss. A Wisconsin three-year-old grade dairy cow produced 769 pounds of butter in one year at a cost of \$75.32 for feed, leaving a profit of about \$128 on her yearly production. To double the average butter production of your cows, and this can and should be done, it will be necessary to get rid of all low test, scrub cows, retain the better cows, mate them with a pure bred dairy breed bull, retain the female offspring and continue to grade up steadily by using a pure bred bull, year after year, of the same breed used at the start. But this is not enough, one has also to feed well. We asked a farmer if it would not be a good idea for him to replace his poor, scrub cows with a lot of good cows and his surprising answer was: "No, to tell the honest truth, good cows would not stand the poor care I give my cattle." Further inquiry brought out the fact that he pastured his cows on poor grass during summer and fed nothing but hay in winter. Properly fed cows require daily one pound of grain for every three pounds of milk produced, from 25 to 40 pounds of corn silage and what clover or alfalfa hay they will eat. They should not be expected to do well and prove profitable if fed awaile hay, acid corn fodder and oat straw. In winter cows have to be well housed in light, ventilated stables and the water they drink two or three times a day should not be colder than that from a deep well. Cows need daily grooming as much as do horses and pay better for good care. In summer do not turn out to grass too soon. Provide an abundance of fresh water at all times and see that the cows have adequate shade. On poor pasture feed green stuff like rye, oats, peas and clover, green corn fodder and other available feed. Do not leave cows on bare, unsheltered pasture for flies to torment. Feed and milk regularly. Breed heifers to drop their first calves at 24 to 30 months of age. Give cows six to eight weeks' rest before calving. Test the cows and know what it costs to feed each one and what she pays back for feed and care. To do all this makes you a modern, intelligent dairyman and you should belong to a dairy cattle breeders' association, a cow testing association and every organization that will help to keep you informed and up to date in the care and management of dairy cows.

The Sow at Farrowing Time

The losses of sows and pigs at farrowing time are many and disastrous; but happily most of them can be prevented. Overfeeding and lack of exercise cause a majority of the losses. Many owners seem to think that if a pregnant sow gets all the corn she can "hog", and a comfortable bed in a warm barn she needs nothing further to insure safe and profitable pigging. Such men waste feed and kill sows and pigs. Many of the most successful hogmen feed brood sows during winter on alfalfa hay, and roots. They give no corn or other rich grain and when farrowing time arrives the sows have an easy time, have plenty of milk for their pigs, are not cross or nervous and make kind mothers. Stuffing brood sows on corn and restricting exercise causes sluggishness, constipation, crossness and nervousness. Sows thus abused have weak puny pigs, or the pigs come dead and the sow may die. Such sows may not give enough milk for their pigs, or the milk they yield may not agree with the pigs and they scour and die. At farrowing time feed sparingly. Give a light bran mash the first 24 hours. Increase the feed gradually during the first two weeks, then feed liberally. The following rations are recommended for nursing sows: 32 parts each of corn-meal, ground oats and wheat middlings and 4 parts of oil meal, or 46 parts each of corn-meal and wheat middlings and 8 parts of oil meal. Feed as a thick slop. If skim-milk is available, feed it as one half the liquid part of the ration. Do not cook slop, but feed it warm in winter. Provide clean, dry, separate freshly bedded pens for farrowing sows. Bedding should be as free from dust as possible. Dust causes cough and may cause fatal pneumonia in little pigs. Unless absolutely necessary do not handle or disturb sows at farrowing time. Castrate the pigs at four to six weeks of age.

Growing and Fattening Rations for Swine

Wean pigs at 8 to 10 weeks of age by separating them from their mothers and allowing them to suck but once a day for 5 or 6 days. Grow the young pigs on pasture and mixed grain ration. Blue grass pasture in early spring, second growth clover, or rape, are valuable forages for pigs. When pigs are weaned and on pasture, they should be fed the same grain ration as given their mothers during the nursing period. When pigs are to be fattened for market, feed corn liberally in addition to one of the following rations prescribed by the Wisconsin Experiment Station: 32 parts each of corn meal, wheat middlings and ground oats and 4 parts of oil meal. (2) 30 parts each of corn meal, wheat middlings and ground oats and 10 parts of tankage; (3) 45 parts each of wheat middlings and corn-meal and 10 parts of oil meal; (4) 45 parts wheat middlings and corn-meal and 10 parts tankage. Feed these rations in forming a thick slop, one half of which may be skim-milk. One pound of salt should be thoroughly mixed with each 100 pounds of feed. Keep the hog house and feeding utensils clean. Disinfect the floors and utensils occasionally with a 3 per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant. Whitewash the inside of hog house and pens at least once a year. Cement feeding floors keep animals clean and sanitary and save feed.

Soil Fertility

Nothing else is so important to the farmer as the fertility of his soil because all his other lines of work are absolutely dependent upon it. It is therefore necessary that he study his crop and his yield carefully as the years go by. If he finds that his yield per acre is decreasing year after year he should give heed to this warning. It is an inevitable sign that the fertility of his soil is being exhausted.

There are four substances, anyone or all of which may be used. These are nitrogen, phosphorus, potash and lime. The plant will usually tell by its appearance and behavior just what one of these is most needed. The only way to be absolutely certain, however, is to run a field test using these fertilizers on small plots.

An abundance of nitrogen is needed for leaf growth. When stalks grow well and leaves flourish and are dark green in color nitrogen is present in sufficient quantity. But if the plants are small and sickly with pale yellow leaves, then the plant is undoubtedly asking for more nitrogen.

Phosphorous is used in large quantities in the production of seed. When corn does not ear well and the seeds of small grains are undeveloped and shrunken, these may be taken as signs that the plants need phosphorous.

Potash is especially essential to the development of fruits, vegetables and root crops. When these crops make unsatisfactory growth, are of low yield and poorly developed, set these things down as signs that potash is needed.

Lime, however, is not so much of a fertilizer as a corrective of acidity. Continued cropping of clay lands usually makes them sour. Wet sandy lands are often sour and newly drained marsh soils are frequently found to be acid. Sour weeds like "sheep" sorrel and "horse" sorrel, or any of the sorrels, are pretty sure indications of an acid condition of the soils on which they grow. Acidity can be easily detected by the use of blue litmus paper. Make a slit in moist soil with the blade of a knife, insert in this slit a slip of blue litmus paper and press the soil up against it. Remove after five minutes and if the blue litmus has turned red then the soil is surely sour. In such a case lime is needed and should be applied especially if alfalfa or clover are intended to be grown on this soil because these plants cannot thrive in sour soils.

By numerous experiments barnyard manure has been proven to be the best fertilizer to use, but where manure is not easily and plentifully obtainable then special commercial fertilizers containing the needed elements in the soil should be applied.

The Dust Mulch

What is a dust mulch? Simply a layer of dry soil spread over a cultivated field? What is its use? It acts as a blanket to prevent the evaporation of moisture, hence it is particularly valuable in arid regions and in times of drought. We all know that if we keep a kettle of boiling water covered that it will not "boil away," as we say, but if we remove the cover rapid evapora-

tion takes place. The dust mulch is the cover that keeps the water from evaporating from the soil. The soil is always moist underneath boards that happen to lie flat on its surface, no matter how dry the time. This is because the boards have prevented the evaporation of moisture that has been drawn to the surface by capillary action. Capillarity is the force that causes oil to rise in the wick of an oil lamp. Now, if we stir the surface soil very frequently by cultivation it will soon become dried out and form a layer of dust that will prevent the escape of moisture from the soil in exactly the same way as a board will do it. This is exactly what we should do when there is the least danger of crops suffering from lack of moisture.

Don't be afraid to cultivate and cultivate frequently, but not too deep. Three or four inches is enough. You cannot possibly cultivate too often. Keep at it. Form a dust mulch and then the upward moving streams of moisture cannot escape through this blanket of dust but will be drawn up through the plant where they should go carrying with them the necessary plant food and promoting its growth. The formation of a dust mulch is the first essential in dry farming.

Deep Plowing

There are many advantages to be gained from deep plowing, chief among which is the preparation of a layer of soil in which it is easy for the plant roots to strike deep and thus get a more abundant food and moisture supply. Deep plowing encourages root development, and a strong deep root system fortifies a plant against drought. It also makes available a much larger food supply. It is necessary for the soil to be acted upon by the elements—the surface water, the frost, the air, and the gases contained in the air in order to make its food supply available. This process is called "weathering" and is the chief factor to be considered when deepening the layer of cultivated soil. Now the necessity of this weathering process must be clearly recognized or else the farmer may do positive damage to his soil and his growing crops by deep plowing. If this layer of new soil is turned up on the surface and the ground prepared and seeded immediately after plowing, the crop will likely be much reduced if it is not a complete failure. This is especially true of heavy clay soils. Such soils should be deep plowed in the fall and the furrow slice turned up on edge, not over, so that the rain, snow and frost can get at it and break it down. Then in the spring before seeding or planting this land should be thoroughly disked and harrowed so that the top and deep soil will be thoroughly worked together. By following this method with clay soils, little or no damage will result to the crop the first year, and subsequent crops will be very greatly benefited. Another method is to deepen the furrow gradually from year to year by a half inch or inch until a depth of ten inches or more of plowed soil is obtained. Good loam and sandy soils may be deepened with less care, though it is a good plan always to keep in mind the necessity of winter weathering when increasing the depth of plowing.

The Concrete or the Stave Silo, Which?

During the coming summer season farmers will build many silos and each one will be called upon to decide upon the kind of material he will use, whether it be wood, stone, brick or concrete. In general this matter should be settled on the basis of relative cost and permanency, since it is clearly demonstrated that there is little if any difference in the character of the silage or its keeping qualities when stored in any of the above kinds of silos. The great demand for silos has brought into the commercial field a large number of men each of whom is engaged in selling some particular make of silo. Just now the competition is fiercest between the stave and the concrete silo and a word on the relative merits of these two kinds of silos may not be out of place here. If properly built both keep silage equally well. Under similar conditions silage kept in both kinds of silos freezes to the same extent. Both require the same amount of work to fill them. Hence the difference does not lie in the silage kept in them as many contend. What then is the difference?

First,—the cost. Where lumber is scarce and sand and gravel abundant the concrete silo is probably the cheaper one to build, but where sand and crushed stone must be transported long distances the reverse is true.

Second,—the skill required to build. It requires more skill and information to build a good concrete silo than it does to build one of staves.

Third,—the time and labor necessary to build. A stave silo can be built with much less labor and in much less time.

Fourth,—durability. The stave silo needs frequent attention to painting, shrinking and tightening the hoops, while the concrete silo needs only to be whitewashed on the inside occasionally. The stave silo may burn,—the concrete silo cannot burn. The stave silo may blow down,—wind storms can have no effect on a concrete silo. The stave silo is perishable and must be replaced sooner or later,—concrete is indestructible. With these factors in mind, "pay your money and take your choice."

Questions and Answers

PEACH TREE BORERS.—Can you give me a remedy for peach tree borers? They are a great nuisance here. I have some fine trees and want to save them if I can.

O. B. HESTER, Stephenville, Texas.

A.—The peach tree borer (*Sammonia cecidosa*, say) is a yellowish white borer attaining the length of about one inch, boring beneath the bark of the lower trunk, crown and larger roots. (2) The peach twig borer (*Anarsia lineatella*) has a small brown larva with black head and it eats into the buds and destroys them. It also eats into the new shoots and causes them to wilt and die. Many of the second brood eat into the peaches, ruining them for market. Treat (1) by carefully examining trees every fall and remove borers with the aid of the pocket-knife. Some of them will be found about the crown of the roots. A gummy exudate on the bark denotes presence of the borer. Shield the trunks with stout paper or bark from the first of June to first of August, to prevent egg laying. Prefer the paper screen. For (2) spray early in spring, just before buds open, with lime and sulphur wash.

TESTING CREAM.—Please inform me how to test cream to find the percentage of butter fat.

M. W. R., Parkersburg, Ore.

A.—For such work one has to have a Babcock testing apparatus and know how to make the test. This may be learned from any book on the subject. A good book is that on milk testing by Wolf and Farrington, of the Experiment Station of Wisconsin at Madison. Dairy supply people also sell a cream testing long-necked bottle, which sometimes is employed, but they are expensive and not perfectly satisfactory to anyone but a trained expert. The Babcock test is preferable.

WHITE CORN FOR WHITE CHICKS.—Will feeding yellow corn to white chickens cause "creamy" feathers?

W. H., Ohio.

A.—We do not know that this question has ever been put to a scientific test but it is a fact that poultry judges frequently criticize the white breeds of chickens that have been fed on yellow corn on account of "creamy" feathers. There is good reason for believing that the yellow pigment which gives color to the corn will also influence the color of the feathers. Our advice is not to feed yellow corn to white chickens that are being fitted for show.

BEST KIND OF DRAIN TILE.—Must porous tile always be used for tile drainage or can glazed tile be used with good results?

R. F., Ind.

A.—It is probably best to use porous tile because they are the cheapest. It is erroneous to suppose, however, that water enters the tile drain by percolation through the walls of the tile. Very little if any enters in this way. The tiles are not fitted together and water enters at the open places between the joints. The joints of glazed tile are less open than ordinary clay tile and for this reason the porous tile will be likely to give better satisfaction, as well as being much cheaper.

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for making a good disinfectant to use for destroying disease germs?

R. B. C., Pa.

A.—There are many kinds of disinfectants and many uses for them, some for disinfecting barns and stables, others for poultry houses, others for rooms in the home, others for cleansing wounds and still others for laundry and wearing apparel. If you will kindly write us the specific thing, for which you desire to use this disinfectant we will be pleased to tell you the one best suited to your needs. In general we use, wherever possible, boiling water for clothing, peroxide of hydrogen for wounds, formaldehyde gas for living room, and corrosive sublimate for barns and outbuildings, and when a large quantity is necessary some of the cheaper coal oil preparations.

TUBERCULIN TEST FOR CATTLE.—In applying the tuberculin test to cattle how many temperatures should be taken and what rise in temperature is considered a positive reaction?

E. L., Wis.

A.—At least three temperatures must be taken before injection at intervals of two hours in order to get the normal temperature of the animal. Then, again, beginning from eight to ten hours after injection take at least five temperatures at intervals of two hours. A rise of two degrees above the highest normal is considered evidence of the disease. However, this rise should be gradual and gradually subside, reaching normal again in about twenty-four hours after injection. Continue taking temperatures at intervals of two hours until the animal's temperature has reached normal. The temperature record should be interpreted by an experienced tester or veterinarian before the animal is condemned, to avoid mistakes.

CULTIVATING CORN.—How many times should corn be cultivated and should it be worked after it is knee high?

K. E. F., Nebr.

A.—Corn is never cultivated too much and few farmers find time to cultivate it as much as they should. In a dry time corn should be worked thoroughly in order to create and preserve a dust mulch. Care should be taken not to cultivate too deep or too close to the stalks and thus injure the root system, otherwise no one will be in any danger of cultivating

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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A Two-Edged Deception

By R. H. Rhone

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TIME hung heavily on Miller's hands, and he sought to kill it by watching the numerous occupants of the great office building of which he was a humble tenant.

Law was his chosen profession, but as yet no one had employed him as their representative to take care of their legal work. Miller chafed at his enforced idleness, and often wondered if he had not, after all, missed his calling.

The single window of his office looked out on a court, surrounding which were suites of offices occupied by corporations representing millions of dollars in the industrial world. Anyone of these could furnish more legal work than a dozen young lawyers could attend to; but there seemed to be no way to introduce his talent to these powerful aggregations of wealth.

On the eighth floor a large suite was occupied by Sidney Barnes—banker, broker and financier. Miller looked down upon these rooms and from his office window he could see everything that transpired in the banker's private office.

It was a pleasant June day when Miller watched by his window, drumming on the sill, and wondering if his first case would come that day. Suddenly he craned his head sideways out the window and exclaimed under his breath:

"Hello—Barnes has another stenographer. That's the fourth so far in three weeks. He must be hard to suit." When she removed her hat and gloves, Miller could see that she was pretty.

"Too young and pretty for that old bear," he reflected. "Now, if business was such that I could afford a girl like that in my office—gracious, I'd lose my head, I'm afraid."

With fascinated eyes he watched the new stenographer take her position at the machine. This was close to the window, so that her profile could be distinctly seen by him. When Barnes took his place near the girl and began to dictate letters, Miller felt a rush of jealousy.

For two solid hours the banker dictated, and Miller watched the golden head bent over her pad. Then with a sigh the girl threw down her pencil, and Miller ground his teeth.

"The old curmudgeon has no mercy on her," he muttered. "It's enough to kill any girl to take dictation like that."

The afternoon was spent in copying her notes, and Miller, still clientless, passed the time in reading and watching the figure in the window below. Late in the afternoon the letters were finished and the crusty old banker started to sign them.

Suddenly there was trouble. The old man's face darkened, and he spoke sharply and loud enough to be heard on the tenth floor.

"They're all wrong," he was saying. "You didn't get my meaning at all. Why, you're not fitted for this work. No man would give you a dollar a week. Earn your living? You couldn't earn your salt."

Then he gathered up the letters and tearing them in pieces, threw them in the waste-basket.

"The old crab," exclaimed Miller aloud. "I'd like to—"

As he watched through the window, the banker put on his hat and hurriedly left the room. When the door closed behind him the golden head was bowed, and Miller could see that she was crying.

That settled it with Miller. He jumped up and grabbed his hat.

"I'll take her myself," he exclaimed. "That old bear won't have the chance to browbeat her again."

Down two flights of stairs he hurried, and before he really knew what he was going to say he was knocking at the private office of Sidney Barnes.

A gentle musical voice bade him enter. He stepped inside to face the vision of his day-dreams.

"I beg pardon," he stammered, uncertain what to say now that he was before her. "Mr. Barnes is not in, I see."

"No, he's just gone out," was the quiet answer. "He will be back at five. Shall I take a message for him?"

"No, I think not. I'll step in again. The fact is, I'm looking for a stenographer and I thought perhaps Mr. Barnes could help me. He's a friend of mine—a deliberate falsehood—and I thought—now, well—"

He stepped nearer the girl and finished with his eyes fixed on the face that still showed signs of recent tears.

"Now, you might suggest someone to me. Haven't you some friends that you could recommend?"

"No, I don't know of any," she answered sweetly. "I'm sorry that—"

Here was an opportunity, and Miller seized it.

"Then perhaps you would like to change your position?"

"I thought you said Mr. Barnes was your friend," she interrupted. "I did not know it was quite honorable to—"

"Oh, don't misunderstand me," he hastened to say. "I was merely offering you the position, in case you decided to leave Mr. Barnes. He has turned away three good stenographers in the last three weeks, any one of which would suit me. So I thought I would put in my application, in case you decided to change your position."

This explanation satisfied the girl. She raised her eyes and frankly interrogated him. Miller answered her queries promptly.

"I have a law office on the tenth floor. My name is Paul Miller—good family, but poor—ambitious, but with a small and growing practice. I pay twelve dollars a week—hours from nine till—"

"All three?"

When he had finished, she replied demurely: "Then I'll accept the place. I'll come tomorrow morning. Mr. Barnes will not miss me."

The dawning of the morrow impressed Miller with a new sense of life's responsibilities. His expenses were now increased and his first case was still to appear.

But he was optimistic by temperament and walked jauntily down to his office. It was only when he entered and saw the vision of golden hair that he lost his jaunty manner. For the first time the question came to his mind: "What could he give her to do?"

Spurred by necessity, Miller now showed his resourcefulness. For half an hour he dictated important letters to fictitious clients. There was not an important case in court which he did not at least refer to incidentally in his correspondence.

Finally he halted and said: "There, that will be sufficient for one day. I'm afraid I've given you too much work. If so, leave some of the letters for tomorrow."

"Oh, no, I must earn my twelve dollars. I'll write them all today."

He moved his chair up to his desk at a certain angle where he could watch her profile. For three hours she ticked away on the typewriter and Miller furtively gazed at her and read law.

When she had finished the correspondence, he pushed the letters aside, saying: "I'll sign them."

"But the envelopes are not directed yet," she remarked.

"Oh, well, for that matter," stammered Miller, "I can do it when you're gone. The fact is, I'm out of stamps and envelopes. I'll walk around to the post-office and buy some when you go."

A walk in the outdoor air by her side was exhilarating exercise. When they parted at the post-office, he forgot to purchase stamps and en-

velopes, but instead continued his walk and finally returned to his office.

"Those letters must be destroyed," he muttered grimly, "or they'll get me into trouble."

There was an open grate in his room. In that he deposited the letters, and as the flames licked them up, a spasm of pain shot through him. With the legal business which those letters indicated, he would be in position to face the world and ask another to share life with him.

"Something must be done," he said. "I can't keep this farce up forever. I must either find clients, or tell her all and ask her to marry me. But I'll get my client first."

Thereafter Miller dictated several fictitious letters every morning; but none were sent through the mails. He was kept busy inventing excuses for attending to his own posting. They were always short of stamps, or he was anxious to take the letters home to look over them again before posting.

Two weeks later Miller burst into his office, his emotions bubbling over in words that seemed somewhat incoherent.

"I've got my client at last. Why Miss Bell, it will—"

Then he stopped short. Miss Bell was looking at him with a face suffused with tears.

"Why—why—what's the matter?" stammered Miller.

She rose from her seat and answered with dignity: "Yes, there is something wrong. You have been deceiving me."

Taken back by this accusation, Miller showed his guilt in his face, and could only falter: "But I intended to explain all. I—I—"

"It isn't necessary," she answered haughtily, picking up her gloves and pulling them on. "I'm going to leave at once. I knew all, when I found those half burnt letters. I did not think you were so mean. If I couldn't do the work satisfactorily, you might have told me. It wouldn't have hurt half as much as this. I am not a child to be treated so."

Miller looked puzzled; then, after a glance at the grate, he began to understand.

"You are mistaken, Miss Bell, in thinking that your letters were not correct and satisfactory. They were neatly done. But—but they were fictitious on my part. I made them up to—"

Up to—kill time, and keep you busy. That is why I burnt them every night."

"You mean that—that—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "that I haven't had a client until today and that I had no need of a stenographer."

"Then why did you employ me?"

"Because I wanted to prove to old Barnes that you were capable of earning your salt," he answered boldly.

Her face turned crimson and then white; but a moment later she smiled and said: "And that is why I took the position." But tell me about your client. You said when you came in that you had one. Who is he?

"It's a case against old Barnes. I'll get even with him for insulting you. I'll teach him how to treat a lady. I'll—"

"You mustn't," interrupted Miss Bell. "I—I—it won't do."

Miller looked at her in admiration.

"You are the most forgiving woman I ever met," he said slowly. "After talking to you the way he did, you stand up for him. I wish we all had more of such a spirit."

"But—but it's different now," she replied. "He will—I've been telling him about you—about your extensive practice, and—and—he's going to give you some work. He had a quarrel with his lawyer, and—and—"

Miller was staring in open-mouthed wonderment. His expression was incomparable.

"If you stare like that I shall either cry or laugh," she protested.

"I wish you would," he said. "I think it would bring me back to my senses. I've gained my first client only to lose him. You ask me to give him up and not take the case?"

"Yes, for then you would lose my—Mr. Barnes' patronage."

Miller suddenly stiffened his jaw and asked: "What is Mr. Barnes to you? Have you seen him lately?"

There was a jealous rage in his heart, and his eyes were aflame; but she smiled back at him saucily and answered:

"I thought you would have guessed it before. He is my father, and I—I am Lillian Bell Barnes. Papa wished me to study stenography, so that I could be independent if anything happened to him."

Miller's jaw dropped and his eyes had lost their brilliancy.

"I see it all now," he murmured. "I was deceived more than you. But now it is all over—and—and—"

He was recalling the past few days and what they had meant to him. Even the promise of the patronage of Mr. Barnes was of no difference now.

Presently he felt a hand on his arm. "You were going to say something else," she said softly. He turned and glared fiercely at her.

"Yes, but I can't now," he replied. "Before, I loved you, and hoped to win you. But now—"

"Well?" she breathed hesitatingly.

"Now—now," he repeated, "I love you—and have no hope to win you."

"Why not? Because I have made you lose your first client?"

She blushed with such bewildering enchantment that Miller could not resist the temptation.

"I can't wait for my first client after all," he murmured, taking her in his arms. "But your father will have to pay for it."

"I think he's willing," she answered with a gentle laugh, "for he has a great respect for your extensive legal practice."

Miller laughed and kissed her fair hair again.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

when there is any dividing going on. Probably what you intended to convey was that you had taken part in an entertainment in your school. It is never safe to be in more than one place unless you own a glue or cement factory. I am glad to have heard from you, John, and I hope you will hold together until we hear from you again.

LEWISTOWN, MONTANA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I live on my father's homestead, which is about twenty miles southeast of Lewistown. We live in the foot hills of the Snowy mountains, a very beautiful place.

We have quite a lot of winter here, but the winters have some awfully warm days too. The summers are nice, with a great many hot days.

I wish some of the cousins could come to see me this winter and I would try to arrange things so we would have a jolly time. We would make snow men slide down hill snow ball and sleigh ride milk cows and everything that's fun in winter. Only we couldn't skate for there is no place where we could. I can't skate anyway.

We have springs here and water that comes out of them is as cold as ice the year round. The streams are cold, too, and when one goes wading, one's feet get so cold that they are purple. Most of the streams have trout in them, which are not the easiest fish to catch.

I would like to have some of the cousins write to me and I will answer all I possibly can and tell them more about my Montana home. I think life in this part of the state is very interesting.

I am five feet one inch tall, weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds, have dark brown hair and dark blue eyes, big mouth and nose and great big ears, and

last but not least I am sweet sixteen. Now don't you think I'm a real Montana girl? Your niece as ever, ELSIE STINGLEY.

I am always glad to hear from Montana girls, Elsie. Years ago I left my heart out in your state with one of Montana's fairest daughters. I have often wondered what she did with that heart of mine. Of course there are all sorts of things she might have done with it. She probably tied a pink ribbon around it, and hung it up in her boudoir as a souvenir (I mean souvenir) of by-gone days. Maybe it's on her bureau doing duty as a pincushion. It's a chance too it's on her writing desk being used as a paper weight. It's possible, but not probable, that she is using it as a watch charm. Billy the Goat says maybe she baited a rat trap with it, or fed it to the dog. Maybe she got married and a jealous husband forced her to plant it in the garden, where it is now assisting nature to push up the cabbage. Anyway Elsie, it's out there somewhere between Miles City and Missoula, and if you will keep not only your weather eye open, but your eye that is not interested in the weather as well, and can locate that missing heart of mine, and send it back by freight, I'll be exceedingly obliged and will gladly pay all the charges. If you can't get it all in a box car, just saw it into sections and load it on a bunch of flat cars, and we'll piece it together and get it working at the old stand as soon as it arrives here in the effete east. I am glad you have some awfully warm days in winter time. They have some awfully warm days too in Augusta, Maine. When it's forty below zero the ladies sit around in peeks-a-boos waists perspiring profusely, fanning themselves frantically, dosing themselves with iced drinks, complaining incessantly about the heat, and longing for a cold wave. Those winter sports that you have outlined for prospective visitors Elsie are all to the good. You say: "You would make snow men slide down hill snow ball sleigh ride milk cows and everything that's fun in winter." Now I haven't the least doubt that a snow man at a pinch could slide down hill if it were steep enough and there were no obstacles in the way, and he might snow ball and sleigh ride, but when you talk about making snow men milk cows, I most emphatically protest. Cows as a class have to put up with a good many hardships in this world, and I think that we should draw the line at their being milked by snow men. Under the most favorable circumstances I doubt if the milking process is one that affords the cow any considerable amount of pleasure. In fact I am of the opinion that if the cow had anything to say in the matter, she would prefer not to be milked at all, and especially by a snow man unless the snow man first warmed his hands at the kitchen stove, and wore woolen mitts. I don't believe in introducing snow men into the milking business, and any attempt to do so should be at once reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Big ears, Elsie have their advantages in cold climates: just attach a hook and eye to them and fasten them across your face and they will protect you from the complexions from the fiercest blizzards. If you don't believe me try it.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you make room for a little Georgia girl around the fire as it is sure cold down here, and they is a big snow on the ground. It is the first snow that I have ever seen. I reckon they is a heap of snow up there at your home as you live way up north. Why don't you move down here Uncle where it's warm? I am about four feet five inches tall, have fair complexion and dark hair. I wear my hair plaited on both sides and have it run across my head and got two big blue bows on it now. I weigh about sixty-five pounds. I am twelve years old and can read any thing I want to. Mama has nine children, seven boys and two girls. I am going to school now and am in the fifth grade. I can cook, sew, starch, iron and make up beds. We have got an organ and I am taking music now. How many like to take music? I do for one. Uncle if they is any pretty flowers up there around Maine send me some and I will certainly appreciate them.

I hope Billy the Goat is gone to bed so he can't get my letter.

Your loving niece, MATTIE BELL PHILLIPS.

Mattie you say: "I reckon they is a heap of snow up there." From that I infer, Mattie, that you think people who live in the north are composed of snow. Well, I must confess we have any number of people in this section of the country that are more snow men, than flesh and blood men, just human icicles with a cash register attachment. They are a cold proposition. There is something, however, pure and beautiful about snow, and I think it's rather an insult to that heavenborn article to compare certain specimens of human mannikin to nature's immaculately clean, white, spotless winter covering.

The Goat says he thinks that you meant there is a big snow on the ground. It must be quite exciting to see snow when you have never seen it before. I have a friend named Snow, but the only time I allow him to call is in the scorching hot days around July and August. You don't know how comfortable it is to have Snow in the house at that time, but we have him arrested if he shows his face here in the winter. You get pneumonia chills directly he enters the house. I'd like to move down to Georgia in the winter, but I'd have awfully sore feet by the time I got there, as it's a mighty long walk. So you wear your hair plaited do you, Mattie? That's a highly original way of wearing the hair. I suppose you got tired of rats and puffs and thought that a few soup crockery do you carry on the roof of your head? I suppose if you had company and your mother ran short of dishes, you would have to take that china store off your head, and restore it to the table. What convinces me that you must have plates on your head is that you say: "I wear my hair," so I naturally assume that that is crockery ware or of course it might be boiler plates that you are adorning your head with, and that would be hardware. You also say that after you have plaited your hair, you have it run across your head. There must be some class to hair that can adorn itself with plates with a blue bow on top of it, and then do running stunts across a person's head. I am inclined to believe, Mattie, that you wear your hair plaited instead of plaited, or in other words that you braid it. As you are not very old I will not up-braid you for getting plait and plait tangled up in your juvenile cranium. I am glad you are taking music, and hope it will agree with you. You say: You like to "take music for one." I'm glad of that because if you tried to take it for two, it might have serious results. The only pretty flowers they have in this section of the country are snow drops. The way to gather them is this. You walk along the street when there is a thaw, and the snow drops—on your head. It's as well to wear plates on your head during the snow drop season, though it is not necessary to have the blue bow on it. Billy the Goat has gone to bed my dear, he was afraid one of those plates might drop off your cocoonut and hit him on the bean. You are all to the good, Mattie.

RICHWOOD, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am fourteen years of age, have black hair, gray eyes and dark complexion. I have written twice to COMFORT but I suppose Billy was pretty hungry. Now of brick to tell you put him to bed and give him a piece of brick to chew while you read this letter?

Well, cousins I can make a bed, wash, iron, and cook. I am real fond of housework especially cooking. Mama was talking to a neighbor and said: "Ethel's greatest delight is cooking and the next is writing letters."

I am going to school now. I am studying for a teacher. Now Uncle would you not like to be one of my pupils when I begin teaching?

I received my card and button over two years ago and I can truly say that I am more than glad that

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I joined for I have several nice correspondents already and I expect if my letter is printed I may get more. But I will try to answer all of your cards. But please cousins do sign your name plainly for I received some cards on which the name was merely a scrawl and I could not answer them. How can a girl exchange cards with people who won't even trouble to write their names so you can read them? I have one correspondent in New York and one in Kentucky.

My father was a coal miner, but he has lung trouble, so he is working outside of the coal mines now. The mines are so dangerous. One man here had just fired off a shot and went in his room and in fifteen minutes he was brought out with both arms, both legs and back broken, and his head mashed in. So you boys had better take care not to work in an unsafe place, especially in the coal mines.

Best wishes to all. I would like to hear from one and all. Will reply to all I can.

Your loving niece and cousin, ETHEL BENDER.

Billy the Goat does not bother with a piece of brick. When he wants to chew bricks he generally eats a whole house. I am glad you are fond of housework and cooking, Ethel. That means happiness for you and some nice boy later on. You say in your letter: "I am going to school now, I am studying for a teacher." Say, that's quite a novel idea this studying for a teacher. I did not know that you could hire someone to do your studying for you. Somehow I had an idea that that had to be done by oneself and could not be hired done. Now, I'm wondering after you have studied for a teacher how you get all the knowledge out of your head and get it into the other guy's cocoonut. I suppose you poke the ether can under his or her nose, administer an anesthetic, drill a hole in the patient's thick tank, push the knowledge into the brain, solder up the hole, and hey presto, the job is done. The idea of having someone do your studying for you while you loaf around, eat, sleep, dream, chew gum, kill flies, sass the neighbors and make yourself a general darned nuisance is a highly original idea. I don't see what is the use of all these correspondence schools that teach all sorts of weird things by mail, when by a slight expenditure, one can get a girl of Ethel Bender's stamp to do all your studying for you. I hope the party that is employing you, Ethel, is paying you handsomely. You ought to be paid handsomely for the work you are doing. I've got my opinion, however, of the lazy cuss that is hiring you to study for him or her as the case may be. Billy the Goat says (and that infernal goat by the way spoils everything) you don't mean you are studying for a teacher, but that you are studying to be a teacher. I feel like battling Billy over the biscuit, and giving him a push in the mud for having destroyed all the sweet illusions your letter conjured up. It's useless, Ethel to ask people to sign their names in a legible manner. About half the people in the United States think as long as they know their own names and addresses if they put a few hen tracks on a piece of paper all the rest of the world can guess who they are and where they live. There is nothing more criminally foolish

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Care and Feeding of Geese

HERE is no doubt about geese being profitable, for they are in demand during the summer, as what are called green geese—which means that season's hatching—and in winter for the holiday market. Then there is the extra profit from the feathers, which is quite a consideration, for it only takes about three geese to make a pound of feathers, and the regular price is a dollar a pound. Of course, in plucking, the quills, soft feathers, and down must be kept separate, as they are used for different purposes. The quills must be kept unbroken, and as smooth as possible, as they eventually go to the millinery trade, and are worthless if crushed. If only a few birds are wanted for home consumption, it is better to buy one or two settings of eggs to hatch under common hens. But if you mean to raise birds for market, even in a limited way, I strongly advise you to buy mature birds, which means geese over two years of age; for though geese of one year old lay, their eggs are almost worthless for incubation. Few hatch, and those that do only produce poor goslings, small, and so wanting in vitality that they invariably die during babyhood. Another thing to remember is the faithful nature of geanders. If separated from their chosen mates, they will mourn, and seldom pay any attention to strange females during that season. Therefore it is wise to buy mated birds from the same farm, and not strangers from distant neighborhoods, as in the case of hens and roosters. Once having a flock, respect family ties, as geese retain their value as breeders for at least seven years, and in many cases much longer, though I don't care to keep a gander after he is six years of age.

Each family should consist of a gander and four or five females. To insure fertile eggs, they must have abundant green food and a body of water to swim in. If a pond or river is not possible, sink a large tub in the ground until the top is even with the ground, and fill with water so they can at least do plenty of bathing. If a quantity of geese are to be kept, flocks of four or five geese and a gander should be kept on the colonizing plan. Large cases, or some rough shelter, and barrels of nests grouped together for each family, will soon be acknowledged as home if they are always fed near them. Each colony should be separated from its neighbor by at least twenty-five feet and fifty would be better. Strange birds should be controlled at first by a fence of wire netting, put up in a temporary way so it can be removed when the birds have settled down to their own group of buildings.

'Tis seldom that the geanders fight after they are once established as families, but if they do, the geese will make such a commotion that you will soon hear it and can interfere, when each family will go to its own particular home, and rarely trouble each other again.

When geese are to be raised in quantities, it is profitable to grow special crops for them to graze on. Many experiments have resulted in rice being advised for fall sowing, oats for spring sowing. Rape sown in June will make pasture for goslings in July. The plan adopted was to confine them in comparatively small portions of the ground until the leaves were all eaten, then remove to another patch, when new leaves would soon commence to grow and be ready to turn the goslings on in August.

Rape has two great advantages—moderate frost does not injure it, so it provides green food when all else is getting short; and it is very cheap, being only about fifteen cents a pound. Four pounds will sow an acre of drills. When the ground is covered with snow, small or badly shaped cabbages, turnips, apples, or any other vegetables should be given to the breeding stock. Unless the ground is very gravelly, a heap of sand or gravel should be placed near each house.

Nearly everyone interested in poultry makes an attempt to have fairly good hens of some one breed nowadays, but the number of undersized geese one sees is appalling. In many instances, the ordinary farm goose is not larger than the ordinary Pekin duck. Ducks mature in one year, geese take two, so this one reason alone should be sufficient to make people realize that it is no use keeping geese unless they are really good stock. The pure breeds are Toulouse, Embden, African and China; lastly the Canadian wild goose. The first named is very large, and gray in color. The second is larger, and white in color. The African (sometimes called Indian) are about the same size as the two former, but brown in color; the standard weight for the three breeds being twenty pounds for males, eighteen for females. Chinese geese are much smaller; the gander not weighing more than sixteen pounds, the goose not over fourteen pounds. There are both brown and white varieties. The Canadian wild goose is still lighter; males fourteen pounds, females twelve, and have black heads, necks and tails. Faces brownish in color, with a band of white around the lower half of the neck; the rest of the body grayish brown. Canadian geander are easily domesticated, and they are often kept to breed with the domestic goose, usually of the African variety, the progeny from such a cross being highly prized in city markets as a delicacy far superior to other geese, and much resembling the canvasback duck; therefore they command a much higher price. The accepted term for these crossbred geese is "mongrels." Of course when we use the word mongrels in reference to chickens or animals, it is understood to mean a mixture of several breeds or varieties, but amongst the goose breeders or market men it means only the progeny of the wild gander and the domestic goose. It is a branch of goose raising which is, as a rule, only undertaken by veterans in the business, and to a limited extent, as the mongrel is of no use for stock, being, in fact, mules. Mr. G. H. Pollard, one of the largest goose breeders in this country, thinks the largest geese breeders without any of their failings, and recommends them for general use. Personally, I have kept all three breeds, and two different crosses, and like the pure bred Embden best, as they have size, grow quickly, fatten easily, have white feathers, and dress well for market.

The following summary of important points is worth remembering:

Geese only one year old are not mature as breeders. The females lay a less number of eggs, of smaller size and a greater proportion is usually infertile than is generally the case with females two or three years old.

Geese are naturally timid, watchful, and easily frightened, but the geanders, during the breeding season, and in defence of their young, are bold and courageous in a remarkable degree. They have many peculiarities which the breeder who would be successful should carefully study. They should be gently and kindly treated at all times.

Water for breeding purposes is highly desirable during the breeding season in order to insure a large per cent. of fertile eggs.

The goose is naturally a grazing animal. The bill is provided with sharp, interlocking, serrated edges, designed to easily cut and divide vegetable tissues, and the tongue at the tip is covered with hard, hair-like projections, pointing toward the throat, which serve to quickly and surely convey the bits of grass and leaves into the throat. Goslings make the greater part of their growth upon grasses or fodder plants, although, of course, they do not make the rapid growth that may be secured when some grain is fed; on the other hand, however, it is not possible to raise goslings on an exclusive grain diet without a liberal supply of clover, cabbage, roots, apples, or some succulent, vegetable food. Young goslings make the most rapid growth upon short, nutritious grass and cracked corn or wheat.

The goose has practically no crop, although an enlargement of the end of the gullet next the gizzard in some measure serves to hold food, consequently it feeds at very frequent intervals, and during warm weather often eats more at night than during the daytime; a point which should be remembered in feeding and caring for them.

In cold climates shelter during severe weather should be provided to guard against frozen feet. During the breeding season the liberal feeding of a nutritious ration, not too fattening, has a beneficial effect on egg production. Green food, ground oyster shells, grit and charcoal should be provided.

Two or three litters of eggs may be secured by "breaking up" the goose by shutting her up in a pen for a few days when broody, and setting the eggs under hens. A good-sized hen will cover five eggs; a goose from nine to thirteen eggs. Twenty-eight to thirty days' incubation is required for hatching.

Correspondence

Greenhorn.—I wish you would please tell me through *COMFORT* what line breeding is, and should one breed brother and sister or half brother and sister of chickens or turkeys? I also want to ask advice about a formula for insect powder, and also a spray. Don't you think the powder is apt to irritate the skin of the fowl? If you approve of the enclosed clippings you might publish them in *COMFORT*. I will appreciate any advice you can give.

A.—Line breeding is rather a complicated subject to explain in this column, for it would really need an entire book. Briefly, breed pullets back to sires, dams back to cockerels. Third season, mate from the above matings. As the two recipes you send in have been clipped from some paper, I cannot be sure of the accuracy of the information, but I published them in *COMFORT*.

Mrs. S.—I tried your remedy of permanganate of potassium for roup, and found it the best I ever used, if given in time. I dropped it in with a medicine dropper. Now, this is what I should like to ask of you as a favor. Please answer it in *COMFORT*, as I take it steady. Could I put it in the drinking water for all, as a preventive, and for sick ones also; and what strength is it to be used, if used in drinking water? It is lots of trouble to dose each separately with the remedy.

A.—The permanganate could be used in the drinking water as a preventive for the general flock, and might do some good, for when a bird drinks, the liquid passes directly down its throat, and so into the proper intestines. For roup and such diseases, the remedy used should come in contact with the affected parts—the roof of the mouth and the nasal duct. When medicine is administered through the dropper, it can be put just where necessary. However, if you wish to use the permanganate, generally, take away the general drinking water, and put in the house a small pan to which permanganate has been added. Dissolve one tablespoonful of permanganate in one pint of warm water; use one tablespoonful of the mixture to one pint of water.

J. S.—Thanks for your letter and the remedy you send.

E. C.—Will you please print in your next issue how to care for baby chicks? I am getting some March hatch incubator chicks. They will be shipped about two hundred miles to me. Also have some Belgian hares—rabbits. How shall I care for them to get best results?

A.—Give the little chicks the proper chick food, which is sold at all poultry houses, or, if it is not convenient to get that in your district, mix up grains yourself: cracked corn, bulled oats, wheat, cracked small; one part of each passed through a fine sieve to remove any large pieces. Add one part golden millet, one part Kaffir corn. Mix all together thoroughly; keep a supply before them all the time in a small self-feeder; and in another hopper or dish, fine sharp grit and chick size charcoal. If you can't get grit broken and chick size, get a package of bird gravel and break up a lump of charcoal. Once a day give them a little cottage cheese or stale bread which has been soaked in milk, and squeeze quite dry. Never give more than they will eat in about five minutes. They should also have some vegetable food, the green tops of onions chopped fine, lettuce leaves, or sprouted oats. Keep the bucks and does in separate hutches. Feed oats, hay, and occasionally carrots, apples or lettuce. Two weeks before the young ones are expected, put a box about a foot square, with a six-inch hole in one end into the doe's hutch. Give her plenty of hay and water, and let her lie down. Be careful not to disturb the box, or even look in it. About the same time commence to give the doe a small quantity of bread and milk every day, and continue until the young ones are six weeks old, at which time it can be removed to another coop. During spring, summer and autumn, grass, plantain, dandelion and clover—in fact, nearly all green vegetables—can be given in place of hay. The one exception is cabbage. It is not good for any rabbits, and is positively dangerous for young ones.

E. Z.—Please give me directions for a feed box for pigeons through the poultry columns. Would be very grateful to you. Good wishes to *COMFORT*.

A.—Make a self-feeding hopper just as you would for hens.

C. E. H.—Although I am an old subscriber to *COMFORT*, I have never written in this column before, but am going to describe a disease among my chickens, and would like to have the answer appear in the columns of *COMFORT* in the April number. Last July several of my small chickens were killed by a disease which I call "breast bone," just below the crop. This lump would keep growing until it became so large it dragged on the ground between the chicken's legs. On some of these it would seem to go away, and the chicken got well again, while others would droop around and die. I have two pullets that have a bunch hanging on the breast bone now. They nearly all run through the rest and appear to be well. All of the affected ones eat well, and would run with the hen until they seemed to get so heavy they couldn't run; then they would die. This bunch appeared to be hard. I killed a young chicken last October, and could find nothing wrong with it until it was cooked. Then I found a little bunch on the breast as long as one's thumb. In cutting this open there was a hole run through it about as large as a small bean and perfectly round, and about a tablespoonful of thick yellow substance ran out of it. I threw the chicken away. Also some of my young chickens last summer bloated up until they were twice their natural size. These bloated all over, and when picked up, felt like a bag of wind. I killed one, and the blast went down, but the next morning it was as bad as before. Those all died. Some of my neighbors' chickens were the same as both cases I have described. Some thought they got poison, while others thought it was from eating dead frogs, as there were lots of them lying around; but there was no poison my chickens could get. Will be much obliged to you if you can find the trouble is, and a cure for it, as I will not try to raise any more coming summer unless I find a cure, as I lost a great number last summer.

A.—The condition you describe is quite new to me, so I cannot presume to suggest a remedy. I have, however, sent your letter to the Government Experiment Station, and will publish their report later. As the trouble seems of such a serious nature, I wish you would write to R. S. Shaw, Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, East Lansing, Mich., and ask him if they will accept one of the afflicted birds for examination. Nothing but a post mortem by an expert can be of real service in a case like this. Of course I should like to know the result of his examination, if he agrees to take the bird.

New Beginner.—There are so many reasons for little chicks dying, that it is difficult to say just what all this. The brooder should be heated up to 95 degrees when the chicks first go into it. After two weeks, lower gradually to 75 degrees. Put plenty of sweepings from the hay mow on the floor for them to scratch in. Ready answer to E. C. in this number.

G. N.—I am going to try raising chickens this spring, and would like to ask a few questions. Which

is best to raise on a farm, Plymouth Rocks, or Rhode Island Reds? For laying, eating or selling, and which are the best hustlers? What is the value of oats as feed for hens, and also sunflower seed? Are bones burnt and broken up as good as green ground bone? Is charcoal good for hens? I have heard that hens should have lime. In what form? and in what proportion should it be given?

A.—There is no material difference between the two breeds; it is purely a question of preference. Oats form one of the best foods, both for growing birds and laying fowls. Sunflower seed is very fattening, and should only be fed in very small quantities in extremely cold weather. Burnt bone has no value. Green bone, on the contrary, is most valuable. Charcoal is valuable, especially when feeding birds heavily for market, as it tends to keep the intestines wholesome. Oats, green bone, and bran, all contain a heavy percentage of lime, and it is that which makes them so valuable and necessary in making up what is termed the well-balanced ration, for it is the lime in feed which has an influence in producing eggs and strong chicks. The sort of lime which forms shell is furnished by oyster shell, lime plaster, and any such material which hens may pick up when on free range.

G. W.—I am a subscriber to *COMFORT*, and think it is a fine paper. I want to ask a question about my chickens. They make a noise like something was in their throat. I have used a feather with coal oil, but it does not seem to cure them. One hen has it pretty bad, and her bowels look white and thin. Would be so grateful if I could find a remedy for it. Otherwise they seem healthy. Will you please tell me in your next issue what to do for them.

A.—Probably your birds have bronchitis. Are they crowded in the house at night? That is such a frequent cause of cold. They get very heated, and of course receive a chill when they get out in the morning. The same bronchial condition may be caused by dust. Syringe the throat and nostrils of each bird with dioxigen and water in equal parts. Repeat once a day for a week.

Subscriber.—In your October number, under heading "Sprouted Oats for Winter Feed," is given a description of home-made cabinet for above. Will you please say why it was "lined with zinc at the front and up about fifteen inches." Was the zinc nailed on the door of the cabinet, and for what purpose? In some cases the cabinet has a space of an inch or so left between the outside, and the zinc nailed onto strips an inch thick to let the fumes of the lamp go to the top of the case, so as not to touch the oats.

A.—Zinc is used as a protection against the fumes of the lamp, and to carry off the fumes.

S. M.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my chickens? I did not know anything was the matter with them, as they seemed to be quite healthy; but I killed ten roosters, and as I started to pick the feathers off them, I noticed some green spots on the skin across the stomach. When I opened them the smell was just awful, and the lungs were green and full of pus on the outside. There were also some black spots on the liver. They were all about the same; some worse than others. I feed them wheat morning and evening and oats at noon. Poultry tonic two times a week. Would you kindly advise me through the columns of *COMFORT*?

A.—As you say the birds seem perfectly healthy, I can only suppose that the condition you describe on killing them had been brought about by their eating some putrid or poisonous food. In all probability, they would have shown signs of illness, or died, if you had not killed them, for it seems perfectly impossible that such a condition could have existed for any length of time without attracting your attention. If any of our readers have had similar cases, I should like to hear about them.

B. B.—Will you please give me information about my chickens? They have bowel trouble, and their droppings are green, streaked with yellow. They lose the use of one leg, and it is stiff. They eat hearty, but some linger along for several weeks, but don't get any better. We have lost about a hundred this way. Most of them only live a day or two. We were not feeding anything at the time they commenced to die, but we had cut our Kaffir corn, and they would get on the shacks and eat all they wanted. They are the pure Rhode Island Reds.

A.—Your birds have liver trouble, brought on, no doubt, by eating the new grain. Put one teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia in every quart of drinking water. Use once a week for three weeks, if they seem to need it.

J. S. McK.—I take a great deal of pleasure in reading your poultry writeup in *COMFORT*. Now I raise a lot of chickens, but the point I would like to know through your paper is: How many chicks will get on all right in a room fifteen by twenty-five feet? I keep about twenty-five in each room at times, but would like to double this amount, if you think they would be all O. K.

A.—I should not like to try keeping fifty birds in a room fifteen by twenty-five, I am quite sure you will have better success if you refrain from increasing your present number.

C. M.—Can you tell me what ails my chickens? They seem weak in the legs; get so they can't walk when I first notice. They at once seem too weak in the legs to walk. After a day, they balance themselves by their wings. Just one or two at a time seem to have it. A few months ago two had it, and put them in the furnace room and they got better. I put them back in the hen coop and in about two or three weeks they took it again. I put them in the furnace room again, and they got worse so they had to lie on their sides all the time, and I had to kill them. One of them had something the matter with her neck. Her head drew on one side, but the other one just had it in her legs. Yesterday the whole flock (sixty-eight) was all right; combs red, wattles red. This morning one is so lame it sits all the time, unless I drive it up; then it just hobbles; and one was dead on the nest. I can't see a thing the matter with them. I have been getting from twelve to twenty-four eggs all winter. I feed wheat morning and night; about three quarts each time—and at noon a mash; 50 pounds bran, 25 of ground oats, 25 of wheat middlings, 15 of meal, 25 gluten, 20 corn meal, mixed feed about three quarts, and mixed a little regulator with it. Did have a cinder floor; was a little damp. About two weeks ago we put a board floor in. Please answer by mail, as I will be too late for March *COMFORT*, and oblige me.

A.—I am afraid you waited too long to put in the floor, and the birds are suffering from rheumatism. If any more of them show signs of becoming lame, put into a small dry coop, feed lightly, making fully one half their ration vegetable. You say nothing about giving the hens vegetables, and they must have them in some form. If you cannot get cabbage, or such green stuff, get clover hay and steam it. A heavy grain diet all through the winter nearly always results in sudden deaths in early spring.

D. W.—Read answer to C. M. Did you examine the turkey's throat? Was there any discharge from eyes or nostrils? Was there any disagreeable odor? Noticeable when you opened the bird's beak? If there was, it was a case of roup. If there were none of these signs, I should say that the bird had smothered itself with its own vomit, or that it had eaten some of the dead animal. Your description is not sufficiently clear to enable me to judge correctly.

C. B.—You say the only feed you have given all winter is cracked corn, and that explains the trouble. Read answer to C. M. If you have nothing but corn to feed, use it whole, very sparingly in the morning, and what they will eat up in fifteen minutes at night. The night feed should always be whole corn in the winter. A mass of cracked corn is apt to pack in the crop, and cause a great deal of trouble.

The following is one of our subscriber's experience with Indian Runner Ducks:

"Dear *COMFORT* Readers: "I see so much talk about Indian Runner Ducks in papers, and I never read an article but what is helpful to me, so I hope what little I have to say will be helpful to those interested in I. R. Ducks. I have a few little ducks that I raised from six ducks hatched late in August, 1910. I had almost two hundred hatched off, but some died killed the most of them, and I sold several, and have a nice flock left. I sold eleven dollars' worth of eggs last spring, and could not begin to supply the demand, as I only had six ducks and two drakes. I find by experience that the little ducklings should not 'dabble' in the water until they are several weeks old. A home-made drinking fountain is best for them, just so they can immerse their heads, and they must also be kept free from lice. In this section they are a comparatively new breed. I have found them specially good egg producers. They are certainly the Leghorn of the duck family. It is needless to give a detailed description of their origin, etc., as most everyone knows by this time. I have a fine laying strain, and if properly fed and cared for, they lay the year round, except July and August, when they moult. Their eggs sell readily in the market, and hatch well; and produce thrifty, vigorous ducklings."



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"The little ducks are much easier than chickens, and grow quickly to mature specimens. They can be readily fattened to reach four or five pounds when only three months old, and make a very desirable, light weight roaster. They also produce a fair quantity of feathers, but their greatest popularity is as egg producers; and because they are vigorous and handy is no reason why they should not be shown extra care; for they will more than pay you for the extra trouble. The readers may decide for themselves whether I. R.'s pay. I for one think they do, although I am only a beginner. With best wishes for the comfort of all *COMFORT* readers, I will ring off.—S. B."

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Remodeling Last Season's Dresses

By Geneva Gladding

THE thrifty housewife is ever alert for ideas that will prolong the usefulness of both her own and children's clothing, for right here is where she applies some of her best rules of economy.

This season has produced no radical change in fashions, so that the narrow or moderately wide skirt in walking length, the kimono sleeve, long, three quarters or elbow length, the pointed, round or collared neck, are as good style as ever; also the straight simple lines, and flat trimming effects are seen in the latest models.

Dresses that are high in the neck and have become soiled should be cut low, finished and worn with a gulf. This also applies to a worn or soiled cuff. No. 5224 gives a well-fitting gulf pattern, and is made of any thin lining material. A good plan is to cut the entire gulf of inexpensive material, then apply whatever material is to be used for yoke effect (which need only extend a little way below the top of dress) and after being fitted cut out the lining. This plan aids in handling net and laces which are so difficult to fit. The gulf sleeve is cut off well under the dress sleeve and made down with yoke material. Where fancy sleeves are not used, the gulf should be made sleeveless. The peplum may be omitted, a narrow run made at bottom of gulf and tied down with a tape.

Shirt-waists with worn-out neck bands and collars are best finished collarless with a narrow flat crossways strip and worn with lace or muslin collars. One of muslin is cut sailor, trimmed with linen lace put on straight, and a few dots embroidered around edge in satin stitch. This same idea applies to sleeves.

As the waists now have little fullness gathered in at the belt, it is a good plan to take those having deep tucks let in at neck and shoulders and carry them straight to waist line, stitching to place.

The fitted aprons make it possible to get a good supply from the least worn parts of house dresses. A fine embroidered shirt-waist that is beyond repair will often cut down into a pretty corset cover that will last a long time for special occasions.

What to do with growing children's dresses is often a perplexing question.

Often they are just enough faded to prevent using the left-over new material to let down and repair with. In such instances try getting a contrasting material which will harmonize and not bring out the faded condition. Use this in a turn back or straight cut to lengthen to a short three quarters sleeve, being the most practical length for looks, wear and freshness. Use it again in a broad belt to lengthen waist. Rip and press out hem carefully and use to lengthen skirt.

To lengthen white dresses, use just above hem rows of lace or sheer Hamburg insertion. Make cuff and belt of same.

Description of Practical and Up-to-Date Fashions

No. 5224—Ladies' One-Piece Slip or Gulf with two styles of sleeves. Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5437—Ladies' Tucked Waist with yoke extending to lower part of sleeves; high or low neck. A combination of materials may be effectively used in this model. For a sheer, white waist use all-over or fine tucking for yoke with plain muslin for body, or for colored summer fabrics the yoke may be a solid color combined with stripes or checks, outlining the yoke with a small piping of white or narrow lace scantily sewed on. For a dressy waist messaline would be very satisfactory.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two and one eighth yards of 36-inch material, with three quarter yard of 18-inch all-over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5735—Ladies' House Dress with body and sleeves in one; high or low neck and four-gored skirt. An easily made dress suitable for general wear and can be made more dressy by using embroidery for neck, belt and cuffs and a frill to match at waist opening.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires four and one half yards of 44-inch material with three quarter yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5757—Ladies' Dress closed at front with body and upper part of sleeves in one and with three-piece skirt. A stylish summer model for street wear to be developed in percale, linen, gingham, challis or soft silk. The sailor collar and turn-back pointed cuffs are very effective made of embroidery or lace, or all-over edged with lace put on without fullness. A pretty novelty in buttons are the clear glass ones sewed on with black thread.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5616—Misses' and Small Women's Dress with high or low neck and three-piece skirt. This smart model will be found very becoming to youthful figures, and adaptable to a variety of materials. As illustrated blue cotton voile with yoke and cuffs of thin silk braided to match was used. A pretty feature is the girdle which finishes top of skirt.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 16-year size requires four yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5160—Ladies' Apron with Bib. Those who once wear the close-fitting aprons realize the fact that they keep cleaner and wear longer, and of course they are more dressy and becoming than those gathered into the belt. The bib of this one slips on over the head and ties at the belt.

Cut in one size and requires two yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3716—Ladies' One-Piece Kimono Night Gown. Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4430—Ladies' One-piece Night Gown. Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure, size 36 requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material with four yards of ribbon. Price, 10 cents.

Embroidered Models

10-10-35—Corset Cover, French and eyelet design for a corset cover closing in front, with scalloped neck and armholes and beading for ribbon. The material for this may be linen, cambric, nainsook, long cloth or crossbarred muslin. The design may be used on the upper part of a combination suit or princess slip, or on a chemise by placing close together. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11-6-58—Embroidered Hat with Plain Brim. This up-to-date lingerie hat will immediately find favor. The bell crown and straight, medium brim is among the best designs, as well as the sailor crown over which the embroidered top is equally adjustable. A soft band and bow may be made of same material or of ribbon; or a wreath of tiny flowers placed at base of brim. The transfer pattern is in two parts, 10 cents each.

Stamped on white or colored linen, 60 cents. On white cotton lawn, 35 cents. Cotton, white or any preferred color for working, 15 cents.

Work commenced on any one piece, 75 cents additional.

No. 8224-T—Embroidered Dress or Coat Set. These simple collar-and-cuff sets are very popular and often constitute the only trimming to the



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No. 614. Dainty waist of sheer white India lawn; front panels beautifully embroidered with heavy mercerized white floss as illustrated; round low cut collarless neck, trimmed with Val lace; elbow length sleeves, neatly tucked; narrow side plait in back extending full length. Buttons invisibly in back. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Our reason for advertising this beautiful waist at 50c, postage paid, is to show every reader of this magazine, one of the many wonderful bargains we offer and interest them in our beautifully illustrated

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plain dresses now so generally worn. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

Nos. 5189-8219-T—The Waist with Overlapping Edge decorated with embroidery is very stylish this season. The waist is cut with body and sleeves in one, which may be worn long or just over the elbow.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; requiring two yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Embroidery design, No. 8219-T is a single effective spray of flower, leaves and scallops for side opening. The embroidery is all solid in white or colors, or to give variety the dots and flower center may be eyelet. Price of transfer pattern, 10 cents.

For the Children

No. 2654—Children's Apron. This easily made and useful apron is something every child should have several of. The neck may be finished with collar or cut a little low; the sleeves long or short. Worn over the dress they are a complete protection, or on hot days may take the place of a dress.

Cut in 11 sizes, two to 12 years; for three-year size it requires two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4500—Children's Rompers. This excellent pattern is very easily understood and followed. The wise woman will see that her children have a supply of rompers, for they save their little dresses and give comfort and freedom to the wearer.

Cut in four sizes, two to eight years; size four years requires two and one eighth yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5755—Children's Rompers or Creepers Buttoned at Leg Seam. This model is especially designed for the wee one who creeps about the floor.

Cut in sizes one half, one and two years; age one requires two and one eighth yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4325—Boy's Dress. To be developed in gingham, linen, galatea, or poplin. The neck is finished with flat stitched band and worn with made four-in-hand tie. The belt may be of same material as dress or of leather.

Cut in sizes two and four years; two-year size requires two and seven eighths yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4595—Boys' Russian Suit-Trousers without a Fly. One particularly good feature of this suit is the shallow opening at neck, so that on hot days the shield may be removed and worn low. The model is plain and smart looking.

Cut in three sizes, two, four and six years; four-year size requires three and three quarter yards of 27-inch material; three quarter yard of contrasting 27-inches wide. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3760—Boys' Russian Suit. A simple stylish little suit that the busy mother will find easy to make. The blouse closes on the right side. The belt is of same. The neck may have narrow stand or finished round.

Cut in three sizes, two, four and six years; size four years requires three yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4655—Girls' Semi-Princess Dress, designed for wash fabrics. The neck may be cut as illustrated, or higher without yoke, and worn round.

Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years; size eight years requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5696—Girls' Dress, Blouse with Sailor Collar and Skirt Plaited or Gathered. Made of wash material and trimmed with bands of plain color or embroidery. It has the new sleeve which is loose and larger at elbow.

Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years; age eight requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material and two and three eighths yards of banding. Price, 10 cents.

Embroidery Lesson

Taking No. 8224-T as a subject I will give a few helpful suggestions.

The simplicity of this design makes it wonderfully attractive and desirable. There is a large eyelet flower on either side of the front, and one in the center of the back. The edge is done in fairly large scallops and a few heavily padded satin-stitch dots complete the work. Either white or colored material may be used, but the fabric should be rather firm, on account of the large oval eyelets.

The outlines of these eyelets should be run with fine stitches before being cut. Then the material can be slit from end to end, drawn underneath, and held with the thumb and finger of the left hand while the edge of the eyelet is being done in over-and-over stitch. Be very careful, also, to run both outlines of the scallops with fine stitching in rather heavy padding cotton. One wants these scallops to be firm and well rounded, and it is impossible to secure this effect unless the padding has been properly done.

Questions Answered

DARNING STOCKINGS.—MRS. STEPHEN, your query represents a question that puzzles many a mother. When the hole becomes too large to make shapely, I have found it a good plan to first patch with common, cotton window netting. This keeps the edges of hole where they belong and also provides a guide for darning. For holes in the knees, it is often more practical to cut the top of stocking off, then cut out worn section, and sew together again. Usually stocking legs are long enough to allow of this, and if carefully done, the seam will hardly show.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Common-sense Way of Obtaining a Pretty Skin

IS your skin coarse and yellow and spotted with blackheads? I hope not as it is absolutely impossible for a woman to appear well if her skin is specked with grime and of a pale mustard color. You may have glorious eyes, heavy waving tresses and an exquisite form, yet if your complexion is everything it should not be, you must give up your hopes of being considered attractive.

In my opinion the girls who crave peaches-and-cream complexions should bend their every effort toward keeping their skins as clean as clean can be. Daily scrubbing of the facial skin with hot, soapy water and a complexion brush or washcloth, will, in the end, give you a fine grained, fresh appearing skin, one that you will have every reason to be proud of, and that it will be a joy to look upon.

What do you say to making a resolution—that they don't all have to be made on New Year's day, you know—to pay particular attention to routing that deadly enemy to a fine skin—namely, dirt. Notwithstanding that you probably wash your face two or three times daily, yet it is only



ICE FIRMS THE SKIN.

one woman out of twenty who knows how to wash her face so every particle of dirt is extracted. Merely dabbling a wet cloth carelessly over the face does not a whit of good. It does not remove the dust and grime that have collected on the face and choked up the pores of the skin, causing it to grow muddy and spotted with pimples and blackheads. What is needed is a more vigorous treatment and if you will give me your attention for the next ten minutes, I will endeavor to tell you what I think is the proper way to wash the skin so as to extract the greatest possible amount of dirt.

It is hardly necessary, I hope, for me to say that it is not sufficient to remove the superficial face grime. As a matter of fact the dirt lying loosely on the surface of the skin does no great amount of harm. It is the black deposits clinging persistently within the pores that are responsible for many a pimpled and muddy skin. It should be the aim of the particular girl to induce these ugly, dark specks to vacate the premises, as it were. Then, and not until then, can you hope to possess a pink-and-white complexion.

As a washcloth is not of much assistance in this warfare for a clean skin, I would advise you to invest fifty cents in a camel's-hair or rubber complexion brush as the tiny bristles or teeth will dig into the pores and fairly force the clogged dirt out into the open.

As the object of washing the face is to keep it clean, it naturally follows that hot, not cold, water must be used. The cold water tends may disagree with me on this point, but I think most of my readers will not dispute me when I say, that while cold water is stimulating, it does not make the best skin cleanser.

When you have filled a basin half full of very warm, soapy water and made a good lather with a cake of soap, dip your complexion brush into the foaming liquid and proceed to scrub and scour your face in the most approved manner. When the skin has been lathered and frictioned over and over again, call a half, as enough is as good as a feast.

Your soft pink cuticle should now be treated to a thorough rinsing with perfumed warm water. When every bit of the soiled lather has vanished, seize upon a hot, dry towel and give your skin the polishing of its life. To dry the face well is of the utmost importance—although few women seem to realize this fact—as a partially dried skin is sure to become red, rough, wrinkled and everything that is not ornamental. Bear this well in mind, Miss Heedless, and friction your skin, after it has had a bath, with a towel until every drop of moisture has been absorbed. The more you rub and smooth and polish your skin the prettier it will grow!

How often should you wash your face? I should say twice or three times daily. The most thorough bath should be given at night, as it is the height of folly to go to bed without freeing the facial skin from its coating of grime and powder. The foolish woman who omits to wash her face before slipping into bed can be sure that the pores of her skin will spend a busy night absorbing the specks of dirt. What will this result in? Why, a crop of blackheads and pimples, of course. It pays to be immaculately clean, you see.

It is a pleasant idea, if one finds the facial skin to be slightly coarse and without color, to run a piece of ice over the face after the morning bath, or, for the matter of that, after any face shampoo, with the exception of the one to be given at bedtime. This simple treatment brings the color to the cheeks in a most delightful way, contracts open pores and firms a flabby skin, so you can see it is quite a miracle worker. As the ice is inclined to be somewhat slippery, wrap it up in a thin piece of cheese-cloth before running it over the face. Try this "icing" treatment, beauty seekers all, as I know it will prove itself a friend in need.

Try not to wash your face in hard water, as it contains mineral salts, which when combined with soap are destructive to beauty of skin, causing the pores to enlarge and crack in a most distressing way. If you are so unfortunate as not to be able to secure any rain-water, you must make the best of a bad matter and throw a little softening lotion into the hard water, so it can be used with impunity. Formula for a very dainty lotion, which is warranted to soften the hardest kind of water, is given below and I hope you will enjoy using it.

Lavender Softening Water

Four ounces of alcohol, one ounce of ammonia, one dram of lavender.

One teaspoonful to a large basin of water will suffice.

As a harsh soap can cause incalculable mischief when applied lavishly to the skin, it is the better part of wisdom to make your choice of soap with the utmost care. There are many splendid soaps on the market, so you can hardly go astray. Bear in mind that it must be mild and as pure as is made.

One of the latest fads is for Milady to make her own face soap. Strange to say the soap most in favor at the present time, is soft, resembling in this respect, and in no other, the soft soap made by our grandmothers long before the Civil War.

If you would like to make up a supply of soft face soap, follow the directions given below and I am sure you will be pleased with the result.

Continental Olive Oil Soap

Put two cups of olive oil into a large porcelain-lined kettle and bring to a boiling point, when one and a half pints of boiling water, in which two tablespoonfuls of refined potash have been previously dissolved (also strained) are poured slowly into the bubbling oil; stir constantly, letting mixture boil until it thickens like jelly when cooled on a plate. After soap has cooled for a while, it can be perfumed with four drops of oil of lavender. It should now be spooned into small jars and kept for a month or two before using.

Questions and Answers

Mrs. Anna F.—I am so sorry, but I do not answer letters personally. If you wish to reduce your arms between the shoulders and the elbows, bathe them for five minutes in extremely hot water, then swathe the upper part of the arms in thin rubber and practice some arm exercise violently for half an hour, every ten minutes stopping to drink a glass of hot water. When the thirty minutes are up, sit down and read or write or embroider, or better still, sleep, for an hour, then remove bandages and rub arms down with alcohol. Do this every day for the next month, and I think your arms will be much thinner.

Agnes.—Was this the exercise you referred to? Face a pulley to wall, then, standing with your back to it, grasp the handles and let the weights pull your arms up and back as far as they will go; then pull them down over your head, and strike out as if delivering a blow. It is said that after three weeks of this exercise the bust will be reduced one-half. Isn't this cheering news?

Miss M. E. G. P.—If you will practice rising on tiptoe and then allowing heels to sink back to the ground, for ten minutes, morning, noon and night, you will have the pleasure of seeing your lower limbs become prettily rounded.

Red Rose.—What a pretty note *de plume* you chose. It makes me think of midsummer. You are mistaken, the paragraph about the flesh reducer which you saw in the paper was not written by me and I do not know anything about the preparation mentioned.

Lucia.—Here is a prescription for a powder which will prevent undue perspiration. It should be dusted frequently over the affected parts:

Perspiration Powder

Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram.

Your friend in need.—Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meats. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide, and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces.

Blackheads are a great trial, but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night, before retiring, with hot, soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder, and if this smarts the skin, massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft, soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly, else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.



THE SKIN THAT IS BATHED DAILY IN HARD WATER FEELS DRY TO THE TOUCH.

After your skin is absolutely free from blackheads, you must hasten to close up the open pores, else they will again fill up with dust and dirt. I am giving an astringent, which I ask you to spray over your face several times a day, allowing the liquid to dry on.

Elder-flower Astringent Lotion

Place in half-pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half pint bottle with elder-flower water and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elder-flower water.

A Kansas Sunflower.—I do not think that any liquid powder, if used daily, can help but injure the skin. You are rather too tall, but this is a matter that you cannot help. You are too thin by far; you should weigh about one hundred and eighty pounds to be in proportion to your height. You should wear your hair parted, on account of your great height. You must have very pretty hair. You can wear reddish browns, black, white and dark green. Please read through these columns and you will find treatment for a pimpled face. If I liked a young man and he liked me, I would go with him, regardless of the fact that he was shorter than I.

A. G. S.—You should wash your oily hair frequently, say every ten days, using the following shampoo:

Cream Shampoo

Shredded white soap, one half ounce; rose-water, one ounce; weak solution of toilet ammonia, one half ounce; bay rum, one half ounce; rain-water, nine ounces.

Mix. Dissolve the soap in the heated rain-water. When nearly cool, add the ammonia, rose-water and the alcohol, stirring constantly.

You should massage your little sister's scalp for fifteen minutes nightly with the following pomade. It is a splendid hair grower. Do not, however, think that you can rest content with massaging the scalp once, as it will need to be massaged nightly for at least six weeks before you can expect to see a new crop of hair putting in its appearance:

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one half ounce; oil of lavender, thirty drops; gallic acid, one quarter dram.

C. L.—You probably have weak eyes. You should consult an oculist. Wear a chin belt if you do not wish to own a double chin. A good way to fix a reducing chin bandage is to buy some elastic webbing and cut off a strip about eight inches long by two and a half inches wide. Line this with thin rubber sheeting. Now take one side of the unfinished belt and gather slightly midway between ends. Sew narrow strips of garter elastic to the four ends. At night place the strip of elastic webbing under chin with the rubber lining next to skin and the gathered side beneath chin. Pull up the strips of garter elastic until the belt fits snugly and tie or pin the four ends together at the top of the head.

Laughing wrinkles, by which I mean the wrinkles that run from the nostrils down to the corners of the mouth, can be effaced thus. Smear flesh over with an astringent cream, then place first fingers of either hand beneath center of under lip. Now press down lightly and move fingers to left and right and beyond and around mouth corners, then on up to the nostrils. Massage wrinkles in this manner for ten minutes nightly. Three or four times daily dampen wrinkled flesh with the astringent given in this month's beauty columns, and let liquid dry on. This last treatment will firm flesh and help to prevent it wrinkling.

Martha V.—Here is formula for a good depilatory:

Barium Arm Paste

Sulphuret of barium, three ounces; water, twelve ounces.

Mix into a paste by wetting corn-starch with the solution, and apply to the offending hairs. When dry the hairs will come away with it. If the skin is irritated rub in a good skin food. Bear in mind that this only removes hair, temporarily and that the roots will soon send out a new growth which will have to be burnt off again. For this reason this depilatory must not be used on the face or neck. It is said that, used persistently, it will finally kill hair roots, but I cannot vouch for this. If arms are pimply or sore in any way do not use this remedy. Have it put up at a drug-store.

Miss Jane.—If your skin is too yellow, my advice is to use the following bleach:

Almond Meal Complexion Bleach

Buy a fifty-cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot, soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take two of these applications every seven days for three weeks. This treatment will bleach the skin beautifully and make it soft and satiny.

A Hard Worker.—Indeed, I can tell you a way to obtain soft, white hands. Dip them in and out of a bowlful of the following liquid for seven minutes every day for ten days. The result will be all you could ask.

Viennese Hand Bleach

Brusled almonds, one ounce; orange-flower water, four ounces; rose-water, four ounces; borate of soda, one-half dram; spirits of benzoin, one dram.

Make the first three ingredients into an emulsion; let it stand twenty-four hours, filter, add the soda, agitate till dissolved then add the benzoin, drop by drop, under continual agitation.

Maybelle C.—You cannot expect to have a good skin unless you do something to relieve yourself of constipation. Constipation is responsible for more unsightly skins than I like to think of. However, there is hope for you if you will give me constipation bread:

Constipation Bread

Two cups milk, four cups bran, two cups gluten or white flour, one cup molasses, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoon salt, a little melted butter. Mix well and bake in muffin tins or in layer cake tins in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Take several slices every night just before going to bed.

Vanity.—So you are anxious to use my epsom-salt face lotion? Then you shall, and I think you will find it of service to you in your dilemma.

Epsom-Salt Face Lotion

Take one tablespoonful of epsom salts to one quart of warm water. Bathe the face with this, and the neck also, just as though you were washing your face with smooth towel and repeat three or four times. Do this morning and evening, rubbing gently all the time—too much pressure will injure tissue. After application is finished, wash or rinse the face and neck with cold water to add firmness to the skin, flesh and muscles, tissue and all. You will be pleased with the results. Two handfuls of the salts to four gallons of warm water will make an ideal bath for the whole body, as the affinity the epsom in solution has for the carbons and toxins is truly wonderful. Same directions as for the face.

Ignace.—Why do you go on enduring a dandruff scalp? If you don't mend your ways, you will live to regret it. Hoping that you may change your mind, I am giving you formula for a dandruff treatment which in almost all cases has proved effective.

Sulphur Dandruff Remedy

Take one heaping tablespoonful of sulphur, then pour over it one quart of boiling water. Keep in an airtight vessel for four hours, then drain off the clear portion. Rub into the scalp every night until the dandruff disappears. While treating the scalp for dandruff it is advisable that you be careful what you use for a shampoo. The following liquid is excellent for this purpose, leaving the scalp beautifully clean and the hair fluffy as heart could wish.

Egg Dandruff Shampoo

Yolk of one egg, one pint of hot rain-water, one ounce of rosemary spirits.

Beat the mixture and use it warm, rubbing it well into the scalp and over the hair. Rinse in several waters and sit in the sun until your pretty tresses are free from moisture.

Elderly Wife.—I think I can be of such assistance to you that you will soon notice your wrinkles disappearing. I am giving directions for massaging those horrid lines.

How to Massage a Wrinkled Face

Before commencing any massage, the face and neck should be washed in hot, soapy water, rinsed, dried and the skin coated thickly with the following cream:

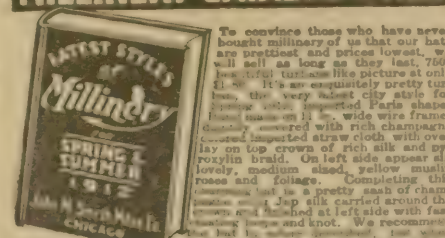
Cream for Flesh Building

Fresh lard, one hundred grams; alcohol, eighty percent; essence of bergamot, eleven drops; essence of rosemary, eleven drops; essence of bergamot, eleven drops.

When trying out the lard add a small bit of powdered gum camphor, strain the lard, then heat in the alcohol; and just before the cream congeals stir in the essences. When ready to manipulate the flesh, rub fingers lightly across forehead lines, using a circular motion.

Crow's-foot must be treated carefully, as the skin around the eyes is so delicate that it is an easy matter to rub in more wrinkles than you can ever rub out. Put the first and second finger on the nose—just above the eyes—and massage out beyond the eye corners then sweep in underneath the eye toward the nose. Press down very lightly indeed. The cheeks

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should be massaged up from the point of the chin with the palms. This will keep them from sagging. Laughing wrinkles should be effaced thus: Put first and second fingers underneath the center of lower lip, then massage out around corner of mouth and up to nostril. Hollows under the chin and behind the ears should be massaged with a delicate rotary movement of the fingers. When massage is completed, wipe off surplus cream, spray face with the following astringent and hie you to bed.

Astringent Lotion

Rosewater, six ounces; almond milk (thick), one and one half ounces; alum, eighty grains.

The entire treatment should not consume more than fifteen minutes if the face is badly wrinkled, or five minutes, if there are only two or three tiny lines.

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FRECKLES

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For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all. I cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send you the prescription free if you will write for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will remove yours. It will clear the worst complexion. Write today. Address Mrs. E. C. WHITE, P. O. Box 13, Dept. 4, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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The Awakening

By A. W. Peach

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As the doorbell rang softly Alice Butler started. "There," she said, dropping her sewing. "I'll wager that that is Will Lanley come for Grace, and she has gone off with Blinn without letting him know—I think it's a shame!"

"There! there! Alice, I know, but you run in and see what he wants," her mother said, smiling at the girl's earnestness.

Will Lanley followed Alice into the little parlor, and it was just as she expected; her older sister who was one of the belles of her set, though making an agreement to meet Lanley there, had gone with the other fellow.

Lanley's rather handsome face shadowed as he heard the news. "That's rather the limit, Alice—I came to make arrangements for the dance to which she said she would go; but—I guess—Blinn—has put one over on me," he said, slowly, reaching for his hat.

"I'm sorry, Will, I do think it is hardly right of her, I wouldn't wonder if she stopped as she saw him looking intently at her, and blushed, thinking she was saying altogether too much in her zeal."

But when her sister returned she gently started to tell her of how hurt Lanley had appeared, but the older girl turned on her sharply, her dark, handsome face flushing.

"Now, look here, little Tow-head, don't try to lecture me. Will Lanley is all right, but Blinn even if he isn't so handsome, has got the money. I can't help it even if I did agree to go with Lanley; I have a right to change my mind if I wish to; and I am going to."

"What do you know of such things, Alice, you never went to a dance in your life, and as far as fellows—"

"There, Grace, that was unkind. I don't know what I would do without Alice to help me; and if the fellows came they would take her away as they take you," her mother interposed, but her voice was a little wistful, for she knew that what the older girl had hinted at was true.

Alice kept silent, though she was deeply hurt. The next day the doorbell sounded softly again at about the same time. Alice answered it, but didn't expect to see Lanley, but it was he. He smiled as he saw her astonishment. "I won't stay long; I just dropped in from work to ask you if you will go with me to the dance?"

Alice's heart seemed to stop. She asked—to dance—by Will Lanley. She couldn't believe it; but when he asked her again she knew that she was not dreaming. "Why—I would—be—glad to, Will," she managed to stammer, and he left as if he had heard good news.

With a bound she was in the kitchen. "Mother, I'm going to the dance with Lanley!" she cried. Her mother laughed at the joy in her voice. "Why, child, that will be fun," she said, happy in the girl's happiness.

"Let's say nothing to Grace," she urged, and her mother agreed.

So it came about that a few days later, Grace stopped before her sister, and looked at her wonderingly as she was working busily on a white dress. "Sister, what's come over you, you're looking fairly pretty, today, and that dress—why—what's up?"

"I'm going to the dance," Alice answered, almost singing it.

"You're what?" gasped the astonished Grace.

"Well, with whom?"

"Will Lanley."

Grace started; then she laughed. "Oh, I see; he wanted to spite me—ha! ha!"

The girlish face beat over her work stiffened. "I don't believe it!" she whispered.

"Ask him," Grace said, sarcastically.

With numb fingers and a more numb heart, the younger girl went on to finish her dress. She did it courageously, but with the brightness gone out of her life.

The next evening when Lanley came for her, he found a shy, slender, golden-haired figure waiting for him that very dutifully followed him out into the street. He could not seem to get much conversation started, and he soon found out why.

As they started to go into the hall where the dance was to be held, he felt her hand rest on his arm. "Will," she said tensely, "did you take me just to spite Grace?"

Lanley paused in the act of throwing away his cigarette, and stared at her small, sensitive face. He muttered something savage and sharp under his breath that she did not hear, but the words she did hear snapped—"Take you out of spite? Well—I guess—not! and anyone who says so is—"

"He stopped—"Little girl, I took you because I—I discovered something one day," he smiled.

She did not know what he meant but his words and manner were satisfying.

A little later and she was swept into the gayety of the evening. She had learned to dance at a dancing school, and was light on her feet, but she had never had the opportunity to attend the big dance.

She danced the first dance with Lanley, her heart beating, happy clear through. She blushed as she suddenly realized that inquisitive eyes were turned her way.

When the dance was over she saw Lanley start away after a word, and she knew that he was probably going to round up a few of his friends so that she would have a partner. As he crossed the hall, young fellows seemed to appear from all sides and talk with him, and she saw that he did not seem overjoyed; then she was startled to find them coming toward her. In a moment they were about her, and her card was filling up.

Then the fun began, and ended as all fun must sooner or later.

Too happy for speech as she started homeward, she did not notice the wonder on her sister's face as Lanley went out with her, saying: "Homeward bound, little girl."

At her house Lanley stopped; in his voice something she could not understand was sounding. "Alice, I want you to go to all these dances with me—will you?"

Astonished, she looked down into his face; the light from the street-lamp fell upon it, and she saw how deeply serious he was. "Why, I will be glad, indeed, to go Will, as long as you want me."

He gave her hand a hard squeeze. "Thanks, little girl. Now, good night."

The next morning her sister came out from her room. "Alice, did you have any make-up on your face?"

"Grace Butler! what a question!"

"Oh, don't feel bad about it; but you looked so—well—anyway—I guess I will smile at Will; he certainly looked pretty handsome last night."

Alice's face fell, but she said nothing. When Will came the next day, she went in to see him, leaving Alice sitting white faced and hurt. But that passed, for in a moment Grace founced out, saying: "He wants you," very shortly.

She went in to the smiling Lanley, and later returned reporting that he wanted her to go to one of the big plays that evening.

The days went by, and Lanley was faithful, and—something more.

It came to the crisis one evening. He had come to see her and brought her a great bouquet of the flowers he had looked she loved. She had dressed as she knew he liked to see her, in a simple white. As he came her the flowers, he stood off and looked at her.

"Be graceful, little girl, you make a picture—that's right—blush! That pure white dress, that thin white hair, and that rose in each cheek—go! I wish I was an artist!"

Suddenly, before she knew he had caught her into his arms, flowers and all; in his eyes was the wonder-light; in his voice the deep tenderness of true love. "Alice, that day, came—you know—something came over me like a flash—I loved you then, and day by day it has been growing. Everything is so I can ask you now—do you love me?"

She hid her face in the flowers, but he found her lips.

After he had gone she went straight to her mother with the glad news. Her mother smiled. "I knew it, dear, he told me he was going to," she said, softly.

"Mother," she put her hands around her mother's neck, "tell me what has made the change? He said I was pretty; they never used to say so."

The mother smiled again at the frank question. "Dearie, all this while you have been keeping at home, helping me, glad to do the little home tasks, uncomplainingly, unenvying the girls who could and did go, something in this girl's heart of yours has been growing more and more winsome, and all the while, too, here you have been free from the worries of things of the heart, and when love called you something woke—I saw it in your eyes the first night, Grace saw it in your cheeks, and Will saw it—everywhere."

"But it's wonderful, mother."

The mother's eyes were misty.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

turn the leaves of your COMFORT Remedy Book; you may save a doctor's call.

I have three little books I named, "COMFORT Model Book." My old COMFORTS received when I was a girl were worn and yellow, but I cut out all the pretty quilt and crochet designs and pasted them in a little book, so that when I wanted a model to work in, I could, or to piece a quilt, or make some little pin-cushions or anything, I take out my COMFORT Model Books and am certain to find just what I want. Try making a couple of these books sisters!

Mrs. Finks. I am glad you found a remedy for your little girl's sore navel. Sisters write this remedy down in your COMFORT Remedy Book. It may be of use some day.

I have five little ones from nine to one year, and all information or advice about children I like to read best.

Long live dear old COMFORT, with love to all the sisters. I remain, your COMFORT sister,

Mrs. M. F. JACQUET, Lafayette, La.

TO OUR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS: In answer to I have a few "ways" to pass along. In answer to the sisters that have asked about the common goat, yes, their milk is fine. I know of a baby that was taken from its mother with no hopes and put on goat's milk and was soon well and fat.

A never-failing remedy for hiccup is to give one teaspoon of sugar, then drink plenty of water. I have never seen it fail. Always add enough water to moisten sugar when giving it to young babies.

Now I want to tell the sisters how I make beautiful, lasting rugs. Take a large, heavy tow sack, rip open and face raw edges. Then take more tow sacks and cut in strips six inches wide, being sure to cut straight. A large sack will cut nine strips. I used sixteen sacks. You now unravel strips from each edge to center, leaving six or eight threads in center of each strip, then double your strips and stitch on the large sack one quarter of an inch apart. Be careful to stitch on straight. When rug is finished wash in warm soap suds, wring out and put in pot of boiling water to which two packages of fadeless dye has been added. Boil thirty minutes, rinse and hang out to dry. Shake it every hour while drying so it will be fluffy. Try this sisters, they are lasting and beautiful.

I would be glad if some of the sisters would send me a root of Jackman vine, or rooted roses. I am a dear lover of flowers and have a flower garden every year.

I am thirty-six years old, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, brown hair and eyes, have been married eight years and have two sweet little girls, Lena seven and Maggie five. I enjoy the sisters' letters more than I can tell you.

Mrs. ADDIE COLEMAN CLARK, McKenzie, R. 8, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I wish to send you and the sisters, for the month we celebrate "Mothers' Day," the tribute I have paid in verse to my dear departed mother, Mary Mason Perkins, who died May 19th, 1909. Her childhood days were spent in the state of Michigan, her father being one of the first settlers. It was the hardships and privations of early days that broke her down and made her the invalid she was all the later years of her life. But it was those very hardships and privations that made such noble men and women in those days. The thought for my tribute to my mother was given me by what Abraham Lincoln said of his mother.

"All that I am or all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

My Mother
"I owe to my angel mother
All I am or hope to be,"
Even to my hopes of Heaven
That fair land across death's sea.

Oh, how carefully she taught me
Through my happy, careless youth,
To be honest, ever faithful
E'er to stand for right and truth.

So in years past, when I've wandered
In forbidden paths of sin,
'Twas the memory of her teaching
Brought me back to Christ again.

And that mother, who lies sleeping
Now beneath the churchyard sod,
Showed through all her life's long journey
That she ever walked with God.

In loving remembrance.
MABEL L. LANGDON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I think some of you probably have the same trouble I did in making bread. I never could tell how it would turn out. A friend finally showed me a way that has never failed and I am so thankful I would like to pass it on.

Will tell something about myself. We live in the ranch and mining state of Montana, about four miles from the Canada line. We have no ranch, but one hundred and forty acres of coal land. The coal lays about fifty feet under the ground. We sell about one thousand tons a year for six dollars a ton right here at the mine. The place is twenty-five miles from the railroad so people come as far as thirty miles for their coal. We make a very good living here and I am sorry we are to sell out soon, but my husband's health is failing. We have from three to six men working all the time and we are boarding them all so I have my hands full, with three small children besides, and often have to do all the work myself, as it is hard to get a girl here for housework. But I don't think it is so hard for me, as it is for many others. I always treat a working girl the way I would like to be treated myself. I think you should let a girl know from the start just how much work you expect from her. It makes it much easier for a girl if she knows. I know some women who will turn up more work for the girl as soon as she is through and never allow her to sit down to rest or read. I don't blame a girl if she soon gets tired of such a place. Would like to hear some of the sisters' opinion on this subject.

I like COMFORT very much, but best of all the Sisters' Corner.

Mrs. JOHN S. ODELL, West Butte, Mont.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I wish to thank all the dear sisters for the many kind and loving letters they sent me; also the little children who sent Walter so many pretty post-cards. Dear little Ben and girls. Many a day of sunshine did you send into his little life.

I now come to tell you we buried dear little Walter

Feb. 23rd; after two months of severe sickness, he passed quietly away one evening just at dusk. So quietly and peacefully did he give up his little life that we did not know he was gone until about half an hour afterwards, and I think God that he went to his rest so easy and peacefully for he had suffered his death many times before the end came. Little Walter is missed in our home; he is missed by every member of the family. But oh, words fail to tell how I miss him, the one that I had held in my arms for almost seven years; the one that could not do one thing for himself and I did it for him. Only those who have had the care of such, can understand how mother misses him.

Dear sisters, I received so many letters of sympathy, letters of love and letters of advice, and many peaceful hours have I spent in reading your letter and the literature, but it was impossible for me to answer each person. I answered many and sent cards to some little afflicted children who had remembered Walter.

Isn't COMFORT's family a grand one? When one of its sisters sends in a letter of their home cares, trials and affliction, how quickly do the kind hearts of the others respond with words of cheer, love, sympathy, advice and their material aid if needs be. We hope COMFORT's family grows larger and larger each year and with such characters as Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie at the head it will never lose the Christ spirit in which to do its great and noble work.

With best wishes for all,
Mrs. DAISY ABBELL, Dugger, Ind.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps.

SODA BISCUIT.—One teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of soda, two cups of buttermilk, lard the size of an egg. Enough flour to make smooth dough and stir as much as possible. Roll one half inch thick, bake in hot oven.

VEAL LOAF.—Two pounds of veal chopped fine, two coffee cups of moistened bread crumbs, two eggs, one tablespoon of mixed salt and pepper and a little butter. Mix all together. Bake about one hour.

BLUEBERRY PIE.—Line a deep tin with plain or chopped paste. Brush with water or white of egg. Fill with floured blueberries, tablespoon of butter, pinch of salt, one half teaspoon of vinegar, and sugar to the proportion of one cup to three of berries. Cover with crust and bake.

Mrs. JULIA GOODKIN, Sank City, R. E. 1, Wis.

SPAGHETTI.—Cook one half pound of spaghetti in boiling salted water. Stew two green sweet peppers till tender, add one pint of hot canned tomato and butter size of large walnut. Add all to spaghetti and stew until liquor is nearly boiled away. Serve with grated cheese.

A good substitute for and more nourishing than potatoes.

Mrs. B. M. KEENEY, Waterford, Conn.

HOME-MADE MUSTARD.—Two tablespoons of sugar, one of mustard, one of corn-starch and three of sweet milk, one half cup of vinegar, one egg well beaten, salt and pepper. Mix all together and cook in a double boiler five minutes. One teaspoon of tumeric gives it a rich color.

JELLY COOKIES.—One and one half cup of sugar creamed with one half cup of lard or butter. Add one cup of flour, pinch of salt, one half cup of sour milk, one half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of vanilla and flour enough to handle. Do not mix too hard or roll too thin. On each cookie put a small piece of jelly, and sprinkle with sugar. These are fit for a king!

WASHINGTON CAKE.—One cup of sugar, small piece of butter, one egg, one cup of milk, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar mixed with two cups of flour. Flavor. Bake in round tins.

FILLING.—One cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoon of corn-starch, four tablespoons of sugar, pinch of salt. Cook in a double boiler and flavor with lemon. Spread on top and between the cakes.

Mrs. GERTRUDE LITTLEFIELD, Guilford, R. 2, Maine.

CORN MEAL MUSH.—Take one pint of corn meal and one teaspoon of salt, and put in a pan with enough cold water to mix smooth. Add three tablespoons of rich sweet milk, and last two quarts of boiling water and stir over the fire until it gets thick; it will take about twenty minutes. Set back and cook slowly half an hour or longer which improves the flavor.

ANGEL CAKE.—First scald tin, and flour by shaking a little around in the pan. For a measure I use a glass that holds just twenty-two tablespoons of water, one and one half glass of sugar sifted seven times; also one glass of flour sifted seven times. The whites of twelve eggs and a tiny pinch of salt beaten stiff with egg beater. Add one rounding teaspoon of cream of tartar and beat again until it looks dry.

Add sugar next, two tablespoons at a time beaten in. Then the flour, folding in a little at a time with the hand. Flavor and pour in this without smoothing top. Bake in very moderate oven with a pan of warm water on the grate over cake. Should not brown for first twenty minutes, then gradually. Bake about one and one quarter hour. Try with a broom straw and if done will not adhere. Take from oven, turn upside down with tube of pan resting on a teacup. Remove when cold.

Mrs. JAS. D. OFFUTT, Bowling Green, R. 6, Mo.

PARSNIPS.—Boil in salted water until tender, throw in cold water and peel. Slice lengthwise, dip in melted butter, salt a little, roll in flour and fry in butter until brown on both sides.

Mrs. NELLIE COOPER, Waymansville, Ind.

DOUGHNUTS.—One and one half cup sugar, two eggs, one cup of sour milk mixed with one teaspoon of soda; then add two tablespoons of butter or melted lard. Mix to handle well, roll, and use cutter with hole in center. Fry in hot lard to a golden brown. Have lard enough in vessel so they will swim around and not turn until they come to the top.

Mrs. C. F. SMITH, Williamsburg, Ohio.

EASY WAY TO MAKE GOOD BREAD.—At noon when you have your potatoes take about one quart of cold water and pour in a stone jar. When lukewarm put in one and a half yeast cake, and let stand till five o'clock, then stir in flour enough to make a soft batter. About nine o'clock in the evening, add one quart of lukewarm water, one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of sugar, and then mix stiff with flour. Set in a greased dish over night. In the morning knead down. Let rise again, and then make into loaves; this will make six good-sized ones. Keep sponge and dough in a moderately warm place.

Mrs. J. S. ODELL, West Butte, Montana.

COFFEE PUDDING.—Mix one third cup of corn-starch with one quarter cupful of sugar and one quarter cup of cold milk and stir into two and three quarters cups of boiling coffee. Strain through cheese-cloth to remove grounds. Cook for ten minutes, then fold into mixture the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, add one half teaspoon vanilla and pour in a dish. When cold chill on ice and serve with plain cream.

CREAM OF BEET SOUP.—Peel and chop beets, then cook till soft, mash, add little onion juice, salt, pepper, and pint rich milk, thicken with tablespoon of butter, creamed with a little flour and milk, mix thoroughly and cook until smooth and creamy.

Mrs. TULA STRICKLAND, Swanton, Minn.

HOME-CURED PORK.—For each eighty pounds of pork, use two ounces of pulverized saltpeter, four ounces of brown sugar, one quart of salt. Have meat perfectly cold, mix and dampen slightly, and rub all over the meat, specially at the bone ends. Lay skin side down on boards nine days. Then rub thoroughly with dry salt, all that will adhere to meat. Let lay three days longer, then it is ready to smoke, or can be left dry salt pork by hanging up about two weeks to dry before packing. If used soon, smoke bacon one and one half days, hams three days; but if kept for summer use, smoke bacon three days and hams five days. Rub with a dry cloth, sprinkle each piece with black pepper. Put each piece in a separate sack that has been washed and stretched, to which has been added a tablespoon of cayenne pepper. Hang in a dark, dry and cool place, or pack in dry shelled corn. Better still is to pack in dry sifted coal ashes, but do not use ashes if any wood has been burned with the coal.

Mrs. ELSIEA STED, Longmont, Colo.

EXTRACT.—Grated rind of one lemon or orange and two tablespoons of pure alcohol. Let stand twenty-four hours, strain and add two tablespoons of water. Ready for use.

Mrs. TILLIE SIMPSON, Enley, Okla.

GINGERBREAD.—Beat together two cups of good molasses and two beaten eggs, add ten tablespoons of butter and lard mixed, three cups of flour and two teaspoons of soda. Beat well and add two thirds cup of boiling water and ginger or other flavoring. Beat again.

LENA GRAVES, Roxie, R. 1, Miss.

APPLE PUDDING.—Cut six apples and have ready a cup of raisins or currants, or both mixed, a few raised crackers and a cup of sweet milk. Put some cracker crumbs in a pudding pan, add a layer of apples, then raisins, and so on till all are used. Add sugar



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to each layer. Pour over all the milk and a few bits of butter. Bake thoroughly.

PUDDING SAUCE.—One cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, two spoons of flour, two thirds cup of boiling water. Boil till consistency of syrup.

COLD SLAW.—Chop fine a small head of cabbage, add salt and pepper, three large spoons of vinegar and one half cup of rich, sweet cream. Delicious!

MEAT AND POTATO CAKES.—Take mashed potatoes and meat left from dinner and make a nice dish. Any boiled meat is nice. Run it through meat cutter, mix with potato, season with salt and pepper, and I like a bit of onion. Make into small cakes, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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Mrs. TULA STRICKLAND, Swanton, Minn.

HOME-CURED PORK.—For each eighty pounds of pork, use two ounces of pulverized saltpeter, four ounces of brown sugar, one quart of salt. Have meat perfectly cold, mix and dampen slightly, and rub all over the meat, specially at the bone ends. Lay skin side down on boards nine days. Then rub thoroughly with dry salt, all that will adhere to meat. Let lay three days longer, then it is ready to smoke, or can be left dry salt pork by hanging up about two weeks to dry before packing. If used soon, smoke bacon one and one half days, hams three days; but if kept for summer use, smoke bacon three days and hams five days. Rub with a dry cloth, sprinkle each piece with black pepper. Put each piece in a separate sack that has been washed and stretched, to which has been added a tablespoon of cayenne pepper. Hang in a dark, dry and cool place, or pack in dry shelled corn. Better still is to pack in dry sifted coal ashes, but do not use ashes if any wood has been burned with the coal.

Mrs. ELSIEA STED, Longmont, Colo.

EXTRACT.—Grated rind of one lemon or orange and two tablespoons of pure alcohol. Let stand twenty-four hours, strain and add two tablespoons of water. Ready for use.

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

THE month of flowers brings with it many pleasures and outdoor sports. The fish in the creek are leaping and seem defying anyone to catch them. The swimming hole will soon be full of happy, splashing boys. Kites will be made, wagons repaired and oiled up, and then you will want some plan that you haven't tried yet something that is not old and hackneyed. Look over the list of ideas I have gotten together here and see if they are not just what you have been looking for.

Bird Trap

Some birds are a veritable pest and it is no violation of the nature loving spirit to try and be rid of them. The trap pictured herewith will be found effective in the campaign against crows and blackbirds and other crop destroyers.



UNSUSPECTING ANY DANGER THE BIRD IS MADE A PRISONER.

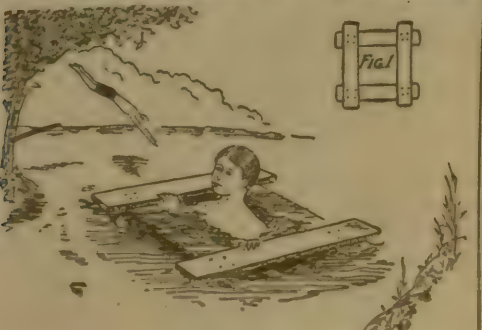
with mortise and tenon as shown in Fig. 2 form the device which springs the trap. In the picture "R" is a rubber band stretched tight. When the bird alights near the bait "B" the perch gives way and the tension of the rubber springs the door shut. The bait should be placed an inch or so inside the box so that the captive in falling, will strike the door.

Filling Cracks in Floor

Cracks in floors do not look good and furthermore they are not sanitary because they catch and hold dirt. A paste for filling them can be made from newspapers soaked in a pulp, and mixed with three quarts of water, one half pound of flour, one half pound of alum. The mixture must be boiled until it gets to the consistency of putty. It is pressed into the cracks with a knife and will harden and last practically forever. It is also fireproof and resists water.

Swimming Raft

One glance at this picture will show you how to make this raft and how to use it too, but you must really own one to fully realize the fun they are responsible for. I know enough



IT INSURES SAFETY IN LEARNING.

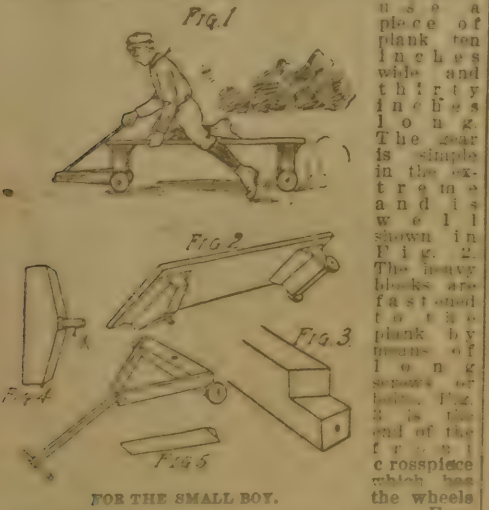
about boys to predict that they will find dozens of ways to use it that even I could not foresee so I will say no more only to urge you to spike a few planks together and have some real sport at the old swimming hole.

The Glass Under the Hat

Place a glass of water on the table and having put a hat over it, offer to bet any of the company that you will drink the water without raising the hat. When the wager is accepted request that everyone refrain from touching the hat and get under the table and begin to gurgle and smack your lips as though you were drinking. After a minute or so has elapsed come from under the table and say to the person who accepted the bet, "Now sir." His credulity and curiosity will cause him to raise the hat to see if the water really has been drunk and when he does so, you pick up the glass and drain it. Then you can truthfully say, "My friend you have lost. I have drank the water without raising the hat."

Wagon

Here is a pleasure cart that will give you more exercise per mile than any thing I know of, and the best part of it is you can make it yourself at little or no expense. For the top platform



FOR THE SMALL BOY.

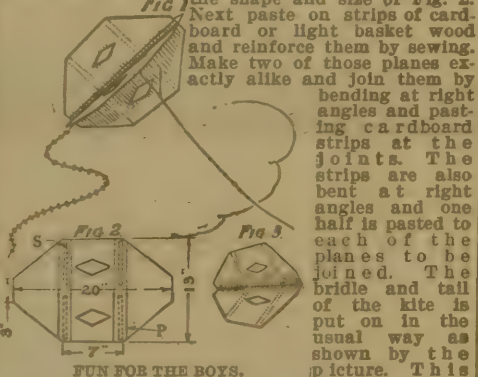
where the seat is, there must be a crosspiece which has the wheels on. For machinery. The wheels fit over bolts, and the steering pin "X" is also a bolt. The wagon is pushed by the boy backward as the boy in the picture is doing.

Origin of the Circus

When boys see the flaming banners and watch the magnificent circus parades of today little do they think of the humble way in which this great enterprise began. It dates back to the year 1770 when Phillip Astley, a discharged English soldier gave exhibitions of horsemanship in a ring at Lambeth, England. His success was instantaneous, and great crowds fought for a chance to pay their money to see him perform. Soon he was enabled to build a larger place, and his wife, the first woman circus rider, and several others were added to the program. In the year 1780 he opened to the public a large and costly amphitheater and still it was too small for the crowds. The place was burned down thrice and as many times rebuilt. The present structure which is still known as "Astley's," is one of the finest in the world. It is now the home of a modern circus.

A Wing Kite

Here is something different in the kite line. Out of a large sheet of tough manilla paper cut the shape and size of Fig. 2.



FUN FOR THE BOYS.

made and is a good flier when the breeze is not very strong. You may make it smaller than the plan shows with good results.

I receive many letters from readers concerning those problems but I would like to get many more. I wish to find out if you like this feature of the column. If you do drop me a card.

The Human Blood

The blood in a full-grown man of normal health and size weighs about twelve pounds. The blood itself is colorless but carries millions of tiny particles called corpuscles. There are two kinds of these, the red and the white. The red ones give the color to the blood and their duty is to carry oxygen to all parts of the body and keep it alive. Oxygen is the pure part of the air that you breathe and is retained by the system. The white particles are watchmen and absorb anything in the blood that should not be there. When germs of disease enter the blood these white corpuscles attack them and a fight for supremacy ensues. If the germs are victorious the person dies but if the white little soldiers win health is regained. So you see the necessity of keeping your blood in good order. The one way to do this is to supply it with plenty of oxygen by taking plenty of outdoor exercise, the chief form of which is good, old-fashioned work.

A Paper Windmill

For the wee lads who cannot be expected to handle heavy tools this little paper toy will furnish great amusement.



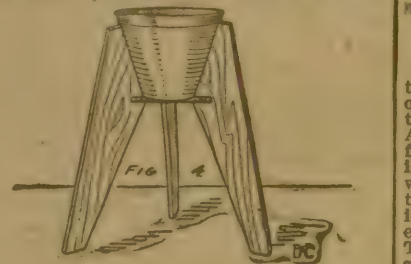
EASY TO MAKE.

The Ocean's Depth

According to eminent authority the greatest known depth of the ocean is midway between the islands of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The bottom was here reached at a depth of 36,236 feet, which is about eight and three fourths miles, and exceeds the loftiest mountain, Mt. Hercules, by 13,000 feet. The average depth of all the oceans is from two thousand to three thousand fathoms.

Simplicity Plant Stand

This three-legged plant stand is so very simple that I have given it the name that appears at the head of this article. There are only four pieces used in the construction and three of them are alike. From a board which may be either hardwood or pine, cut out the three legs according to the diagram given in the center of the cut.

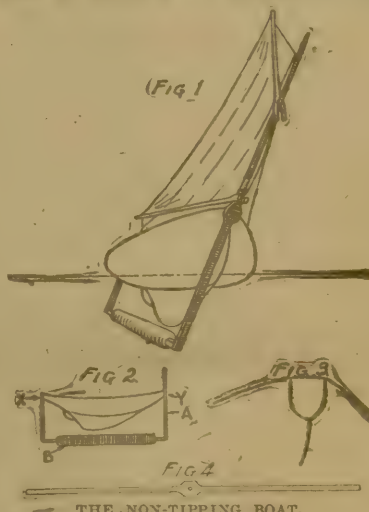


SIMPLE IN DESIGN.

Next comes the triangular piece shown by Fig. 2. The notches in the corners of this piece and those in the legs are one inch deep. They should fit snugly. A thin coating of glue is brushed on just before you put them together for the last time. If the stand is to be for the porch or lawn it should be painted a grass green color but if it is to be used inside it should be finished in light or dark oak.

A Queer Boat

Boys have been making boat models since the beginning of time but I doubt if any of you ever made one like the sailing craft shown here. The unusual part of it is that it is practically non-tipping. This device I will explain. It consists of a piece Fig. 4 which forms the mast and the part that swings under the boat. Fasten it to the boat by driving a nail through the hole into the prow or head end. At the stern of the boat



THE NON-TIPPING BOAT.

there is a shorter pole "X" fastened in the same way. At and between the lower ends of these poles a weighted crosspiece is fastened, "B." When the wind blows on the sail and threatens to capsize the boat the weight offers resistance and if it is lifted, a little it will drop and right the craft as soon as the wind dies out. Make the model and try it. Perhaps it could be applied to a large boat.

Try This and Then Explain

Take any printed book and open its pages at random, and select a word within the first ten lines and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Double the number of the page and multiply the sum by 5. Then add 20. Then add the number of the line you have selected. Then add 5. Multiply the sum by 10. Add the number of the word in the line. From this now subtract 250. The remainder will indicate in the unit column, the number of the word; in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.



The King's Pie

Here is the famous blackbird pie that was set before the king. This one has only seven birds in it and the king has been told that with three strokes of the knife it may be cut into seven pieces, each one containing a bird. The king is very proud of his knowledge and ability and does not like to give up. Can you tell him how the cutting ought to be done?

Pure Drinking Water

Impure drinking water is the cause of typhoid fever and many other diseases. The country districts are more apt to become careless about this important matter than the cities, because they deem any water that looks clean to be all right. There is always a great deal of typhoid in the farming communities, mainly due to the fact that the cattle and other breeding creatures are permitted to go too close to the wells. Here is a simple means of purifying your drinking water. If you take the hint and use it in time it may be the means of saving lives. Mix a level teaspoonful of chloride of lime with a cupful of water and when it is thoroughly dissolved add three more cupfuls. Now when you get a pail of water put one teaspoonful of the mixture to every two gallons and in ten minutes it will destroy all the disease breeding germs without giving the water any taste or odor.

Answer to the Indian Blanket Puzzle
The above drawing shows how the blanket was cut into two parts that fit together perfectly.

The Aurora Borealis

This is the name given to bright lights seen toward the north of the heavens by the people of the higher latitudes. During the winter of the northern hemisphere the inhabitants of the Arctic zone are without the light of the sun for months at a time, and the long dreary spell is relieved by this beautiful meteor, which occurs with great frequency. Those who have explored the Southern seas have seen the same phenomena in the direction of the South Pole. In the Southern Hemisphere they call it the Aurora Australis. The lights are sometimes of different hues and spread out like a fan or the spokes of a wheel.

May Nuts to Crack

1.—A grocer sold one person 5 pounds of coffee and 3 pounds of sugar, for 79 cents; and to another 3 pounds of coffee and 5 pounds of sugar, for 73 cents, prices being the same. What is each worth per pound?
2.—In a flock of 28 sheep there is one black one for each six white ones. How many of each kind are there?
3.—Said the child to the father, "How does it come, that you're my father and I'm not your son?"
You should be able to work out those problems without any help from your elders. They are of an every-day nature, selected with great care for the purpose of testing your reasoning powers. Look here for the answers next month.

April Answers

1.—40 and 42. 2.—A has \$500, B has \$700. 3.—An April fool lie.

There now I will leave you for another month. You may possibly need a little help and I stand ready to give it at all times. The one condition is that you inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. It is true that most of the questions I get are fully answered by the pictures, but even so I will cheerfully give you any advice and support in all your mechanical work and studies.

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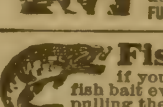
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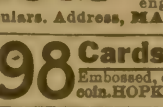
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

roll in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs, fry in hot fat till golden brown.

Mrs. LILYTH E. MITCHELL, Rock River, Wyo.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of corn meal, two cups of graham flour (whole wheat flour may be used if preferred), two teaspoons of soda, one half teaspoon of salt, two cups of sour milk and one half cup of New Orleans molasses. Beat and steam three hours.

GENEVIENE LENT, 8 Park Ave., Norwalk, Ohio.

CREAM TOMATO SOUP.—Bring to a boil and then strain one quart can of tomatoes. Return to stove and when boiling add a pinch of soda to prevent milk from curdling. Now add one pint each of milk and cream, salt, pepper and celery salt, and slightly thicken with flour wet with cold water. Serve with toasted crackers.

To Cure PORK FOR SUMMER USE.—Two ounces of saltpeter, four pounds of brown sugar, eight pounds of salt and one half pound of black pepper, to two hundred pounds of meat which must be thoroughly cold. Mix well together, and rub half the above amount into the meat and place on boards sprinkled with about an inch of salt to prevent molding. Place the boards in a dry, cool place, let meat remain two weeks, then rub in the remainder of the "cure." Rub well into the back and into the joints. Less of the "cure" should be used on the sides than on the thick hams. After it is well rubbed let it lie about six weeks when it is ready to hang, or to improve the flavor, by smoking slowly a little each day until it is a straw color. After the smoking is finished, sprinkle it well with borax to keep the flies from it, and put in flour sacks and hang in dark place.

Mrs. EDITH MARTIN, Monroeville, Ind.

Remedies

GALL-STONES.—I have been a sufferer from gall-stones and having found a simple remedy I wish to pass it on.

Gather the pear-shaped pods of prickly pear cactus. I take a paring knife cutting each pod off at the narrow joining. Thrust the point of knife through pod taking care not to touch the cactus as it is covered with fine thorns that are hard to remove if you get them in your flesh. Wash cactus by pushing about in water with knife point and carefully removing feathers, leaves, etc. Put it into a basin, three pods to five cups of water boiling hot. Boil a few minutes, remove and strain liquid into another dish, using a cloth which should immediately be thrown away, as well as cactus, using fresh water every day.

I repeat, be careful about it all, for while it is not poisonous the thorns are extremely disagreeable. Take four cups a day. This dissolves the gall-stones. This cactus grows in Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, S. Dakota, and perhaps other states. Where it doesn't grow wild perhaps it could be obtained from a drug-store.

MISS ELLA TERPENING, Greenwich, Box 74, Kans.

COBNS.—Apply camphor-ice each night. Can be procured at the drug-store.

EARACHE.—Often caused by hardened wax. Drop into the ear a few drops of warm olive oil.

Mrs. LOIS BURSON, Frolona, R. R. 2, Ga.

CONSTIPATION.—Take a teaspoon of whole flaxseed after each meal. These are easy to take and have a pleasant effect.

Mrs. I. C. TREADWAY, Wilmington, R. R. 7, Ohio.

FROST BITES.—Bathe the feet in hot water and rub them well with turpentine, and as soon as this dries in rub with Castor oil. Wear old stockings to bed. Give this treatment every night until cured.

EDNA WILLIAMS, Armona, Cal.

TOOTHACHE.—A little table salt placed in the cavity of a tooth will often stop pain.

VOMITING.—White of egg beaten stiff sometimes allays nausea and vomiting.

Mrs. NANCY MULLIS, Norman Park, R. R. 2, Ga.

BOILS.—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it off carefully, wet and apply. It will draw out the matter and relieve soreness in a few hours.

EARACHE.—Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip in sweet oil and place in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep warm.

POISONING.—The severe itching and smarting produced by poison oak may be relieved by first bathing in a solution of soda water, two teaspoons to a pint of water, and then applying cloths wet with extract of witch hazel. Take dose of epsom salts internally.

Mrs. FRANCES GRAHAM, Alcoln, S. O.

FROST BITES.—Take fresh lard and mix with it all the black gunpowder that you possibly can. Bind it on frost bites.

ITCHING.—Take warm lard or goose grease and add enough sulphur to make it the consistency of salve. Apply as convenient.

ALMA L. LOY, Hitchcock, R. R. 1, Okla.

NEURALGIA.—Wring a cloth out of scalding hot vinegar and inhale the fumes. If necessary repeat one hour. This is also good for cold in the head, and used daily will help catarrh.

Mrs. GEO. A. NELSON, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

A good furniture polish is made from equal parts of boiled linseed oil, turpentine and vinegar. Shake well and apply sparingly.

Mrs. JULIA GOODYEAR, Sank City, R. R. 1, Wis.

To clean hard wood floors, add to two quarts of water a piece of soap the size of a walnut, three table-spoons of turpentine and two of linseed oil, and use with cloth.

M. E. HAGGERTY, Red Lake Falls, Minn.

Velveteen is washable if properly done. Use a soapy water same as for flannels, rinsing thoroughly. Do not wring by twisting, as it will give a shaded appearance, but press out the water with the hands, shake and hang to dry near the stove, with right side toward heat, which raises the pile.—Ed.

Friction caused by shoes slipping at the heel is what wears out the heels of children's stockings so rapidly. Here is a suggestion worth trying: When boots and shoes are new, take a strip of cambric or thin, soft leather about two inches wide and long enough to reach from heel to top of shoe where it is securely fastened far enough down to keep in place when shoe is put on. This prolongs both the wear of stockings and boots.—Ed.

When frying doughnuts have a pan of boiling water on the stove and after lifting the doughnuts out of fat, dip quickly in the water, this removes the surplus fat and they are more wholesome.

Mrs. L. C. TREADWAY, Wilmington, R. R. 7, Ohio.

If one has trouble with shoe-buttons coming off, take a strong shoestring, fasten at top of shoe above first button on the inside, make a small hole with a sharp knife large enough for shank of buttons to pass through and draw shoestring through each shank then fasten below last button, pass through again and sew at the top on the inside of shoe. This many times saves a sore foot as a clinched button often makes a scratch.

Mrs. ALMA OBERLIN, Barborton, R. R. 35, Ohio.

A better kerosene light is obtained by soaking wick in vinegar before placing in lamp.

To repair a cracked stove make cement of wood ashes and salt in equal proportions, reduced to a paste with cold water. Fill in cracks while stove is cold and it will soon harden.

To kill cabbage worms, take a teaspoon of salt to a pail of water. Apply with watering pot. It kills the worms without hurting the cabbage at all. Another good way to drive them off is by dusting cayenne pepper upon the cabbage while wet with dew. Repeat the operation once a week if necessary.

Mrs. FRANCES GRAHAM, Alcoln, S. O.

Requests

Alma L. Loy, Hitchcock, R. R. 1, Okla., remedy for rheumatism in hip and shoulder joints.

Mrs. Marion Culver, Clarkston, Washington; invalid; letters.

Mrs. Jacob J. Olfert, Numedahl, N. Dak., remedy for heart burn.

Recipe for orange marmalade.—Ed.

Miss Julia L. Mills, Middlebury, R. R. 3, Vt., letters from Colorado and Arkansas.

Mrs. E. Huntley, 934 Dwight St., Holyoke, Mass., directions for making night lamp.

Mrs. Alice Wheeler, Antigo, Box 174, Wis., letter

to COMFORT regarding climate, country, water, etc., of Roanoke, Lynchburg Co., Va.

Miss Lizzie Wiggins, Robersonville, R. E. 3, N. C., flower seeds.

Mrs. Walter Williams, Georgetown, Colorado, remedy for Bright's disease.

Mrs. Daisy Bump, Brethren, Mich., invalid, pieces and reading.

Mrs. J. M. Shakes, McClellanville, S. C., how to dry figs, can tomatoes and to dry pears and keep worms from them.

Mrs. Jerome Triplett, Lenoir, Box 524, Caldwell Co., N. C., information about Guinea pigs.

Silver Threads Among the Gold

Darling, I am growing old.
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away;
But my darling, you will be, will be—
Always young and fair to me;
Yes! my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say—
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone—
You have never older grown;
Yes! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown!

CHORUS.

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold;
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know,
Never, never winter's frost and chill;
Summer warmth is in them still;
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.

CHORUS.

Love is always young and fair,
What to us is silver hair?
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Since I kissed you mine alone,
You have never older grown.

CHORUS.

Submitted by
Mrs. LILLIE HUNT, Ruby, R. E. 1, S. O.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed, as in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted, information regarding whereabouts of John Robinson (widower) or family, age about forty-eight years. Last heard of in Grand Forks, N. Dak., about twelve years ago. Write his sister, Mrs. James Duncan, South Boardman, R. E. 1, Mich.

I would like to correspond with anyone by name of Capenour, address, Mrs. Sarah Mains, Horton, Kansas.

Want to know the whereabouts of Paul Jones' brothers or heirs, last heard from years ago at Rolla, Mo. Write to Mrs. E. J. Chauvin (nee Young), Orange, Texas.

Wanted information of John Hilliard or family, last heard of in Texas Co., Mo. Write to Levy Jones, Maysville, Wash.

Information of Hiram A. Carter, age forty-five, blue eyes, fair complexion, heavy set, write his daughter, Cora Carter, Grandin, Mo.

Information wanted of William Kohler, last heard of in Memphis, Tenn. in 1909. Write his sister, Mrs. Chas. Vollmers, 240 51st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. J. M. Barrall of Barrallton, Ky. wants information of her brother, T. Everett Ramsey, last heard from in Minneapolis, Minn.

Anyone that will inform me whereabouts of Virgie Cary, wife of Ned Cary, one son Raymond, will oblige O. B. Whalen, Vansant, Ky.

Want to hear from Isadore Dordelingham, last heard of in September, 1890, in New York City and Philadelphia. Write his sister, Mrs. Adolph Hangi, Sterling, R. E. 2, Mich.

Wanted information of Hiram A. Carter, age forty-five, blue eyes, fair complexion, heavy set. Write his daughter, Cora Carter, Grandin, Mo.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Mamie Silveria, Grant, Cal. M. A. Wright, Gal. brith.

La. Mrs. E. E. Truitt, Independence, Iowa.

Miss Minnie Devan, Sharon, Conn. Ernest Johnson, Waterville, Me. Mrs. J. Hanson, West Willington, Box 67, Conn. Ella Sterling, 35 Spring St., Amster-

dam, N. Y. Miss Blanche Rood, New Haven, R. 75, W. Va. Elmer Hurley, El Cajon, Cal. John A. Bix-

nour, Wallace, Box 66, Nebr. Frank S. Telberg, 734 E. 18th St., Erie, Pa. Miss Cecil Koeppe, 2242 S. Central Park, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Frances Barrick,

Burton, W. Va. Otto Louis Koenig, U. S. S. Wisconsin, New York, N. Y. Care Postmaster, Carl E. Johnson, Stockholm, R. E. 2, Box 16, Wis. Care C. Forslund, Miss Jennie L. Hubbell, Nausatuck, R. R. Conn. Mrs. Cora Noyes, Tilton, R. E. 2, Box 50.

N. H. Mrs. Emma McKaskle, Extension, La. William Humphrey, Blanchard, La. W. L. Martin, Bea-

mar, Box 104, Texas.

The Cooked Goose

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

It was a broad hint; Shafner hurriedly started for the door. Osborn picked up his coat and hat, and started to follow. The twilight outside was no deeper than the twilight in his heart.

As he started, he felt something on his arm; it was a small, white hand, and a voice said: "Wait."

"Yes, wait," Gradson's voice echoed, "a man who faces the future of a new life needs encouragement; and if you go out, you won't return. Stay. I will be back in a short while."

Osborn turned as if he had heard what was unbelievable. The old man had gone, and he was looking down into dark eyes that were the most wonderful in the world; and a voice that was the sweetest, it seemed to him, said, softly: "Jackson, I want to be your encouragement—may I?"

But he could not trust himself to speak; he simply drew her tightly into his arms; and she understood without the spoken answer.

LAKE WITH A ROOF OF SALT.—Near Obdorsk, Siberia, there is a natural curiosity in the shape of a lake about 10 by 10 miles in size, with a roof of salt. Up to a few years ago, this lake was open water, but even then, the salt began to crystallize on its surface until it formed a solid floor. The level of the water at the same time lowered, so that the salt now remains in the form of a vaulted roof covering the whole lake.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes the merry month of May when all the world is bright and gay, my dears, and we all look ahead into June forgetting the cold of winter the heat of summer. I think that is why May is such a cheerful month for we are sure to be cheerful when we can forget what is disagreeable and uncomfortable. And do you know, dears, that is the beauty of work, too? If we are busy we don't have time to think of other troubles. So I'm going to stop talking and get busy.

The first question is from Anxious Heart of Harrell, Ark., and she has a dear sweetheart whom her mother forbids her to see because his uncle has created a sad disturbance in her family. She wants to know if the dear sweetheart should suffer for the sins of the uncle and I don't think he should, but I am not advising her to disobey her mother. She is only seventeen and waiting a while won't do any harm.

Brown Eyes, Dayton, O.—Wait till you are twenty and he twenty-two. Two years as sweethearts will always be a pleasant memory, and two years of preparation to meet the responsibilities of marriage will help you both to be better wife and husband. You will not find it, my dear, as happy and carefree as courtship.

Constant Reader, Birmingham, Ala.—Just why you should love a man who is so nasty jealous that he becomes "perfectly furious," if you accept the attention of any of your men friends and sulks and refuses to come to see you and breaks engagements without explanation, I don't see. If a sweetheart acts that crazy way what do you think a husband would do? Don't think that he will improve by marriage. He will be worse and you simply cannot be happy with him. As you are not engaged to him, take my advice and break it all off right now.

Palmettoite, Abbeville, S. C.—Wait until you are of age and then your father's objection may be removed. You can remove it, if it isn't. Some fathers are foolish like yours. (2) Ask anyone of several thousand women who have married drinking men on their promise that they would not drink any more after they are married, and if they tell you it is safe, then you can marry that kind.

Two Girls, Chicago, Ill.—I don't think I would bother about phoning to a young man who was careless about keeping engagements, especially if my family didn't want me to go with him. Besides he is indifferent in his apologies, and as far as I can see seems to think the girls are a good deal more anxious to have him than he is to have them. If you are of that kind of a girl you will encourage that kind of young men.

Dolly, Richmond, Va.—Notwithstanding you are intellectual and indifferent to the common variety of young men, I think you are in love with this one that doesn't seem to care. I'm sure if I cried because a young man sent a post-card to me instead of a letter and I hadn't written to him at all, I would take it as a sign that I was "perfectly wild" about him. Write to me again in September.

Selfish Miss, Pawtucket, R. I.—A young man has no right to claim the exclusive attention of a girl unless he is engaged to her. It is foolish for him to do so from the beginning make him understand that he has no claim upon her more than any other young man she likes. The best man should win and the game is free for all. And beware of marrying the man who thinks he owns a girl because he has been attentive to her, for he will want his wife to forsake the whole world for him, and no man is worth that sacrifice.

Perplexed, Norfolk, Va.—To marry in October when you are twenty and he twenty-six sounds quite idyllic to me and unless all signs fall your marriage will be a happy one. Don't worry about his mother not seeing you. I'll wager a cookie she'll see you quite as much as you want her to be very long after you are married. You have my blessing.

Troubled, Bells, Tenn.—You are another one of the foolish girls that let a young man treat you any old way he pleases and still treat him as a nice man should be treated. Gather some common sense and throw him over for all time. He is no good.

Cowslip, Ashland, Pa.—Don't bother about love and marriage if you don't love men. Women once upon a time were taught that marriage was their purpose in life, whether they went with it or not, though love was expected to be part of it. In those days, like maidens find plenty to occupy their minds besides men and marrying and most of them are better off and happier by not marrying. You have a good home and duties there to keep you busy, so just go about doing your work and singing as the birds sing. If the right man comes along your heart will tell you what to do.

Kid, Fruita, Colo.—I am glad you are sorry you let the young man kiss you every night he called and that now you want to have no more of it. It is very easy to tell him that the kissing must end, and if he is the right kind he will respect you more than he did when you kissed him. I wish there were more girls like you.

Brown Eyes, Decatur, Texas.—My, my, sixteen years old, in school and write a letter like yours to me? And about a young man, too? I hope you don't make as many mistakes in love as you do in your letter to me. Now you stop studying beans and study your grammar and spelling book.

Blue Eyes, Lansing, Tenn.—You are quite right. It is not advisable for a "girl to keep company with a young man she could not afford to marry." Even if this young man's family were all right, his ugly jealousy is enough to make him undesirable. You may not like to give him up, but if you are wise you will do so, though you may still be friends, as he is respectable enough.

S. J. M., Boyero, Colo.—As you do not care to marry to get away from your unpleasant home surroundings, my advice to you is that you get employment somewhere and make your own living. You won't be free to work as hard as you do now and you will be free from the nagging of your mother. If your mother found that you could be independent, I think she would be much nicer to you, because I am sure she doesn't want to lose you. There are hundreds of successful girls who have gone away from just such surroundings as yours.

Discouraged, Frankfort, Kans.—When a girl is twenty-seven she may say things to a man that one of twenty should not, and if I were you, I would have a heart talk with this bashful sweetheart and tell him if he wanted me he would have to make me pretty quick. He needs a far to make him wake up. If he still hangs back, you can go away from home to work and meet new people. I don't think he will let you go. Don't worry about the slight lameness.

Lonesome, Smithville, W. Va.—As you do not care seriously for the young man, do not encourage him, and devote yourself to preparation for the work in the store that you want to do. Become a capable clerk and you will be an independent woman.

Agricola, Richlieu, Ky.—Most men who want to marry girls seem to think the younger they are the better, but a sensible girl will not marry too young. If your preacher-teacher beau loves you truly he will not object to waiting a year or so for you. You teach him some common-sense marriage rules.

Brown Lily, Bellevue, Texas.—My dear, you cannot love them both. As you are but eighteen, suppose you wait three years and see if you love either of them as a girl should love the man she marries.

Troubled Lassie, Talpa, Texas.—Bear with your domestic troubles until you have prepared yourself to work outside, then make your own living and be independent. But do not go out into the world unprepared. Girls who do that invite danger. I am glad there is no man in your case.

Discontented, Decatur, Tenn.—My dear, your friends are forsaking you because you have forsaken yourself. You have got into the mopes and instead of trying to make others cheerful you are doing all you can to give them the glooms. Give yourself a good shaking, sing instead of writing, and hunt people up to give them a share of your bright spirits. Stay at home and make it cheerful, by making yourself cheerful. You can if you will.

Honoria, Olga, N. Dak.—You are foolishly sensitive to refuse to speak to a young man for sending a silly Leap Year card. You should have laughed about it, for he was your friend and it did no harm. Besides, he didn't send it, as it turned out. If you expect to get along smoothly in this life you mustn't be looking for trouble. Wait till the real kind comes. Now go ahead and talk sensibly to him and act openly on all matters of head and heart. You are old enough to do that.

Old Maid, St. Cloud, Mich.—No matter what other girls do don't you ever do anything that will cost you your self respect and you will come out all right. I think you are painting your associates, young men and girls, too black, but don't let any of it get on you. The man looking for the right kind of a woman for a wife will find you some day and then you won't be an old maid. In the meantime don't let yourself become self righteous.

Subscriber, Wall, S. Dak.—I think the young man was lying when he told his sister he had written to you and is practically lying to you now. It may hurt to lose him, but you will be glad after a while that you are not his wife. When you meet him, speak pleasantly as to any acquaintance you do not wish to snub. Listen to any explanation he may offer, and believe as much of it as you please.

Ruby E., Northwestern, O.—For goodness sake, Ruby, let the sixteen-year-old boy alone. You are old enough to have a grown man for a beau. Sunshine, O'Neill, Neb.—He is quite "itchy." Is he? Well, that is what all the girls seem to think first about, but you are the only one of all who have written to me who spells it that way. It sounds just as good, though.

Virginia Cousin, Petersburg, Va.—It is bad enough to drink, but when he drinks and tries to keep you from knowing it, that is adding deception to sin, and I think you will be wise not to accept other than formal attentions from him.

Chicken, Flip, Mo.—A nineteen-year-old boy is not responsible for his mistakes, and you must be treated as you are receiving. He doesn't care for you and the sooner you quit caring for him the happier you will be.

Esther, St. Louis, Mo.—Some women who had their doubts about getting married and put off their engagements several times, finally married and were quite happy. If the man is all right I think you can take the risk.

Deep Thinker, Burlington, Vt.—Being a deep thinker it seems to me that you would think the man needed just a little encouragement. Don't run after him, but let him know he may run after you if he wants to.

Friend, Sheridan, Mich.—Age doesn't make so much difference if it isn't too young. A boy of nineteen is too young to marry a girl of nineteen, though the girl is old enough to marry a man ten years her senior.

Blue Eyes, Mars Hill, Maine.—Don't write and apologize. If he loved you as he said he did he would have answered your letter. Choose another.

M. E. M., Pottsville, Pa.—Tell him your friends are asking you why he hasn't given you an engagement ring. Maybe that will be him enough for him to do it. Maybe he doesn't know he ought to give you one. Ask him.

Blue Beads, Jackson, Mo.—If you don't know whether you should give up teaching to marry the man who wants to marry you, I am sure I can't tell you. If I were the one a nice man wanted to marry and I wanted to marry him, I would not have to ask anybody what I should do. I'd know without asking.

Satisfied, Mt. Park, Okla.—Yours is a very pretty story of courtship, my dear, and I am sure it will be a courtship even after you are married. You are doing just right in waiting till the home is ready and just as you have been doing and when he needs good advice don't hesitate to give it to him and make him always hold you in the highest respect. My blessings go with you.

There, my dears, I have answered all the questions that were for me to answer and I have scolded a little, but not more than was needed because some of you cousins are too silly for anything about your beaux. Why you should be, when you are not about your brothers, I don't see, for they are all alike, more or less. Anyway, this is the joyous springtime and let us be glad and gay. By, by, till we meet again.

COUSIN MARION.

In Wolf's Clothing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

old house, and in the possession of Miss Railton?

He asked Jacob, but Jacob could not tell. Arrived in London, Elliot made inquiries about Cyril, but could hear nothing. He then attended to his other business, and afterwards went to the Cecil. As he entered the courtyard a big, burly man, in escaping a hansom cab, sprang on to the curb so suddenly that he bounced against Elliot.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a genial laugh. "Crowded place this London of yours! I spend half my time dodging the—" He broke

Generous \$2 Bottle Free by Mail



If you suffer from Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Treatment will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a FREE \$2 Bottle of Dr. May's Formula. It has relieved permanently the very worst cases, when everything else has failed. Please write and give age and complete address. DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl St., New York.

off suddenly, with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and stared at Elliot. "Why, bless my life! It isn't young Elliot Graham?"

Elliot looked at the man for a moment, and then he said:

"It's Mr. Wedderburn, isn't it?"

"The same, my boy," responded the stranger, heartily. "Well, of all the odd things, meeting you here!"

Mr. Wedderburn had owned the next ranch to Elliot father's, and the two men had been great friends.

He stopped and surveyed Elliot from head to foot. "You were a mere slip of a boy then, and now you're a full-grown man, and a first-rate one at that. You're flourishing, eh? I thought they would—always said so."

"Yes, I am flourishing," admitted Elliot.

They dined together. Wedderburn had ordered the best dinner they could get, and a bottle of champagne.

Next day Mr. Wedderburn told Elliot he was going to a reception at the West End, and begged him to accompany him. Elliot consented, and, after dinner they drove off to Kensington Palace Gardens.

"I am told that Sir Joseph is one of the richest men in the city," said Wedderburn.

Before Elliot could get over his surprise at hearing the name, they had made their way up the staircase, and were announced.

TO BE CONTINUED.

This Great Book Free

If you would at once read full and complete story, "In Wolf's Clothing," we are prepared to supply it in book form in a splendid edition in colored paper binding. This offer enables you to read the entire story without waiting for the monthly installments to appear, besides furnishing another book for your library or reading table. Send only one new 15-months 25 cent subscription to COMFORT (your own won't count) and receive "In Wolf's Clothing," post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

12 POST CARDS FREE

We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will mention this paper and send 4c. to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show our cards to 5 of your friends. D-14, New Ideas Card Co., 235 S. 5th St., PHIL. PA.

EXTENSION FREE

This handsome Gold Bracelet, set with sparkling amethysts given for selling 20 NEW MOTTO PICTURES 1c each. We trust you will want it for 20 pictures.

SONGWRITERS—WONDERFUL OFFER

Do you want your songs published free by Reliable Publishers? Send them to us. Prompt Decision. Imperial Arr. Co., Suite 97, No. 25 W. 42nd St., New York.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. E. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York

Two Yard Long Silk Muslin Scarf FREE

A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarves will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats.

In the cities the stores all show these scarves and everyone is wearing them. Usually retail for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Address COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

A Remarkable Offer! THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "stock in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your Own and Family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x24 inches.

We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French stamping preparation. Make still, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Fllet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Solid Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Braid, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-months subscriptions to Comfort at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the name of a subscriber, and address, initials only, or a fictitious name. If requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

M. P. Cowarts, N. C.—If you want to prepare for Civil Service examination in the Forestry Division, we think if you will write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., he will inform you what to do to get the information you want and in the shape it should be. Write to him instead of trying to figure it out yourself.

J. Y. Lake Beulah, Wis.—The duties, qualifications, education, etc., of a public librarian are such that only those who know all about books can fill the place. A qualified person does not have to ask any questions as you do.

C. N. K. Porter, Minn.—To you, and to any COMFORT reader who may find soil or rocks anywhere which may be of value commercially, we say send your specimens to your state geologist at the capital of the state. If there is no such official, send to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. Some valuable discoveries may be made in this way.

Artist, Eagle Grove, Ia.—It is not the school that makes the artist and one school is as good as another for a beginner. One year of training will prove whether he has the stuff in him to warrant his continuing his course and will also give him a knowledge of which are the best schools for advanced study. Two young men and women with artistic aspirations think all they need is to be taught what to do. What makes the real artist cannot be taught.

W. B. Glen Rock, Pa.—There is no substance that will prevent the action of a magnet through it. A fortune awaits the man who discovers one.

Snooks, New Brunswick, N. J.—Reliable information about ginseeng and its cultivation may be had by writing to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Many have made failures trying to raise it, but some have not and have made money with it. It is your risk.

C. L. Alameda, Cal.—Any citizen of the United States born in this country is eligible to the Presidency. His parents may have arrived in the country on the day of his birth, but that is enough residence to make him a native born American.

G. A. M. Denver, Oregon.—We lack space to go into biographical details, but Owen Wister is an American novelist, born in Philadelphia, in 1860 and still living there; Ralph Connor is a Canadian clergyman and novelist; Henry van Dyke is a Presbyterian minister, an essayist, novelist and poet, born in Germantown, Pa., in 1852, now living at Princeton, N. J.; Harold Bell Wright is a Christian minister and novelist, born in Rome, N. Y., in 1872 and now living in Redlands, Cal.; David Graham Phillips, novelist, was born at Madison, Ind., in 1867 and was shot and killed on the street in New York city by an insane man, in 1910.

S. H. Hillsboro, N. Dak.—A steady and industrious young man, even if not very strong can make a comfortable living in California or Arizona, among strangers. The chief thing to be considered is he be all right and will be work. Wages depend upon the work. (2) Climate of Sacramento valley is variable and not as good for catarrh as Arizona is. All nationalities are in the Sacramento Valley, but Americans are in the majority.

O. M. K. Spangle, W. Va.—There is no more bad luck in killing a cat or a kitten than in killing any other animal. Modern intelligence has done away with that kind of silly superstition. Only the ignorant believe in it now.

M. S. O. Chetopa, Kan.—The dried leaves of digitalis (foxglove) are used as medicine. It is a heart tonic.

A. M. G. Hastings, Minn.—Mutton tallow for chap hands is to be used not raw, but rendered. Wear thin gloves at night.

Mrs. J. H. Plainfield, Conn.—A good quality of laundry soap is made from refuse fats. In the April COMFORT Sisters' Corner will be found a practical recipe for home-made soap.

Snowbird, Danville, Va.—The moon rises in the east. When it is full it may be seen rising in the evening, but when it appears in the west in the evening it is rising down, though through the day it has not been visible, except occasionally it may be seen riding high in the heavens when the sun does not wholly obscure it.

Mrs. G. M. Herkimer, N. Y.—Send a sample of the green mineral to the State Geologist at Albany and also to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. COMFORT readers please take notice and when they find anything new in the earth send a sample to their state geologist, as the authorities are on the lookout for anything new in the ground.

Inquirer, Winston, Va.—Anyone wanting a position in any city can best make his wants known by advertising in the daily papers. In many cities there are "want ads," as they are called, are printed free. An outsider has a better chance than those in the city, because the city employer finds the man from the country better material to work with.

C. S. Latsen, Minn.—You will get all the information you want about the more and its market possibilities by writing to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. COMFORT readers please make a note of this also, and when they have any plant or vegetable they want to know about, write to Washington and find out.

H. A. Allerton, Md.—The constituents of coal ashes are entirely different from wood ashes, chemically, and what is in them kills the soil. In other words coal ashes come from dead matter in the soil, and wood ashes come from living matter in the soil. Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., about teosinte as a cattle food.

M. E. C. Broadalbin, N. Y.—Owen Kildare, the writer, is dead. His mind failed and he died on Ward's Island, N. Y. O. about three years ago. He never went back into his old life. He left a widow and one child, a girl. His widow is now the wife of a retired naval officer living in New York.

C. L. B. Durand, Wis.—There are several schools of acting in the United States, most of them in New York City. They are expensive and only rich or talented pupils are admitted. To judge from your letter we advise you as a friend not to attempt the stage, unless you are rich.

E. R. Protection, Kans.—You do not get a scholarship at West Point Military Academy, but an appointment to the Congressmen of your district. The Congressman throws the appointment open to the young men of his district and the one passing the best mental and physical examination gets the place. You have as good a chance as anybody if you can meet requirements.

E. R. Knoxville, Tenn.—"Uncle Sam" has no veterinary schools that we know of, but the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has a Secretary. Write to the Secretary for particulars. State agricultural schools also have stock departments.

C. P. Simms, Texas.—For your benefit and that of any other COMFORT reader who thinks a diving suit is not much more than a rain coat, we will say that it is a very complicated affair, costing a thousand dollars or more, requires several mechanics to run it and the diver requires long training before he is an expert.

B. J. W. Grayson, Ky.—A good many old teachers think they are eligible to the benefits of the Carnegie

Teachers' Fund, but they are not, as the distribution is made through educational institutions and not individuals. For particulars write to Secretary, Carnegie Foundation, No. 578 Fifth Ave., New York.

E. D. Houston, Texas.—We advise any young man to work his way through college if he hasn't the money to pay his way otherwise. Too many of our college young men get their education too easy to appreciate it, but when a young fellow wants education, had enough to work four years for it, it is a pretty good sign that he will get all the good out of it he can when he has it. We should like to hear from you when you graduate. Strictly confidential: We don't believe you have the sand to stick it through; and it takes a good constitution to do it.

F. K. M., Brockton, Mass.—The tobacco districts of Connecticut are located in the Connecticut river valley centering about Hartford. It is high grade tobacco used principally for cigar wrappers. Connecticut raises about twenty-three million pounds, worth about four million dollars. Kentucky, the leading tobacco state, raises 381 million pounds, worth 83 million dollars.

J. F. W., Sanford, Fla.—The advertising columns of COMFORT contain the instruction you seek.

Q. G., Adams, Tenn.—The birds and flowers of Tennessee and Virginia are the same and if you know your Tennessee birds and flowers you know their cousins on the other side of the mountains. So, too, the birds in Florida, not counting the sub-tropical sea birds, Florida is the land of flowers, so all kinds of flowers grow there except the modest little wood flowers that love the hills and the cool shade.

Mrs. G. C., Warrensburg, Mo.—Information concerning tombstones for soldiers' graves may be had by writing to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

Alice, Moulton, Ia.—When a young man is stage struck it is usually a good thing for him to butt right in and get his cure quick, but it is very difficult with a girl. We advise you to take what talents you have and go to the big cities and try yourself out in vaudeville. If you have the real stage in you you will come to the front and get fame and money. If you haven't, the best thing is to realize it at once and give it up. There are too many bad actors already.

B. H., New Castle, Ind.—The expenses of the White House depend upon the economic ideas of the President and his family, just as any other household expenses do. The President's salary is \$75,000 a year with an allowance of \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses. Presidents never save much money.

Blue Eyes, Sperryville, Va.—Hair that is naturally curly cannot be made to grow straight. Nature will have her own way. (2) Short stories and essays cannot be sold unless they are high-class work by expert writers. Writing is a profession to be acquired by study and practice as any other profession. (3) The cheapest educational institution for anyone to attend is one where he may work his way through. Education that is free has been decided to be of small value, so all colleges now make it cost something. If a boy or girl wants an education really and truly they will manage somehow to get it.

S. H., Morris, Ill.—Perpetual motion machines as such, cannot be patented, but if it is perpetual motion, and you can use it on a chair or an airplane, you can get a patent on it for that. Which means that if you think you have a perpetual motion machine right now is the time to forget it. (2) A patent may be granted to a minor, but what his property rights are is a matter to consult a lawyer about. If you want to sell an invention on which you cannot get a patent, you have to sell it and take the chances. A great many are sold that way.

A. M. L., North Crandon, Wis.—Small pearls found in oysters are of no value unless you have them in large quantities. So with bright stones. They may be pretty, but they are too soft to be of value. Cancelled stamps are of no value. That is to say, U. S. stamps. Cancelled foreign stamps bring small sums only, in quantity.

T. L. H., Hooker, Okla.—If you put twenty-one carp weighing two ounces each into your pond and a year later found twenty-one carp there weighing two pounds each, we cannot explain why there was no increase unless they were all lady carp or all gentlemen carp. Refer the matter to the Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.

O. T. O., Titusville, Pa.—If all farmers were determined to sell their products direct to the consumers they would get higher prices and consumers would get lower prices. But they seem to think the middleman is necessary and they pass their stuff along to him. If farmers would realize that consumers want to get butter, eggs, etc., at first hand, they would come into the towns and cities and solicit trade just as other salesmen do and when they had the orders they would come around later with the goods. Instead of doing it that way they bring in a load of truck without knowing who will get it, and as a result the middleman gets it. Titusville is a good-sized town and you should go about among the well-to-do people and secure their orders. Then you should fill them promptly and with freies and solicit trade just as other salesmen do and when they had the orders they would come around later with the goods. 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Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

THE favorite month of all is May. Perhaps it is because the grass takes on such a pretty green and the flowers begin to bloom. Whatever the reason may be is not important. We know we are happy and that is quite enough. In looking over the column you will find some things that will amuse you, others that will instruct and perhaps a few that will set you thinking. You should keep your COMFORT well preserved for the ideas that do not interest you now may appeal to you some other time. One little girl has all the Funny Bugs pasted in a book and when her playmates come to visit her she gets the book down and they have great fun.

Decorating the Graves

Blow, bugles blow,
For the soldiers so brave.
I'll place a flower on
Some dead hero's grave.

Kneeling I'll offer
A prayer to God,
And maybe my teardrops
Will wet the green sod.

Adventures of Paul and Prue

CONTINUED FROM APRIL NUMBER.

The children were so disappointed, they both cried together. "Oh, what bad luck we are having!" Then Paul happened to think and said: "We are both ungrateful. Here we are thinking of ourselves and not of our poor friend who gave his life for our sake, and besides, every difficulty we got into, we were helped out by someone and, if we have patience and courage, it will be the same this time."

Prue picked up the nut which had killed their friend and Paul dug a little grave with a stick and they buried him.

When they had finished, a squirrel as big as a sheep came up and said to Prue:

"Please give me that large hickory nut and I will do anything you ask me."

She replied that she would gladly give it to him if he would tell her where the tail oak tree was.

"I will tell you if you truthfully give your answer to my question."

"Why it is near my home and I want to get back as we have been away for a long time and our parents will be anxious to see us."

"Pardon me, my good girl, for doubting you. That tree is my home and I thought you might wish to do me harm."

"Why is it you want this particular nut so badly?" ask Paul.

"Because it is the biggest one in the world and I wish to plant it so my children will have plenty of food as long as they live."

After some more talk the bargain was made and the children took hold of the squirrel's bushy tail and he led them along.

Wriggly Snake

This wriggly snake is made in strips of cardboard and thread. It is one of the simplest and most amusing toys you ever saw. Get a shoe box and cut it into a few long strips of uniform width, then make about a dozen pieces in all, each two inches long and one inch wide. Place a thread loop over the first one and tie it tightly at the edge, then place your next strip alongside the first one and tie it to the first one.

FIG. 1. A GOOD IMITATION.

FIG. 2. A GOOD IMITATION.

first and tie it in the same way. A thread is used at each side of the strips, and when it runs out simply tie another piece to it. When you have tied together the twelve blocks in the manner shown by Fig. 2, you will have to make one end piece look like a snake's head and the other like the tail. A little cutting with the shears will effect this and then look out for the wriggly snake is very dangerous looking.

Funny Bugs Cutting Hay

The Funny Bugs are farmers and they're harvesting today. The hair-brush from the dresser is to them a field of hay.

A penknife is the scythe they use, their hayrake is a comb.

THE MERRY HAYMAKERS.

They have a button card rigged up to take the haystack home. One fellow's buried to the neck, one's resting from the sun. And two are leaping from the ladder, having lots of fun.

Toy Store Puzzle

A little girl and her brother went into a toy

store and were looking around to see what they would buy.

"Here are the things I have to sell," said the

storekeeper, "and the price is marked plainly on each article."

The children had exactly fifty cents and wanted to spend it all but they could not select any number of toys that would amount to a half dollar. When they told the man he seemed puzzled for a long while but at last he found three presents that cost all together, just what they had. Can you tell what the three were? It is easy but it may take you a little while to figure it out. When your little friends visit you tell them the story puzzle and get them to thinking. Below is the answer:

Answer to Toy Store Puzzle

The toys selected were: Mask, 25, fishpole, 19, and gun 6. This makes a total of 50 cents as required.

A Noise Maker

Little girl or little boy,
You can make this noisy toy.
First you get a club that's round,
Then some fish-line must be found.
On the club you cut a groove,
Tie the string so it can move.
Powdered resin then is placed,
Where the round groove has been traced.
Pierce a tin can with an awl,
Thread the string through, that is all.
To use it whirl it swiftly round
And note the awful, squawky sound.

There dear little ones, although I am not tired playing with you I have to leave off because my space is filled. Do you like the Funny Bugs and do you ever speak the pieces that appear here? I want to know what you prefer so I can run it. If you have any trouble making any of the things described you have the privilege of writing me for instructions and indeed you are invited to write whether you have questions to ask or not.

UNCLE JOHN.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

than to make your name look like a streak of wobbly lightning that has suddenly butted into a boarding-house steak and got the worst of it. People who make other people spend two or three hours trying to figure out what their names are, ought to be spanked until their backs teeth fall out. I am glad you brought our attention to the frightful risks run by those who work in coal mines. A friend of mine recently made a trip from Scranton to Wilkesbarre in Pennsylvania, through a coal mining region. "God pity them," said he, "I never thought that even pangs of hunger could make people endure what they do or live as they do. I had to pinch myself sometimes before I could realize I was in the United States. It seemed more like some annex to Hades or Hades itself. At the entrance to this region might well be written: 'Leave hope behind all who enter here.' Wretched cabins, puny children, unspeakable poverty, squalor, misery and wretchedness everywhere. I am glad to find that the Episcopal bishop of Pennsylvania, who discovered that the only bright, cheerful spot in all these regions was that well illuminated annex to hell—the corner saloon, has started what he calls lighthouses, cheerful club rooms and meeting places for the miners and their families, where refreshments can be secured at cost, and men and women in a bright and cheery environment can forget the squalor of their homes and the cruel hardships of their lives of laborious toil. I am delighted to say that the U. S. Supreme Court, an institution for which by the way I have never hitherto had any great respect or love, and which also by the way seems to exist for the special purpose of declaring everything that would help the workers unconstitutional, has declared the employer's liability bill constitutional. Hereafter those who are crushed and mangled while engaged in their daily tasks, will get proper compensation for their injuries, and will not be forced to take their cases into court and fight a heart-breaking legal battle with wealthy corporations, a battle, which if finally won leaves the injured worker poorer than when he began, for whatever damages are awarded by the court, rest assured some vampire, parasitical lawyer gets the best part of it. This law will take a cruel burden from the backs of the workers. The loss of life and limb, sustained by the workers, will be assessed against the industries to which the workers belong, and charged up to the public in the articles they use or consume. This is only just and proper. We pension our military heroes even when they return from battle sound in body and limb. It's time that the heroes who are maimed and injured for life in our industrial warfare, should be pensioned by the public that profits by their mass and self sacrifice. Three cheers for the men of the people, the toilers, the workers, the men of brawn and toll who produce the national wealth, support the idle rich and carry all the burdens of government on their heavy laden shoulders. I am with them every time, with them to the last ditch.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years are welcomed to join, provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you a special League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue as a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, as after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augustus, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbers over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never is the world's history so much given for so little, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal order on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie

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Tobacco Habit Banished

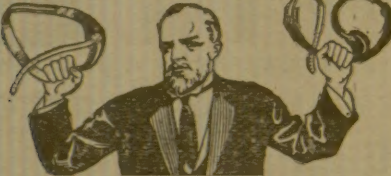
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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by a legal counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

D. O. B., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will her real estate, subject to the rights of her husband, would descend direct to her children, and that the children of her husband by a prior or subsequent marriage would have no interest in the property. We do not think her children could convey such property, during their minority, except through a guardian, or by a court proceeding brought for the purpose of selling the real estate of such infants.

Mrs. O. G. B., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a man's children have no interest in his property during his lifetime, and that he can leave his property to whomever he desires to do so, but that if he dies leaving no will his property would go, one third to the widow, if one survives him, and the balance in equal shares to his children, regardless of whether they were all his children by one or more marriages.

Ignorant, Kansas.—We think the children of first cousins, would be second cousins to each other; we do not think marriages between full second cousins are prohibited in any of the states.

Blue Eyes, Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man or woman, leaving no will, the surviving widow or husband takes the whole estate absolutely, where there are no surviving children, or descendants of children.

E. R. C.—We think the Board of Health Records of the place where the marriage you mention took place would give the date and place of such marriage, and the name of the minister or officer performing the ceremony. You should send your full name and address in all communications to this department.

Blue Eyes, Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that money on deposit in a National Bank is legally taxable when properly assessed.

H. W., Tennessee.—Under the laws of Illinois, we are of the opinion that in case of the separation of the parents, the custody of the children is in the discretion of the court before which the separation action is tried. In case of no separation action, we think it would be a question of agreement of the parents, if possible, if not then it is a question to be brought into and disposed of by some court of competent jurisdiction.

H. B., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving a widow and one child his real estate would go down to the child for life to his widow and the balance to the child; and that if the child afterwards died leaving no widow, child or descendant, and no brother or sister or descendant of any brother or sister, we think his real estate would go to his mother.

Mrs. I. R. F., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that all real and personal property owned by the wife at the time of her marriage, together with all acquired thereafter by gift, devise, or descent, as also the increase of all such lands remain her separate property; the husband, during the marriage, has the management of the separate property of his wife. We think you should consult some local attorney as to the matrimonial question you submit.

H. M. A., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no children or descendants all his personal property, and all of his real estate which did not come by descent, devise or deed of gift would go to his widow. We think the usual grounds for breaking a will are that it does not dispose of testator's property at the time of his death; that it was not legally drawn and executed; that it does not express testator's true intent, that testator lacked testamentary capacity or that undue influence was exercised upon testator.

Mrs. T. A. P., Montana.—Under the laws of Missouri we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man his widow is entitled to dower of one third for life in his real estate, but that if the husband leaving the widow and one child, the widow will take absolutely all personal property which came to the husband in right of the marriage and also one half of the real and personal property of which the husband was owner at the time of his death, provided she makes a written election to take such property subject to the payment of the husband's debts. In the election and leaving no will, acknowledged as in the case of a deed, and recorded in the county where letters of administration were granted; and that this must be done within twelve months after the grant of such letters; and that if no such election is made, she will take no interest in the personality, and will take only ordinary dower in the realty. We do not think the wife of the widow would affect her rights of inheritance in her first husband's estate.

I. McG., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Arkansas, we are of the opinion that all actions of debt founded on contract or liability, not in writing, must be brought within three years from the time the cause of action accrued; we think the holder of a judgment in one state can sue on the judgment in another state and upon procuring judgment in such state, proceed to enforce the collection of such judgment, or that in case the judgment debtor removes from the state where judgment was procured against him, such judgment debtor can, upon the return of the judgment debtor to the state where the judgment was procured against him, proceed to enforce the collection of such judgment.

Mrs. H. C. F., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, and if married since April 4, 1877, one half of the personal estate, the balance going to his father, mother, brother or sisters and their descendants. We think a will should be prepared by some lawyer or other person familiar with the legal requirements thereof, who should also attend and see that it was legally signed, witnessed and executed. We think that in all ordinary cases where all the property is left to one person, that such person should be named in the will as the executor thereof.

A. and D., Missouri.—We think that a subpoena to testify is not legally enforceable unless at the time of service the witness is paid his legal fee and mileage, but that in case the witness voluntarily appears and testifies he cannot afterwards enforce the payment of such fee. (2) Under the laws of Kansas, we think any child legally adopted under the decree, order, or judgment of some court of competent jurisdiction has the same rights of inheritance as other children, and that a child can be disinherited by will without being mentioned in the will. (3) We think you would only be wasting time and money in trying to establish an interest in an estate settled in England one hundred years or more ago.

C. D. W., West Virginia.—Under the laws of Mary-

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For twenty years I have been successful as a doctor, making a specialty of the diseases of women. I have treated and cured thousands of women suffering from leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, nervousness, ulceration, foreign growths, irregular and painful periods, ovarian and uterine troubles, change of life, pains in the head, back or thighs, bearing-down feeling, hot flashes, dizziness, despondency and all the diseases and weaknesses common to women, but I know there are thousands of other women who have never heard of my wonderful treatment—women who would like to be cured in the privacy of their own homes, without embarrassing examinations by men doctors who have never felt and cannot understand their pain and suffering—women who fear dangerous and frequently unnecessary operations, I want to prove to these women that my treatment is better than others. I want to prove to a limited number of women, no matter what the disease—no matter how long they may have suffered, that my treatment really and actually does accomplish the wonderful results that have been reported.

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I am a woman—a wife—a mother—a physician of twenty years experience—a specialist in diseases of women. As a woman and mother I know and can sympathize with your suffering. As a doctor I have studied the diseases of women and I know how to cure them quickly, easily and surely. To prove my ability I will send absolutely free, to the first 5,000 women readers of this paper who write, a special prescription. I'll put the coupon below or write me a letter describing your case fully and freely in your own words. Remember, I am a woman and a physician and I will respect your confidence. By return mail I will send you a special prescription for your case, a letter of advice and my book for women, entitled, "Home Medical Guide," sealed, postage paid and FREE.

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Age _____ How long afflicted? _____ Are you married? _____

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....DizzinessLeucorrhoeaBladder TroubleSkin Disease
....Pains in BackWhitish DischargeWomb TroubleImpure Blood
....Female WeaknessItching PartsOvarian TroubleRheumatism
Hot Flashes		

Make a cross (X) before all diseases you have—two crosses (XX) before the one from which you suffer most. If you wish, describe your case on a separate sheet.

land, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving children, her husband would receive one third of her real estate for life and one third of the personal property absolutely.

B. W., Illinois.—We do not think that marriages between second cousins are prohibited in your state. We, however, think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited in your state.

W. H. G., Nevada.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, but leaving a husband, mother and brothers and sisters her separate property would go one half to the surviving husband, and one half to the mother. We think a married woman can dispose of her separate property by will absolutely without the consent of her husband.

Mrs. M. E. H., New Hampshire.—We do not think, that a town or municipality has any legal right to take from the private land of an individual, without permission or purchase, the gravel or earth for street grading. (2) We think that two owners in common of a farming implement are restricted in the use of the same to the agreement under which the same was purchased by them. (3) We do not think that a verbal understanding at the time of the execution and delivery of a deed of property would be binding upon the purchaser of the property, unless such agreement was reduced to writing.

Mrs. E. X., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the life tenant of an estate, cannot by will or otherwise, dispose of any of the remainder of such estate; but such of the income of the estate, as he or she may be able to save can, of course, be disposed off by such life tenant.

F. R., Missouri.—We are of the opinion that a power of attorney is revoked by the death of the person granting such power of attorney, unless such power of attorney is coupled with an interest in the property. In other words any person acting under a power of attorney from another has no power to act after the death of such person, unless such power of attorney is coupled with an interest.

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To convince you that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a liberal Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus satisfying you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., which is one of hundreds I receive:

"I am happy to write you that your sample treatment two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I think it wonderful that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

Don't delay—write today for my FREE trial treatment. You risk nothing. I convince you that goitre can be cured. Address

Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist, 815 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

THE GIANT OXIE Co., 38 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

Magnolia Blossom



Women If Sick Or Discouraged

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results *Magnolia Blossom* can accomplish. If you suffer from *Leucorrhoea* (Whites), *Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains*, or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our *Free Box of Magnolia Blossom*. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
Box 41 South Bend, Indiana

Healthy, Happy Children BORN WITHOUT PAIN To Women Who Dread Motherhood

The wretchedness and sorrow of childless parents and the dread of the pains of childbirth, which is so often attendant and can all be done away. Dr. J. H. Dye's system positively cures sterility and assures easy and absolutely painless childbirth.

Thousands of grateful parents and happy women testify to the wonderful success of Dr. Dye's treatment. If you will send us your name and address we will mail you a deeply interesting illustrated book, which explains fully how happy, healthy children can be born without pain. Address Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 3 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND
Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

LEG SORES

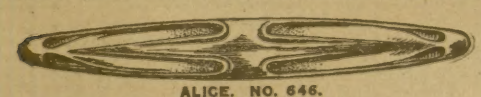
Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Beries Co., 1233 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CANCER

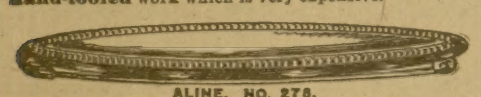
Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

Three Artistic Pins

HIGHEST QUALITY GOLD FINISH. SPLENDID NEW DESIGNS.



Alice, No. 646, is an arts-and-crafts design, copying hand-tooled work which is very expensive.



Aline, No. 278, is the favorite beaded edge pattern, always a popular design and always fashionable.



Doris, No. 269, is the engraved design, with monogram blank. In center space your monogram or initials may be cut.

All three are excellent Neck or Belt Pins. Are two and one-half inches long, with strong, serviceable pin bar. Will wear well for years and so inexpensive we hope every lady reader of COMFORT will send for a set. For only two subscribers to COMFORT Club Offer, at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send a set of three Pins.

You may select one of each pattern shown, or three of a number, or assort your own in any way. Use numbers and we will send just what you select, and guarantee them. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Summer Necklace Novelty

SILVER CHAIN WITH PENDANT



Club Offer. For a club of but two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we send post-paid one of these Silver Chains with Platinum Pendants and give you choice of Ruby or Emerald setting. If inconvenient to send a club of two, send 36 cents to extend your own subscription 15 months, and receive a Necklace and Pendant free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. L. P. P. Kent, Minn.—As long as you are predisposed to indigestion you must exercise care in your eating. Two or three weeks, or months, or even years, of freedom from it is no sign that you will not bring it back if you become careless about eating. The fact that the pain you felt before is gone is a sign that you are improving in digestion. The soda you take will not injure the stomach, unless you take it to excess. If your stomach affects your sight, that will also improve as your stomach grows stronger. But only the most digestible food, drink no tea or coffee, only hot milk, and swallow nothing, except water, that you do not thoroughly chew.

Bangor Woman, Bangor, Maine.—Burning sensations in the stomach are due to various causes, the mucous membrane being very delicate and sensitive and more or less liable to inflammation which produces the fever. In your case there is probably gastric ulcer and it can only be treated by a physician who can examine you. With proper treatment it should not have continued so long.

L. E. E., Binghamton, N. Y.—Certainly we cannot assure you or any other person that continued residence in Arizona, New Mexico or elsewhere will cure you of catarrh. We can only say that the warm dry air of that climate has cured many patients, or has brought great relief. Some patients receive very little benefit. The only way to find out is to try it.

J. E. B., Ft. Cobb, Okla.—Have you ever had a physician examine your children to see if they had hook worm? Their symptoms show that they have. Find out at once and have them treated for it, which can be easily done and they will be as active and bright as you think. If your health is good and thinness is your only trouble. Some people are born to be thin. Plumpness may be prettier to look at, but what is the good of it if it hurts?

Mrs. C. C., New Era, La.—Hardly think the worms you describe are hook worms. Consult a physician and find out, and whatever they are take his treatment. Send our reply to J. E. B.

H. K., Sheboygan Falls, Wis.—Your son is suffering with a severe case of nasal catarrh which will become serious if he remains in that cold climate as you say he takes cold before he knows it. Send our advice to L. E. E.

Mrs. R. E., Bristol, S. Dak.—The lump on your hip is probably contraction of the muscles from the blister the medicine took away. Lumps in the flesh are common enough and usually harmless. They may be removed sometimes by frequent massage, the rubbing causing them to be absorbed in the circulation. Don't worry about it; worry makes anything worse.

S. S., St. Vincent, Cal.—As long as you take a cold bath every morning, you do not need to take to a bath cabinet to produce perspiration. As your work is too sedentary to do it, put a sweater on and take a slow run of about a mile, once a day. If you are very nervous you should not have your daily bath too cold. Tepid water is more quieting to the nerves.

M. P., Clarinda, Iowa.—Fleeting persons often find puffs about their ankles and sometimes on other parts of the body, but if the general health is good and they give no pain, the best remedy is to forget you have them.

Mrs. H. G., Henderson, Minn.—Your heart pain is due to indigestion, as that is a symptom produced by the gas in the stomach. Read in this column what we say to others about indigestion.

M. M. E., Burke, S. Dak.—For weak and inactive muscles electricity has proved efficacious in many instances and sometimes made complete restoration. Un-

less yours is chronic, we advise that you try electric treatment by a physician and if it helps you, then buy a small battery and treat yourself, as many do. It is also helpful to massage your limbs thoroughly and frequently to assist the circulation. Bear heavy and rub hard with the hands.

Audrey, Marshall, Ill.—An anemic condition of seven years' standing would indicate that you have been very careless of your manner of eating, the exercises you take, the work you do and the way you live generally. Such a case can only be affected by about the best way to begin that would be to go to an entirely different climate and part of the country. The bad taste in your mouth and the ringing in your ears are due to your general condition, indigestion and catarrh. That is the only advice we can offer.

F. A. E., Pinedale, Wyo.—So many persons suffer with insomnia and from so many causes that physicians are puzzled to know what to do to correct it, if it can be corrected at all, as in cases of predisposition, it cannot. In your case which is not nearly as bad as you think it is, predisposition has something to do with it, and there are many people who cannot sleep at an altitude of over six thousand feet, as your town is. As you wake at 2 A. M. usually and cannot again go to sleep, we advise that you take a nap early in the evening, then read some unexciting book until 1.30, take a brisk walk of half an hour, follow it with a warm bath and a cup of hot beef tea or some weak stimulant, glass of beer, and go to bed, say at 2.15. In that way you should be able to get as much sleep as you need. Or go to bed an hour after supper and when you wake at 2 get up. Or sit up in bed and read. To try to sleep only worries and makes you nervous. The bromide of potassium is all right, if not overdone, but if you try our suggestion, you should discontinue the bromide. A cup of hot beef tea taken during the night is not bad. It is not only salutary in itself, but the getting up and preparing effects a change in your blood circulation which benefits the nerves. A warm bath will also often have the same effect. So far your sleeplessness does not appear to seriously affect your bodily health, and as long as it does not, you must not let it affect your mental health. Keep it off your mind, and if by night and day, you can get seven or eight hours' sleep, you will get along much better than thousands of people do who think they are doing quite well, thank you.

C. T. D., Indianapolis, N. C.—Most people do not like the idea of having false teeth, but thousands of persons who have suffered as you have with diseased gums and face ache, have had their natural teeth replaced by false and for the first time began to enjoy life. A set of false teeth properly fitted are much more desirable than natural teeth that always hurt. Ask a dentist what he thinks about making such a change for you, but go to a dentist who knows his business and don't try to save money by going to a cheap one.

Mrs. J. A., Iron River, Mich.—You may improve your cracking nails by scraping them with a file, and soaking them continuously in sulphuric acid solution, or peroxide of hydrogen might answer. The trouble is due probably to a small parasite. (2) Read our advice to Mrs. M. W.

A. D. I., Finlayson, Minn.—Yours is another case of a mother trying to save doctor's bills at the expense of the child's health. You are letting the little one suffer from several disorders which any home physician could remedy very soon and you have no right to deprive your child of the care it needs. Take her to your local doctor and let him tell you what to do. Other mothers who read COMFORT will please take notice and do likewise with their children. Give the little ones a fair start since you have brought them into a world where health counts for so much.

H. L. E., Sullivan, Mo.—We should not recommend an altitude of seven thousand feet for your husband if his heart is weak. As he is so sensitive to cold and has so much trouble in the Missouri climate, why not get away from your present farm to one in Arizona or New Mexico where it is warm and dry and you can make as good, if not a better, living than where you are? Write to Secretary Board of Trade, Tucson, Ariz., for farm literature, prices of land, etc., and begin to get ready to move out there next fall? (2) Take the advice of the friendly doctor you have and trust to him as better than anybody else to advise you.

Minnie, Auburn, N. Y.—A rheumatic condition very often aggravates a sprain and retards its getting well which is the condition in your case unless a bone has been broken in the ankle as sometimes happens. In your town you should have physicians who use the X ray, at least in the city hospital. Have your ankle examined. Sprains often cripple persons for months and the weakness sometimes becomes permanent and manifests itself as rheumatism.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In any case, our mail professional fee paid only if cured. Guaranteed. American Institute, 954 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

You take no chances ordering these Roses
If they fail to grow, we replace them free

6 Hardy, Ever-Blooming Roses Where They Go, They Grow

The roses listed below comprise the best and most beautiful productions of the famous Rosarians of the world and all lands have contributed to this collection. By reason of the past favorable producing season, our grower is enabled to give us the largest, heaviest, well-rooted plants we have ever been able to procure and this collection is six of the finest varieties in cultivation the kind that grow rapidly and vigorously, and bloom most lavishly, producing innumerable clusters of beautiful flowers the entire growing season. They are noted for rare beauty of color and delicious fragrance; everyone can grow them as they succeed in any ordinary garden soil and amply repay any little care and attention given. Not only has careful selection been used in the choosing of these varieties, but equal care is exercised in packing them for shipment and we guarantee all collections to reach you in good healthy condition. With each package we send complete directions for planting, care and culture.

Description of the SIX ROSES:

MY MARYLAND

A rare combination of a poetic name and exquisite beauty has made this new variety a dangerous rival of all the most famous pink beauties. A great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness, rapidly producing a sturdy, bushy plant, which in itself is a distinct ornament to any garden. The rich green foliage is not the least of its charms, clothing the long stiff stems with cool verdant beauty. All summer through the large perfectly double magnificent flowers are borne, flowers of indescribable charm, composed of thick, heavy petals unsurpassed in elegance of form. As they expand, their beauty seems to be enhanced, the brilliant lively shade of pink deepening until it fairly glows with its warm rich color and delightful fragrance.

RHEA REID

A wonderful new introduction, possessing every quality a perfect rose should have. Everyone raves about its extraordinary beauty and after having seen it bloom, we can appreciate the enthusiasm. It is a strong, healthy grower, throwing forth long graceful branches, which are densely covered with heavy deep green foliage and handsome double flowers, which are produced in the greatest profusion all through the growing season. It has the vitality necessary to withstand all attacks of disease and insects which so frequently destroy our best roses. The buds develop into large, double flowers, formed of thick petals of excellent substance which retain their freshness and beauty for an extensive time. The color is a vivid scarlet crimson, and the flowers are marvels of beauty, large and bold.

WHITE AMERICAN BEAUTY

This brilliant white rose has become renowned as the very highest type of its class and the best snow-white rose ever produced. It has won more prizes in Europe than any variety sent out in years, well being known as the white companion of our national red beauty. It is an extraordinarily strong grower, branching freely and has the vigor and hardiness of an oak. The foliage is large, of very heavy texture, but the glory of this plant, however, is its magnificent flowers, immense in size and produced with great freedom on long, stiff stems. Indeed a single plant will produce hundreds of massive flowers, which are full, very deep and double and composed of broad, long charmingly veined petals of splendid substance. The color is marvellously white, positively without a suggestion of any tint or shade of color. It is absolutely hardy everywhere and its regal beauty is not excelled by any other rose known.

YELLOW KAISERIN

This charming rose created quite a sensation when introduced, surpassing all others of its color. A description is inadequate to portray the exquisite beauty of the buds and flowers of this variety which are the glory of the plant. It is a robust, rapid grower, very hardy, quickly making a well formed symmetrical bush, which produces most liberally great quantities of exquisite roses. They are grandly made, extra large and perfectly double of a rich canary yellow, celebrated for their delicious fragrance and elegance of form and contour.

DOROTHY PERKINS

This rose is a most valuable addition to the list of hardy climbing varieties and without question one which should be extensively planted. It is perfectly hardy, standing very severe winters unprotected, and without an exception is the most rapid, vigorous grower of all climbing roses. The beauty of the foliage produced by this rose is deserving of special mention and is one of its valuable and charming assets. The leaves are thickly and evenly distributed over all branches from the ground to tips. In habit of bloom it is extremely liberal, producing flowers in immense clusters, each rose being perfect in form and of good size. The color is an exquisite shade of clear, shell pink, deepening to a darker shade near the center.

BLACK ROSE

The production of a rose of this rare color has long been sought after and the rose-loving public is to be congratulated upon its introduction. It marks the highest attainment of the hybridizers' skill and for grace, form and magnificent color, it is supreme in its chaste beauty. The plant grows shapely and vigorously, covering itself with a coat of elegant foliage, which is absolutely immune to black spots and mildew. The color and texture are the most wonderful ever seen in a rose, each petal appearing as though cut from the heaviest maroon velvet, shading from deepest maroon-red to blackish crimson. It blooms constantly in great successive crops of large, double flowers, which possess a most delightful fragrance.

If you send your order NOW, EARLY, you are assured first choice of best stock, to be shipped direct to you from the nursery, carefully packed with instructions all ready for planting with assurance of positive results or we replace free.

TO THOSE WHO SEND NOW we make this liberal offer for early acceptance: Send us one new subscriber to COMFORT (the same must be for some person whose name is not now on our list) and we will immediately send you the assortment of **Six Choice Roses**. If you wish to extend your own subscription and obtain **Six Roses**, send 35 cents for COMFORT for 12 months and receive **Roses Free**. A club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures **One Dozen Roses**, two of each. Remember we guarantee success and urge the importance of ordering early.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FAT VANISHES

ONE POUND A DAY
NEW DRUGLESS TREATMENT
GET MY FREE BOOK
COMMENCE REDUCING AT ONCE
Thousands of Grateful Patrons Praise My
Wonderful Drugless Fat Treatment.
\$5,000.00 IN GOLD IF I FAIL

WEIGHT REDUCTION
WITHOUT DRUGS
REMOVE YOUR FAT
MY WAY

THIS BOOK FOR
FAT FOLKS ONLY
WHO WISH TO REDUCE
THEIR WEIGHT WITH THIS
GREAT DRUGLESS
TREATMENT

FAT GOES QUICK—NEW WAY

My friends were charitable and called it Obesity; others said I was STOUT, but I know, it was just bulky fat. I was miserable; so are you if too stout. To reduce your weight, you must do as I did. I FOUND THE CAUSE—THE REST WAS EASY. Before I succeeded, I tried everything within, and some things beyond reason. It was maddening, disgusting. All I had to do was remove the cause, and I guarantee, that by my simple treatment, without drugs, medicine, violent exercises, or starvation diet, I reduced my enormous weight permanently, quickly and positively without harm to myself while taking treatment or afterwards, and I guarantee that you can reduce as little or as much fat as you desire, with my treatment just as I did. TRUE SUCCESS AT LAST. With my safe, sensible and natural treatment quick results are pleasantly obtained without straps, belts, cups, wires, jackets, sweating, electricity, soap, salts, pills, oils, cathartics, drugs or medicines of any description, making it positively the greatest, most eagerly sought treatment the world has ever known. If you are interested in your own happiness, health and figure, you will let me tell you how to reduce fat—"Nature's Way," the true way—my way. BETTER GET RID OF FAT BEFORE FAT GETS RID OF YOU. It is astonishing the thousands of grateful letters I am receiving. J. E. Boiselle, Box 422, Great Bend, Kan., lost fifty pounds. Montevideo, Minn., lost 30 pounds. Mamie McNelly, Desloge, Mo., lost 65 pounds with this new treatment. Mrs. Daisy Smith, Los Angeles, lost 164 lbs. safely, and I can send you thousands of names of satisfied patrons.

I publish a book, entitled "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," which I send free and prepaid so that you may know of my successful treatment and be able to permanently reduce your weight, secretly, without harming yourself. I offer \$5,000 in cash if I fail to prove that my great drugless treatment is anything but safe, quick and harmless in fat reduction. Don't fail to write today for my free book.

MARJORIE HAMILTON, 1662 A, C. B. Bldg., Denver, Colo

MOTHERS Don't let the children suffer day and night from Kidney and Bladder weakness when our guaranteed Cure, URI-STOP, gives prompt relief. Trial pkg. FREE. Give age. C. BRETHERTON CHEMICAL CO., Austin, Ill.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

The Parcels Post Bill Still Hangs Fire

The Parcels Post is the most important measure before Congress. It would benefit the people more than any one thing that Congress could give us.

It would bring the producer and consumer together.
It would increase business enormously,—help most every line.
It would increase the profit of the producer.
It would lower the price to the consumer.
It would lower the cost of living.

The people have been asking for the Parcels Post for 25 years.
Every other civilized country has it.

Why Can't We Have It?

That is what the American People want to know before election.
Ask your Congressmen and Senators now.

NOTHING doing, nothing done by Congress on the Parcels Post since my editorial in April COMFORT, and as it now looks we are not likely to get it at this session.

Undoubtedly Congress will adjourn in June before the two national conventions are held for the nomination of party candidates for President. Meanwhile both parties in Congress are playing politics, devoting their energies largely to the manufacture of campaign material and each trying to score a political advantage in the coming election. Under such conditions the politicians—and there are far too many politicians and too few statesmen in Congress—try to postpone action on important matters in which the people are interested until after election.

The reason is obvious. The question whether these men go back to Congress for another two years or the people send others in their places is to be settled by the election next November. Now the Congressmen that are determined not to give us the Parcels Post at all, or if worst comes to worst so they cannot down the movement will do their utmost to make what we do get a worthless substitute for the real Parcels Post—these gentlemen, who mean to fight against what they know the people want and need, and demand and have a right to, are anxious to put the matter off so that it will not come to a vote in Congress at this session, so they will not have to put themselves on record before election, so that in the coming campaign they will not have to explain to the people why they voted against the real Parcels Post, for fear that on election day the people may turn them down and send men to Congress in their places that will truly represent the people and do their bidding on the Parcels Post and other matters.

The friends of the Parcels Post in Congress will try to bring it to a vote at this present session, and I certainly hope they will succeed, for it is of the utmost importance for the people to know before election how their Representatives and Senators stand on the Parcels Post proposition.

If we do not get the Parcels Post from this Congress we can surely get it from the next, if the people will only wake up and do their duty at the primaries and caucuses by nominating the right kind of men for Congress by insisting that the candidates pledge their support to the real Parcels Post as embodied in the Sulzer bill, and then on election day by voting only for those that do faithfully and unequivocally promise to do their best to put the Sulzer Parcels Post bill through Congress.

What I want to impress on you is this: It is the fault of this Congress if it does not give us the Parcels Post at this present session, but it will be your fault if the next Congress refuses to give it to us, because at the coming election you, the people, by your votes will make the next Congress, and you have the power to make it what you will. Now is your chance; don't miss it, because the

Parcels Post is the Most Important Measure Before Congress

These candidates for Congress will stump their districts this coming summer and fall, and will talk to you about the tariff and other political stuff that you don't understand and of which they know little if any more than you do. But there is one thing that you can surely understand and make them understand and that is that the Parcels Post would be an immense benefit to every man, woman and child in this country. I have told you why in my previous editorials but I am going to tell you more about it because it is so vital to your interests and I want you to be loaded on this subject.

High Railroad Freight Rates and Outrageous Express Rates

are burdensome taxes on the people, crippling commerce and industry, increasing the cost of production and distribution of all commodities, raising the price that the consumer has to pay and robbing the producer of a large share of his profit. You know this to your sorrow if you have ever dealt with the railroads or express companies, especially the latter. Even if you never patronize the railroads or express companies, still they are taxing you at every turn and on almost everything you buy or sell, although you may not realize it. There is scarcely anything you buy at the store that has not come to the storekeeper by freight or express, and you pay the freight or express rates in the price you pay for the article; that ought to be plain enough. But on nearly every manufactured article there are many freight and express charges figured into the cost of making and marketing the article.

On the other hand, if you have anything to send to market, especially a distant one, just notice how the freight rates, or worse still the express rates, will eat into your profit. I have a stack of letters from COMFORT readers complaining of just such experiences. Some say that the transportation charges are so high as to consume their entire profit. Others complain that the express charges on goods that they order are as much or more than the price of the goods. An extreme case is that of a California subscriber who writes that he paid \$9.00 express on a \$3.00 lamp from Chicago.

In the United States, the land of the free and the home of the trust, freight rates are much higher and express rates are enormously higher than in Europe.

Wretched Express Service Kills Business Enterprise

Express rates are so high that they are absolutely prohibitive in many lines of business; that is to say, the express rates eat up all the profits of the business and more too.

But worse still the express companies do not bother to reach the country towns and villages, and so about half the people in the United States, the very ones that need the service the most, have no express facilities at all.

It is a growing complaint, which we hear everywhere, that in going from producer to consumer all kinds of goods pass through the hands of too many middlemen whose expenses and profits add largely to the prices of goods and the cost of doing business. It is a subject that

is receiving much public attention and investigation, and many projects are suggested as a means of bringing the producer and consumer into direct business relations and thus do away with the middlemen and their unnecessary and costly service so far as possible.

To illustrate let me tell you of a recent actual occurrence. A farmer sold his eggs for 17 cents a dozen to a dealer who went through the country collecting. Among the eggs the farmer hid a note in which he stated the price he got, and asked whoever bought the eggs for his own use to write and tell the farmer how much he had to pay the storekeeper for them. In a few days the farmer received a letter from a city man saying that he had bought the eggs at the store for 50 cents a dozen. How many hands those eggs went through, or what the transportation cost was, we do not know, but there was a difference of 33 cents between the price the farmer received and the price the city man paid for a dozen of those eggs. In other words it cost almost exactly twice as much to market those eggs as it did to produce them.

Certainly there is something radically wrong about our laws or system and administration of government, and a serious lack of transportation facilities, that make such a business condition possible. The farmer who had all the trouble and expense of producing the eggs received one third of the price the city man paid for them. The one did not receive enough, while the other paid too much.

Now if the farmer and the city man could have got together, could have got into direct correspondence and made that deal between themselves without the intervention of the middlemen they could have divided that 33 cents a dozen middlemen's profit or cost of marketing greatly to their mutual advantage. But under present condition it is practically impossible to do away with the middlemen simply because there are no express facilities between the country and the city, no means by which the farmer can ship small lots of produce direct to his city customers, and it will not pay him to drive into the city every day or two to market his produce. His time and his horse are needed on the farm. And so he has to sell to the middlemen that come round.

The Parcels Post is What is Needed

The Parcels Post as proposed by the Sulzer bill, and especially the local rural service that

it provides for at one cent for one pound, 5 cents for 11 pounds and 10 cents for 25 pounds, would solve the problem satisfactorily. The farmer could have his regular customers in town and ship them eggs, butter, dressed poultry and fresh vegetables and fruit by Parcels Post in small lots as needed.

Any farmer living on a rural delivery route running out from a city or large town could thus retail his produce with little trouble and trifling expense, receiving his orders by telephone or by post-card. He could also have his own needs supplied in the same way from the village or city store on his route.

There are fifty-three million people living on farms and in the small towns, and about forty million living in the large towns and cities in the United States.

It is estimated that the rural service of the Parcels Post would save the farmers alone over one hundred million dollars a year in their own time and the wear and tear of their teams by not being obliged to drive to market to buy and sell.

How much more it would profit the farmers by enabling them to market their produce direct and without going through the hands of the middlemen, and how much it would save the town and city folks in the cost of living, is impossible to estimate but undoubtedly would mount up into the hundreds of millions.

The Cost to the Government Would be Insignificant

compared with the value of the service to the people even if it did not pay its own way at the start; but there is good reason to believe it would be self sustaining from the beginning, because the government already has all the expense of maintaining the rural delivery routes, and the rural delivery wagons, which average to carry only 25 pounds at a load, could without any more expense just as well carry 500 pounds each trip and the extra postage would be just that much clear gain. On a few routes heavier wagons and a pair of horses might have to be put on, but the extra postage would make up the difference in expense.

So much for the proposed local rural service, which would be a new departure, a new institution so far as this country is concerned.

The General Parcels Post

In the establishment of the general Parcels Post as proposed by the Sulzer bill there would be nothing radically new except the change in rate and in the weight limit. The present fourth class postage rate on merchandise packages is one cent an ounce or 16 cents a pound, and the weight of the package is limited to 4 pounds. At this rate you can now mail a four pound package

to any place in the United States. To create the general Parcels Post all the Sulzer bill proposes to do is to cut this rate in two and raise the weight limit of the package to eleven pounds, so that you may be permitted to send a package of any weight up to eleven pounds anywhere in the United States for one cent for each two ounces or eight cents a pound.

Nothing very strange or mysterious about those two changes, is there? The government is already carrying eleven pound packages from any place in the United States to Europe or Japan for 12 cents a pound, and until 1874 our government actually gave us a rate of 8 cents a pound. All we ask is that Congress restore the old rate of 8 cents a pound, one cent for each two ounces, and make the weight limit of the package in the United States for our own citizens eleven pounds the same as it is for foreigners, Japs, Italians and others that want to send a package from any port of the United States to Europe or Japan. Does this seem to be an unreasonable demand? Even then we shall be paying four to eight times as much as the Parcels Post rates of European countries, as explained in my April editorial.

Sulzer Bill Rates and Weights Only for a Starter

I realize that for the general Parcels Post 8 cents a pound is too high, and 11 pounds weight limit is too small; but it will do for a starter and is all we will ask to begin with because there is such a determined and powerful opposition fighting to prevent us from getting anything at all. We will not be satisfied with, nor consent to any less favorable rates and weight limits than these and the local rural rates and weight limits of the Sulzer bill, as above explained.

Various Parcels Post Bills Before Congress

Besides the Sulzer bill nearly a score of other Parcels Post bills of various kinds are now before Congress for its consideration. Some of them are fairly good, some are inadequate in their scope and others are excessively high in their rates and too low in their weight limits. Two or three of them are nearly the same as the Sulzer bill and would serve the same purpose. In fact Mr. Sulzer himself introduced two Parcels Post bills which differ in some quite important respects, but the one that our petitions ask for is the best and most liberal; it is the same that I have described and explained in this and in my previous editorials; it was prepared by the Postal Progress League after years of careful study of the needs of this country and thorough investigation of the Parcels Post systems of Europe. This is the bill I always mean when I speak of the "Sulzer Parcels Post bill." If anybody tries to be smart by asking you which of the two Sulzer Parcels Post bills you mean, you can reply that it is the one introduced by Mr. Sulzer on April 4, 1911, and numbered "H. R. 14" on the files of Congress; and if you have kept in mind what I have told you about it you will also be able to explain its principal and important features and give good and sufficient reasons why you favor it, and why Congress ought to give it to us at once.

You may also be asked by your Congressman or by some other person why you insist on the Sulzer bill; why some other one of the various Parcels Post bills would not do. The answer is very simple, but the reason is very important. Most of them are entirely unsatisfactory. Two or three of them, as I have said, are nearly the same as the Sulzer bill, and of course would do very well if we could be sure of getting either one of the good ones. But the only safe way is to just hang to the Sulzer bill, H. R. 14, and insist on having that; insist on your Congressmen promising to vote for that, and then there is no mistake and no way of dodging the question, no promising one thing and meaning something else.

You know what the Sulzer bill, H. R. 14 is, and you know it is all right and just what you want; the minute you get away from that there is likely to be trouble because you do not know, and it is too difficult a task to try to study out the various points of the twenty other Parcels Post bills.

Another very strong reason is that in the hard fight that is being made it is absolutely necessary that the friends of the real Parcels Post should unite solidly on one and the same Parcels Post bill and not divide up and scatter their support between three or four different bills. If we do divide up on different bills we shall fall easy victims to the express trust and shall either get no Parcels Post at all or only a worthless substitute for the real thing. You will find it a shrewd trick of our enemies, and especially of those who pretend to favor the Parcels Post but are really opposed to it to try to divide us up between different bills. Don't get caught in that trap.

Senator Gardner's Government Express Bill

Hon. Obadiah Gardner, Maine's farmer U. S. Senator, is doing great work for the Parcels Post both in and out of Congress.

In order to make the proposed Parcels Post more efficient, extend its scope and usefulness, and provide the government with better facilities for putting it in immediate operation, he has introduced a bill in the Senate requiring the Post Office Department to take over all the real estate, offices, delivery wagons and other property of the express companies used in their business and pay the companies the fair value thereof.

This would put the express companies out of business, and the government through its Post Office establishment would do the entire express business of the country. The government has a right to do so by paying a fair price for the property, and no doubt it would be a great benefit to the people and to the business interests of the nation.

There are several other bills before Congress aiming at the same result as that of Senator Gardner. The Maine State Grange has recently voted in favor of supporting Senator Gardner's Government Express bill.

Keep Up the Fight

along the lines I have explained to you. Write to your Congressmen and Senators at once, urging and insisting that they take hold and pass the Sulzer Parcels Post bill, H. R. 14, at this present session of Congress. Ask them to write you whether or not they will do it; and if they are opposed to the Sulzer bill make them say so. If they are in favor of it they will be only too glad to write and tell you so; but if they dodge

or do not promise squarely you may as well count them on the other side of the fence.

If you write them a flood of letters at once we may get the real Parcels Post at this present session, but even if we fail in that one important result will have been accomplished; you will find out where your Congressmen stand on this subject, and you will know how to act on election day so as to make sure of getting the Parcels Post from the next Congress.

Again I thank you most heartily for your support of this great cause, and especially for the many kind letters I have received from you expressing your appreciation of COMFORT's efforts in this and other movements in favor of the people's rights. I have enjoyed reading your good letters and I am much interested in the descriptions that many of you give of your families, your homes and your business.

Some have written me about their success in circulating the petitions, others about what their Congressmen and Senators say in reply to their letters. These also are very interesting and I would like to hear from others.

W. H. GANNETT.

A Tragic Bit of Colonial History

By Maria Buckhout

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ON the Hillsborough river, in Volusia county, Florida, are the ruins of an early settlement which was the scene of one of the most tragic episodes in our colonial history; in fact, so shocking is the story that it would not be credited without the historical evidence of its truth.

It was in 1763 that Florida was ceded to Great Britain, and immediately that government took vigorous measures to encourage settlement.

Dr. Andrew Turnbull ingratiated himself into the confidence of "Lord Hillsborough, President of the Lord Commissioners of Trade and Plantations," securing for colonizing purposes a grant of sixty thousand acres of land, in this locality where nature had been so lavish with her gifts. As soon as a clear title was obtained he purchased a sailing vessel, and with the rank of captain, sailed for the Mediterranean to secure colonists desirable for that latitude. He had named his prospective El Dorado, New Smyrna, out of compliment to his wife, who was a native of Smyrna, Asia Minor.

He visited the Balearic and Grecian Islands, where he made dazzling representations to the people of the wealth which awaited their coming to his land of promise. He was neither the first nor the last adventurer to trade successfully upon the wondrous climate and remarkable productions of our sunny peninsula. Old and young of both sexes were invited, and people of varying vocations and abilities urged, on the plea that all kinds of employment would be required in building up this great colonial enterprise. For this reason he could afford to offer terms of the most flattering character.

He contracted to transport them free of cost, feed and clothe them for six months, then if any were dissatisfied they should be returned to their homes, free of expense. Each one who desired to stay should receive fifty acres of land, with an additional twenty-five acres to every child born thereafter. Such inducements were not to be resisted, and in a few months fifteen hundred men, women and children from the Mediterranean islands, mostly Minorcans, embarked with Captain Turnbull for the long voyage across the unknown water. Among the number were men and women of noble or patrician birth, who turned away from their own pleasant homeland and cast their lot with others not so fortunate, all unsuspecting of the scheme of the wily adventurer.

The passage consumed months; many feeble ones and children died on the way, and at times great discouragement prevailed. But when they were actually landed on the Florida coast, where the fruits and the flowers, the palms, the vines and all the luxuriant vegetation promised much for the new home, hope and courage returned; with so much of natural beauty about, it seemed as if all must be as represented, and with revived spirits they moved southward, forgetting, "That the trail of a serpent was left on the fairest of Eden's flowers."

Arriving at New Smyrna, sixty miles south of St. Augustine, they were surprised that no preparations had been made for their comfort, not even a shelter. But the crafty Captain gave plausible reasons for this, saying that owing to the mischievous bands of Indians roving about, it was impossible to do work until some people were permanently located.

With their own hands they built the palmetto huts in which they lived and soon began their unaccustomed work; the task before them was to transform the great, untilled plantation into cultivated fields of indigo and sugar-cane. Too soon they realized that they were in the power of an unprincipled master and they were his slaves, white slaves, reduced to the level of the negro, and forced to work in the fields for many hours daily, under brutal overseers. They were destitute of every comfort; food inferior in quantity and quality was doled out to them, and it is said, that many died for lack of proper nutriment. No land was ceded to them, there were neither profits nor wages, and yet Turnbull's income was princely, as time passed on and the great plantation came under cultivation.

Their situation is indescribable; strangers, remote from any civilization, without means of communication, thousands of miles from their homes, penniless and helpless. Men and women alike were whipped on the slightest provocation; our sympathies must be enlisted at the thought of those beautiful Minorcan women lashed to the stake and publicly beaten for failure to complete an assigned task, resenting an indignity, or infringement of an unknown rule.

For nine years all attempts to escape were frustrated; Florida was only settled on the eastern coast, and any form of oppression might exist without the knowledge of the English officials. At last, the day of release from thralldom came; after months of secret planning, one night the entire colony left the plantation, and with only the stars to guide, wandered for days through the almost impassable swamps, and at last, six hundred of the original fifteen hundred reached St. Augustine. They appealed for protection to the English authorities, who, shocked at their horrible story, gave the fullest protection and aid. Turnbull followed them closely and sued for his "rights." Governor Tonyn shielded his victims from the master's rage, a special court was convened for the trial, Attorney-General Young appeared for the Minorcans, and they were pronounced, legally and morally free. There is no record of any punishment meted out to the author of their years of misery; mention is simply made, "that the project was a failure, and Dr. Turnbull, adhering to the popular side in the revolution, forfeited his grants to the government and removed to Charleston, S. C."

Broken in health, humiliated, and discouraged by their frightful experiences, the released prisoners settled about St. Augustine, where their blood mingled with that of the best families in Florida, perpetuating an unusual style of beauty. Old residents say, that although generations have come and gone, one may still see occasionally among their descendants a woman who retains the regular, classic features, the fine, expressive eyes and other characteristics of the islanders of the Mediterranean. One sad feature is their almost morbid sensitiveness upon the subject, as not one of the Minorcans can be induced to visit the scene of the terrible wrong done to their ancestors, shrinking with pain and aversion from the mere mention of New Smyrna, so suggestive of their slavery.